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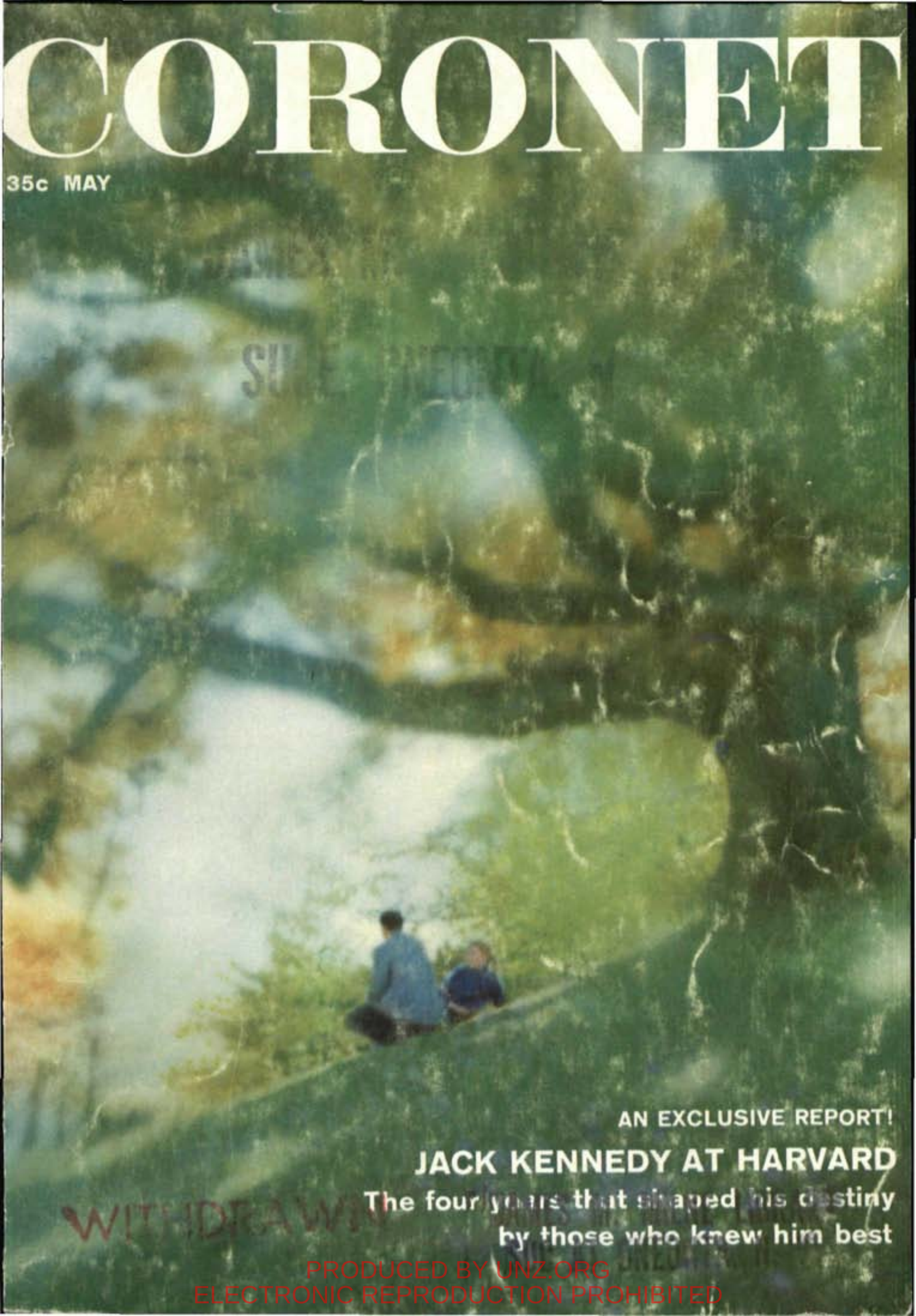

AN EXCLUSIVE REPORT!

JACK KENNEDY AT HARVARD

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WITHDRAWN

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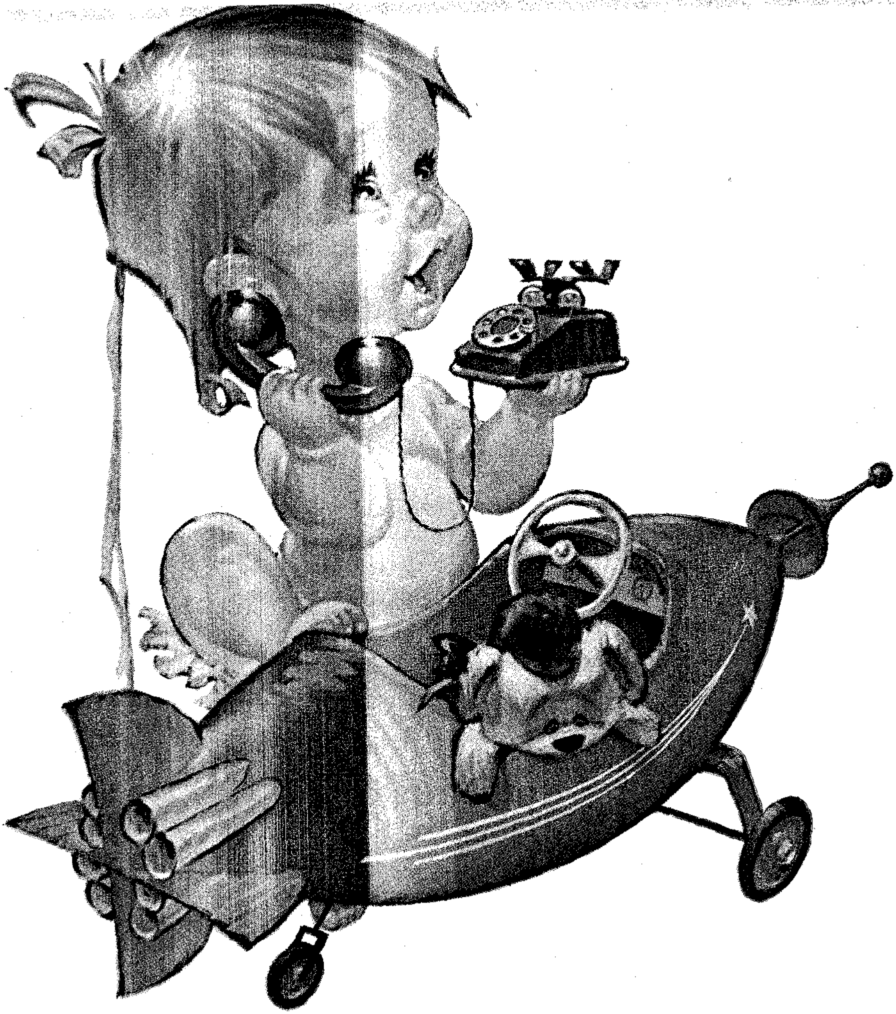

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Dear Reader:

Kaplan: Bolshoi backstage.

WHAT IS, AS FAR AS WE KNOW, the first picture story assigned a Soviet photographer by an American magazine begins on p. 157. It tells the unusual story of a 16-year-old English ballerina at Moscow's Bolshoi Ballet school. CORONET'S Senior Editor Richard Kaplan first read about Ann Stone in a newspaper item. Aiming in the dark, Kaplan asked the Russian Embassy in Washington to recommend a Moscow photographer who could take pictures of the girl. Correspondence in Russian and English was soon flowing back and forth between Kaplan in New York and Vladimir Shakovskoi, a photographer at *Soviet Union* magazine in Moscow. Delighted with the invitation to work for an American magazine, the Russian carefully followed CORONET's requirements, shot rolls of film of Ann Stone's life in the world's most exacting ballet school. The pictures were so promising that editor Kaplan decided to complete the story by interviewing the girl in person. He arrived in the Soviet capital aboard the inaugural New York-Moscow jet flight of Sabena Airlines and soon met Shakovskoi, a tweedy type in his 40s, very cooperative and keen to learn all about U.S. photo techniques. Although confined to her room with a cold, Ann was thrilled to have an English-speaking visitor. As the interview ended she implored Kaplan to help her get tickets to the Moscow production of *My Fair Lady*. Even in Russia this proved to be an impossible task, however. Instead, CORONET arranged to have Ann flown to England for a vacation with her parents. She's back now in Moscow, midway in the second year of her four-year apprenticeship. And Kaplan is back at his desk—without a single photo of his trip. "My Polaroid camera fascinated the Russians," he reports. "They took my prints as fast as I could make them." Every few months, a card of greeting arrives from Shakovskoi, in token of this successful experiment in U.S.-Russian magazine collaboration.

The Editors

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Twenty-fifth Anniversary

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Cover . . . PHOTOGRAPH BY JOHN WALCOTT

all about you

Thwarted rebels; first haircut; teen dates; pregnancy and adoptions

SHEAR FEARS

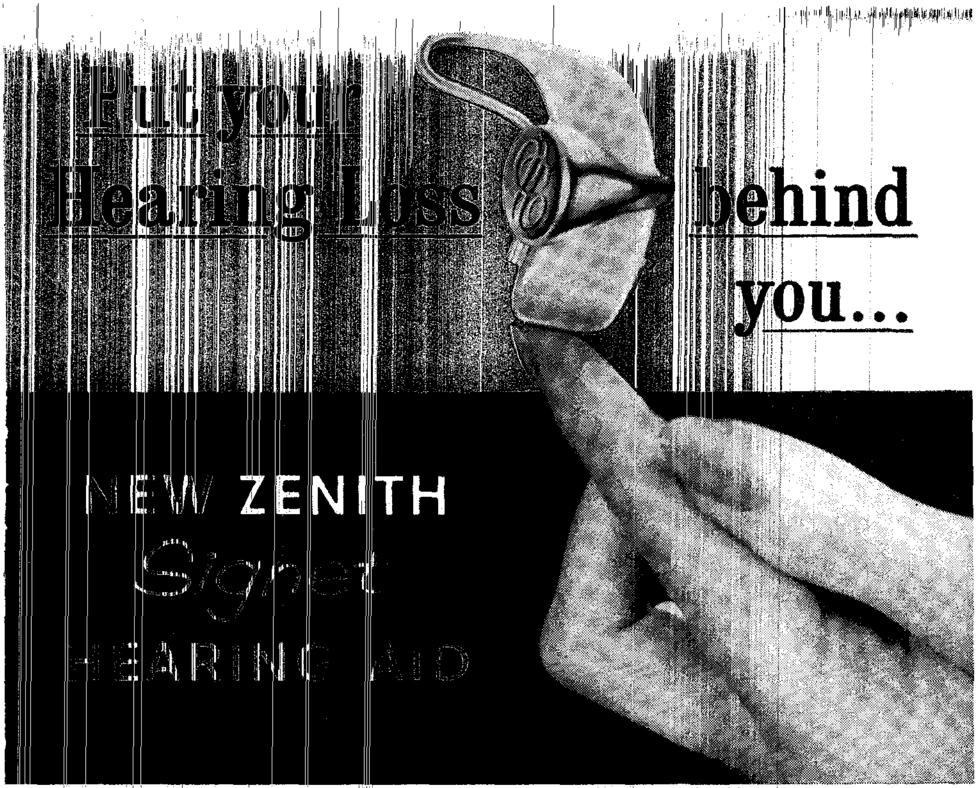
Ever since Samson got trimmed by Delilah, small boys seem to have had an instinctive anxiety about their first haircuts. Dr. Penelope P. Pollaczek of the Mt. Vernon, N.Y., Board of Education thinks this may be due to apprehension about what the child is going through, communicated by the parent who drags Junior in for his initial shearing. Also, to a sense of sadness ("he'll never be my baby again") or to the child's reaction to the barber's white coat (looks like a doctor's outfit). Cagey preparation will avoid an uproar, she advises. Let him visit the shop while Dad or Brother are in the chair. Play "barber" with him at home to familiarize him with the experience. Never force him; take him when he's in a good mood, and when the barber isn't busy. "Most important," Dr. Pollaczek says, "is to prepare yourself and the child to expect that haircutting will be fun." Then cross your fingers.

PERIL PRONE

Women are more likely to suffer accidents just before and during their menstrual periods than at any other time, according to a survey by a British doctor. Of 84 women in the accident wards of four London hospitals, 52 percent encountered mishaps during this time. This compares with a normal incidence of accidents of 28.5 percent for any random four days. This nearly doubled accident proneness is attributed to "both a lowered judgment and slow reaction time," brought on by the increased lethargy of menstruation, Dr. Katharina Dalton believes. She has also noted that schoolwork and punctuality slip off when girls are menstruating.

DATING DATA

Parents who are confronted with the "All the other kids are doing it" argument when a teenager wants more dating freedom may be interested in these statistics from Washington State University research:



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all about you

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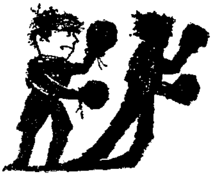
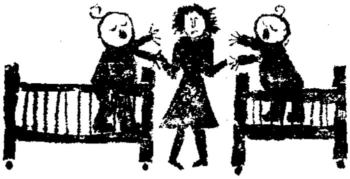
Of the 574 teenage boys and girls studied, about half had to be home by 10 P.M. on week nights and they could date no more than two nights a week; Saturday night curfews extended up to midnight for two-thirds of the group; few parents allowed their teenagers to be out with no time limit; three-fourths of the girls needed parents' approval of their dates, but most boys were permitted to go out with anyone they chose; few parents insisted on double-dating, but most were strict about approving the plans for the evening. In answer to the question, "Are you free to discuss your dates with your parents?" more girls than boys felt that they were.



REBELS WITH CAUSE

Children with no one to rebel against are like scissors with only one blade: without some opposing force they are thwarted. So says Dr. Harold Taylor, former president of Sarah Lawrence College, who deplores the trend of parents toward "palship" with their young. "As a result it is extremely difficult for the child to rebel, since he is 'understood,' rather than repressed," Dr. Taylor points out. "This has its consequences in giving him nothing to fight but pillows and in developing an attitude of self-understanding before there is a great deal of self to understand." Eda LeShan, of the Manhattan Society for Mental Health, seconds the notion: "Rebellion is a marvelous impulse. The survival of society depends on it. . . . It helps a child exercise his own powers. Rebellion requires strong parents and strong children who will fight back."



MISCONCEPTIONS

Almost everyone has heard stories about "barren" women who have adopted a child—and then become pregnant for the first time. To see if there is any cause and effect relationship between the two events, the University of California at Los Angeles Medical School studied 100 women who had adopted children. All were apparently unable to conceive or had been advised not to. Only four of the women conceived within two years of the adoption, and only six more became pregnant thereafter. These results, the investigators decided, reduced the popular belief in the influence of adoption on pregnancy to an old wives' tale. Where an apparent connection exists, they concluded, the mother had probably given up too soon trying to conceive.

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Canada's teenaged Croesus

Anka: he turned a thin voice into a fat pocketbook.

PAUL ANKA, pint-sized singer-composer from Canada, is a millionaire at 20. His avid following around the globe makes the world his oyster—almost, that is, except for this country, where he hasn't quite made it as a top attraction.

Since "almost" is never enough for the hard-driving Anka he has set out to remedy this lack by taking on more U.S. television, movie and night-club work.

The Anka boom overseas began in 1957 with his first record, *Diana*. Its bouncy beat delighted European youngsters. Anka's autobiographical lyrics tell of the love of a boy of 15 for an "older woman" of 20. *Diana*'s world-wide sales—8,500,000—set a record second only to Bing Crosby's *White Christmas*, and stampeded a demand for Anka and his songs in personal appearances abroad. Last year he traveled some 300,000 miles on singing tours. "My Syrian background has given my melodies an international flavor, I guess," is Paul's explanation for his overseas appeal.

"I aim for simple melodies, a commercial beat—that means rock-'n'-roll today—and a lyric theme that kids are interested in, like love and loneliness," continues Paul. Some Anka titles: *Puppy Love, Lonely Boy, Put Your Head on My Shoulder, You Are My Destiny.*

Paul's song-writing urge seems to be activated wherever and whenever he has a chance to sit down at a piano. For the piano-less times when he gets "that itchy sensation"—which means he feels a song coming on—he plunks out tunes on a ukulele he keeps handy.

The short (5′4″, 130-pound), swarthy singer has a thin voice which needs clever musical arrangements to give it a boost. He also augments it with poise, warmth and an obvious anxiety to please. These have won the blue-eyed Anka admirers among the adult night-club set as well as the candy-and-Coke *klatsch*.

Ambitious Paul started his jet-propelled drive for show-business success at 12, by studying piano, music theory and pressing other entertainers to reveal their successful techniques. "I've never been shy," says this confident tycoon. "Shyness is no help in show business." His father, Andrew Anka,

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now head of Paul's song-publishing firm, agrees: "At 13 he was a midget monster, buttonholing every performer coming through Ottawa to ask questions about singing; then he would bring them to my restaurant for a free meal. The tabs often ran to $50."

"In March 1957," Anka's manager, Irvin Feld, remembers, "I had a rock-'n'-roll show touring in Canada. This fresh kid wormed his way backstage by pulling out eight bricks from a wall and squeezing through. I was throwing him out when he said cockily, 'One day I'm gonna be the star of your show,' shaking a finger at me. And by September, he was!"

Paul made good his prophecy by traveling to New York over the Easter holidays and wangling an interview with a recording executive. He played his songs and emerged with a contract. *Diana* did the rest.

On tours, Paul uses his free time to entertain at children's hospitals and orphanages. "This was his own idea," his father insists proudly. "I'm glad he realizes how lucky he is and wants to help others. Paul's an affectionate kid—he's always surprising people with a hug, and he loves to be petted."

"Women are a problem right now," admits Feld. "Paul is on the run so much, he seldom meets girls his own age that he can date."

Anka's money is invested "almost immediately" in real estate, finance companies, a circus, off-Broadway plays. With $50 for weekly spending money, he charges his extravagances: clothes (he has 35 suits) and toys. Paul and his family now live in Tenafly, New Jersey. He likes to test his songs on his brother Andy Jr., 11, and sister Mariam, 17.

Anka, who misses few tricks, recently had his ample nose reshaped during a needed sinus operation. It will undoubtedly further his movie career—comprised, so far, of four films, the latest being *Look In Any Window*, in which he plays a Peeping Tom. Actor Jack Cassidy, who co-stars with Anka in *Window*, recalls: "Paul has a hearty appetite for work—and for food. At lunch breaks he would devour two sirloins and then wash them down with Metrecal."

Paul has composed songs for three movies, night-club revues and for other singers (Johnny Mathis, Pat Boone, Connie Francis). As each goal is gained, Anka sets himself a greater challenge. His newest ambition is to write a Broadway musical, and he is already at work on the score. "It's built around a foreign exchange student in Paris," he says. —MARK NICHOLS

Lyrics were no bar to "hep" Anka fans in Japan.

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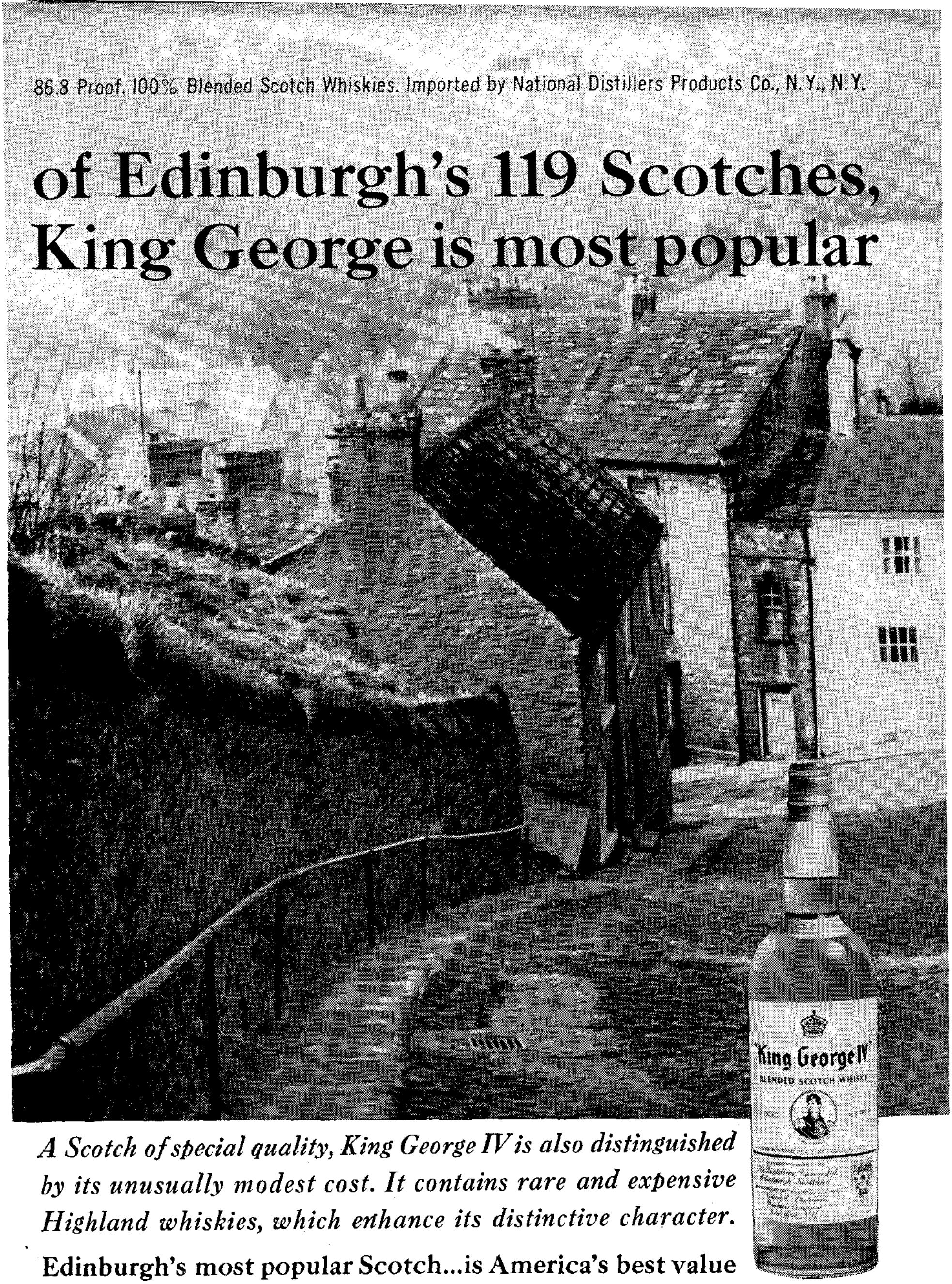

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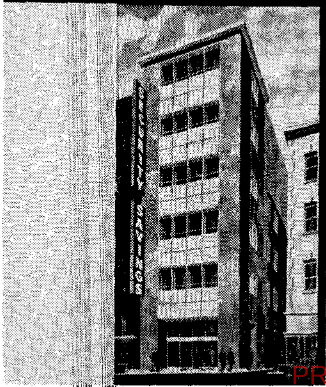

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Tune-carrying Burton (center) also carries the show, aided by Julie Andrews and Robert Goulet.

Camelot gives Richard Burton an opportunity that doesn't come every day to a coal miner's son—the chance to be a king—and Burton makes the most of it in his role as King Arthur. Singing and acting with a lusty enthusiasm in this set-to-music version of The Knights of the Round Table by Alan Jay Lerner and Frederick Loewe (*My Fair Lady*), Burton bolsters the often-sagging show considerably.

Burton, whose father worked in Wales' coal fields, comes by his lustiness and singing talent naturally. "Welshmen are wild drinkers—and singers," he says. "So for me, this musical was irresistible.

"I had a tenor voice at 18," continues baritone Burton. "To lower it—and to develop range and resonance—I began doing vocal exercises I got from a book. And I'm blessed with a wide palate. Watch this!" He popped an egg into his mouth and closed his teeth over it without breaking it.

Regarded, at 35, as one of the world's finest classical actors, Burton has been recording the title voice for A.B.C.-TV's series, *Winston Churchill—The Valiant Years*, during *Camelot*'s run. He also plans to act in a New York-filmed movie. "I can't seem to curb my gargantuan energy," he grins.

Lerner heard Burton sing ("after a few jugs") with Laurence Olivier at a party in 1954. "He recalled I could carry a tune while casting *Camelot*," the 5′11″, 180-pound actor says. Born Richard Jenkins Jr., he took his professional name from Philip Burton, his high school mentor—who coincidentally directed *Camelot* during Moss Hart's illness.

Between jobs, Burton and his wife, Sybil, live in Switzerland with daughters Katherine, three, and Jessica, one. Booked through 1964, busy Burton hopes to play *King Lear* "in about ten years. And I've promised to do Leonard Bernstein's next musical." —M.N.

Gunn's girl

Peter Gunn, A.B.C.-TV's "private eye" series, while shrewdly shaping Craig Stevens into a Cary Grant mold to intrigue the ladies, rivets male viewers' attention on somebody who needs no further shaping—beautiful, blonde Lola Albright. As Edie Hart, she sings in her own night club and waits for Gunn. In their "adult" romantic affair, played tongue-in-cheek, worldly Lola displays her abundant sophistication and earthy humor.

"Edie's a man's woman; so am I," says 5′5″, 115-pound Lola. "I try to make her the woman every man wishes he'd married—and I want women to sit up and notice. Men aren't properly appreciated," she adds firmly.

"I hate bland, pudding-and-oatmeal people," lively Lola claims. "I refuse to turn Edie into one. Women can be sweet and pliable, and also have spark and fire."

Lola's spark has helped fire *Gunn* into its third TV season. And the show has given her fitful career new impetus. In 1949, after starring in *Champion*, Lola found herself wandering around New York with only a dime in her purse and no job offers.

"My folks traveled cross-country holding tent meetings and singing in Congregational churches. It was like show business—without all that *sin*," she says, winking broadly. "I studied to be a concert pianist, then decided I wanted to be a commercial artist. My family was horrified. When I wound up as an actress, I'll bet they wished they'd let me go to art school."

Dreams and "psychic vibrations," says Lola, forecast her future. She left her native Akron, Ohio, to work as a model in Chicago. "One night I dreamed of working with a satanic-faced man. He turned out to be the photographer who sent me to Hollywood for a screen test."

Divorced (from comedian Jack Carson) since 1958, blue-eyed Lola, 36, plans to marry her vocal coach, Bill Chadney, soon. "Fan magazines are always calling me 'Lonely Lola.' I'm not lonely," she says emphatically. "On the contrary—to get some time to myself every day, I have to shut off my phone."—M.N.

Lola Albright: no taste for pudding and oatmeal.

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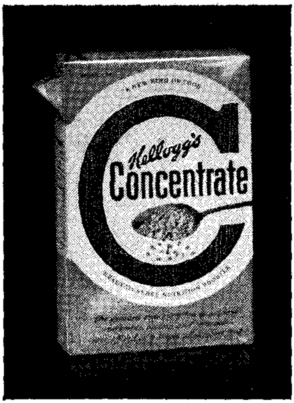

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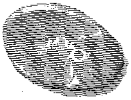
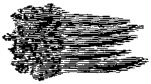
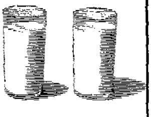
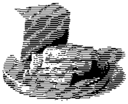
One ounce gives you the nutritive values indicated, in all these fine foods	 **PROTEIN:** more than an egg and two strips of bacon.	 **VITAMIN B_1** (thiamine): as much as three ounces of ham.	 **VITAMIN B_6:** more than five carrots.	 **VITAMIN D:** as much as two glasses of vitamin D milk.
 NIACIN: more than three ounces of beefsteak.	 **VITAMIN C:** about as much as a four-ounce glass of tomato juice.	 **IRON:** as much as two ounces of beef liver.	 **RIBOFLAVIN:** more than four ounces of Cheddar cheese.	 **VITAMIN B_{12}:** as much as an ounce of meat or fish.

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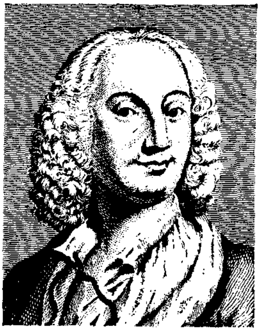

Vivaldi: teacher and composer.

ONE OF THE well-known paintings of Francesco Guardi, the 18th-century Italian painter, depicts a concert in a convent at Venice. A festive and elegant crowd is gathered in a sumptuously decorated hall lit by crystal chandeliers. Elegant ladies and courtly gentlemen converse and liveried servants offer refreshments, while on the balcony a string orchestra of 20 young women plays in accompaniment with a choral group of 13 additional girls.

The painting typifies the world of Antonio Vivaldi, the composer, who, during most of his career, was in charge of musical activities at the *Pio Ospedale della Pietà*, a conventlike orphanage in Venice. In a city filled with good music schools the *Pietà* was the finest, thanks to Vivaldi's ability to train the inmates of the orphanage—illegitimate girls and girls whose parents were so poor that they were compelled to leave them as foundlings at the gate of the institution.

The elegant musical fetes over which Vivaldi presided were in strange contrast with a monastic asylum. But then those were the days of the fabulous Baroque period in sophisticated Venice. "The girls of the *Pietà*," one traveler wrote, "sing like angels and, trained solely to excel in music, they play the violin, the flute, the organ, the oboe, the violoncello and the bassoon to perfection."

Another visitor observed, "There is nothing so agreeable as to see a young, pretty nun—in white robes with a bouquet of pomegranate flowers behind her ear—conduct the orchestra and beat time with all the grace and precision imaginable."

A priest himself, Antonio Vivaldi was called the "Red Priest" because of his red beard and ruddy complexion. Born some time between 1669 and 1675 he was given his first musical instruction by his father, a chapel musician of renown at Venice's St. Mark's Cathedral. Soon after Vivaldi's ordination as a priest a guidebook to Venice mentioned the father and son as two of the best violinists in Italy. Vivaldi became professor and resident virtuoso of the *Pietà*; and, seven years later, its musical director.

An asthmatic, Vivaldi was unable to perform such priestly duties as conducting mass. He thus devoted almost all of his time to music. One of his duties was to compose concertos which were performed by the orchestra of the *Pietà*. And, though he was a priest, he also composed secular operas, becoming his own impresario and associating with the opera singers of his time.

Vivaldi's fame grew with the

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Music, cont.

number of his compositions. He became known all over the continent and his works were performed at the courts of Europe. He earned large sums, but what he didn't spend on the friends who traveled with him he used up trying to improve his health. He died in 1741, a poor man who had to be given a pauper's burial in Vienna after having left Venice and the institution which had brought him fame.

Although Vivaldi had composed over 400 concertos, 53 sonatas, about 50 sacred works and 40 operas, most of his compositions—many of which had never been printed—were soon forgotten. His oblivion would have been even more complete had not Johann Sebastian Bach recognized his genius and transcribed a number of Vivaldi's concertos for the piano and organ.

For a century after his death Vivaldi's works were not heard. Then, with the rediscovery of Bach and the renewed interest in pre-classical music, Vivaldi's star slowly began to rise again. Today he is among the most played composers. His violin concerti and his concerti grossi, such as the melodious "The Four Seasons," are being recorded over and over. For Vivaldi, the "Red Priest" of the *Pietà,* fame has come full cycle. —FRED BERGER

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Dvořák, Cello Concerto: Piatigorsky, Munch, Boston Symph.; RCA Victor LM 2490, *LSC 2490
Guitar Concertos: Bream; RCA Victor LM 2487, *LSC 2487
Lalo, Symphonie Espagnole: Szeryng, Hendl, Chicago Symph.; RCA Victor LM 2456, *LSC 2456
Mendelssohn, Scotch Symphony, Hebrides Overture: Maag, London Symph.; London CM 9252 *CS 6191
Mozart, Marriage of Figaro: Wächter, Schwarzkopf, Taddei, Giulini; Angel 3608 D/L, *S 3608 D/L
Mozart, Symphonies Nos. 35, 39: Szell, Cleveland Orch.; Epic LC 3740, *BC 1106
Prokofiev, Peter and the Wolf; Tchaikovsky, Nutcracker Suite: Bernstein, N.Y. Philh.; Columbia ML 5593, *MS 6193
Puccini, Madame Butterfly: De los Angeles, Bjoerling, Opera House Rome; Capitol GCR 7232, *SGCR 7232
Rachmaninoff, Symphonic Dances; Casella, Paganiniana: Ormandy, Philadelphia Orch.; Columbia ML 5605, *MS 6205
Schubert, Trio No. 2: Serkin, Adolf & Hermann Busch; Angel COLC 43
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Musical Panorama of Shakespeare's England: Deller; Bach Guild BG 606
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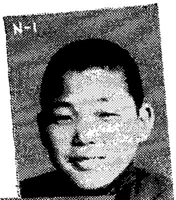

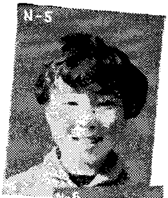

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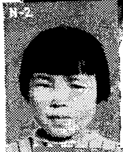

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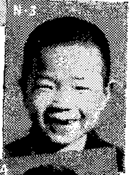
Number N-1 above is Jo Tae Bok. Two years after his birth the Communists killed his father, a government employee. His mother managed to keep him alive by begging. Finally she died of starvation. For 10 months Tae Bok wandered about, crying, begging for food, sleeping under bridges or in doorways. Last Christmas eve he was brought to our Chinju Christian Orphanage. Now he is hoping for a loving sponsor.



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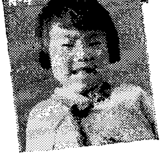

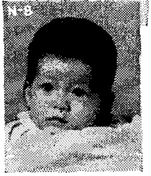

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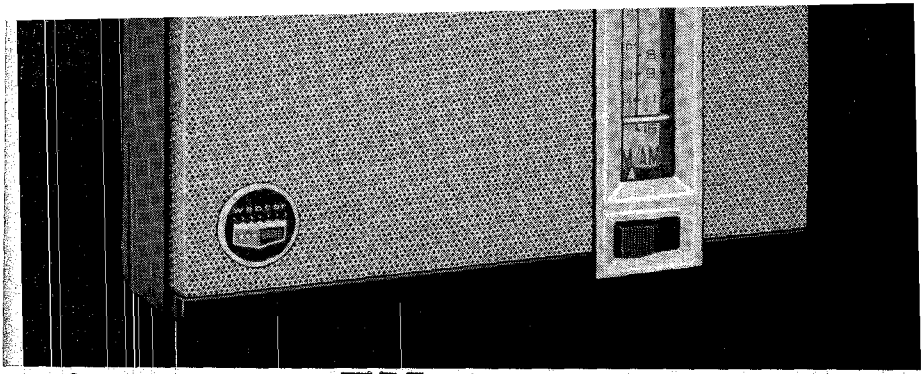

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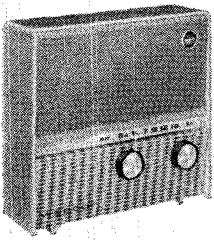

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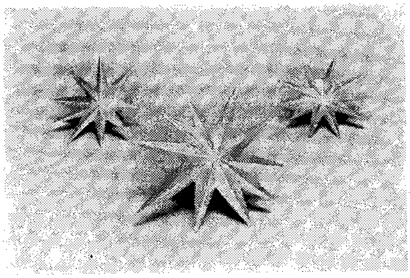

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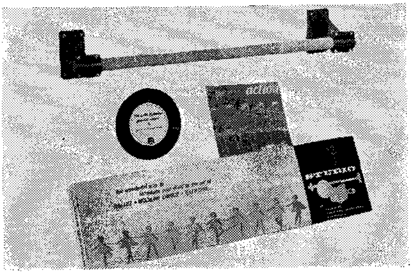

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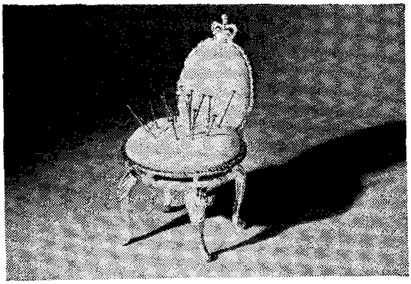

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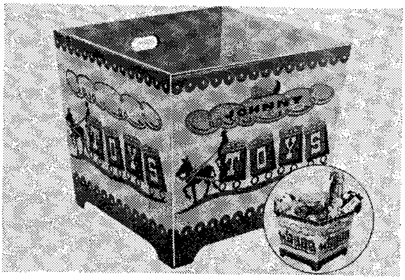

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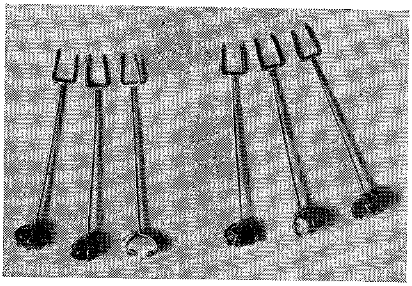

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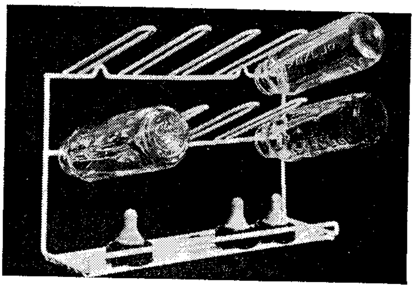

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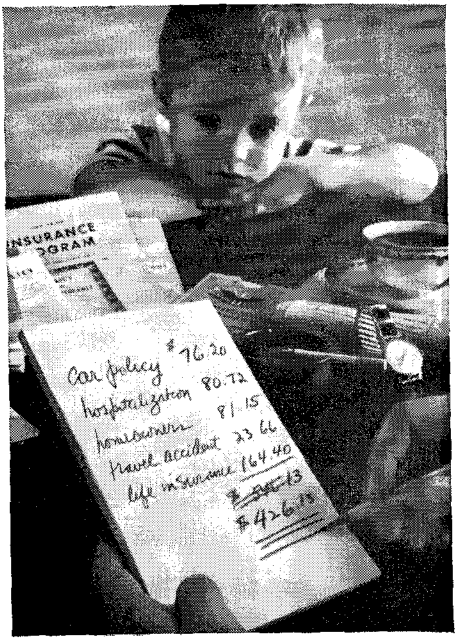

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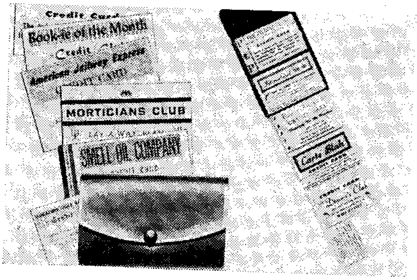

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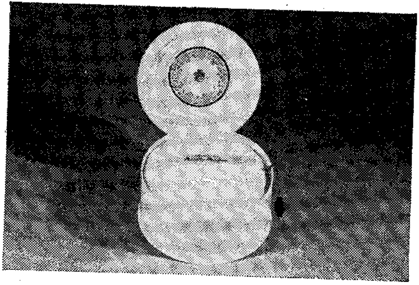

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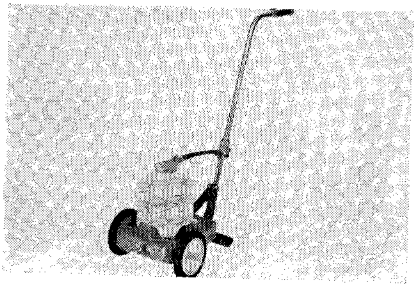

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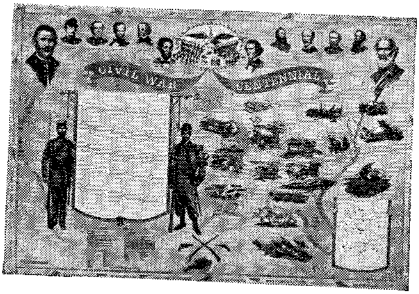

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merry mixups

A Frenchman was relating his experience in studying the English language. He said: "When I first discovered that if I was quick, I was fast; that if I was tied, I was fast; if I spent too freely, I was fast; and that not to eat was to fast, I was discouraged. But when I came across the sentence, 'The first one won one one-dollar prize,' I gave up trying."

—FRANCES BENSON

For several days a four-year-old boy had been complaining that one of the neighborhood children was picking on him. Deciding the time had come to teach him something about the manly art of self-defense, the boy's father showed him how to make a fist and told him to let fly the next time his playmate picked on him.

The next afternoon the door burst open and the boy rushed in. His eyes were shining with triumph and excitement.

"Daddy," he shouted, "I did it! I did it! I *hit* her!" —JAMES B. MCCRACKEN

A small U.S. tanker was operating off the coast of Korea during the Korean conflict one foggy morning when it was reported to the bridge that the silhouette of a ship could vaguely be seen in the distance. A message was sent to the unidentified ship: "Identify yourself or be blown out of the water." The tanker received in reply: "This is the U.S.S. Missouri, fire when ready." —WILLIAM L. MIDGETT, HM2

The small town constable had been caught flat-footed when big-city gangsters held up the local bank.

"Didn't you get a description of any of them?" a reporter asked.

"Nope."

"Do you know what kind of getaway car they were driving?" another newsman asked the constable.

"Nope."

"Do you know anything at all about the case?" a third demanded impatiently.

"Well," drawled the eager-to-please lawman, "I can give you a durned good description of the bank." —ELEANOR COHEN

A Milwaukee, Wisconsin, mother discovered that her seven-year-old son was planning on having a party on his eighth birthday.

"Oh, Kevin!" she protested. "All those boys you had last year, tearing around and roughhousing it! I don't know whether I'm up to it again this year or not."

"Boys?" exclaimed the rapidly maturing young man. "This year I'm inviting only *girls*!" —DOYLE K. GETTER *(Milwaukee Journal)*

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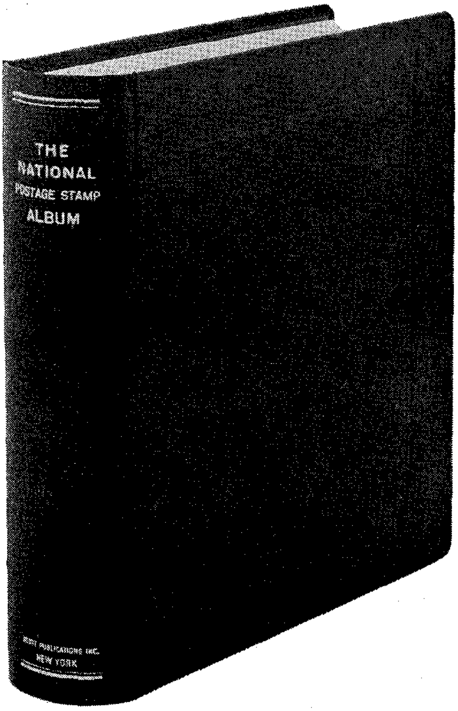

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(Pictures with voice)

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EN CLASSE was developed and tested under the direct supervision of *Roger A. Pillet,* Ph.D., Assistant Professor of Education in French, School of Education, The University of Chicago. A native of France, M. Pillet has specialized for many years in the teaching of foreign languages at the elementary level. EN CLASSE is the result of direct classroom experience in attempting to find the most effective method for teaching a foreign language in the lower grades. The author of articles in professional publications, M. Pillet is a member of the American Association of Teachers of French.

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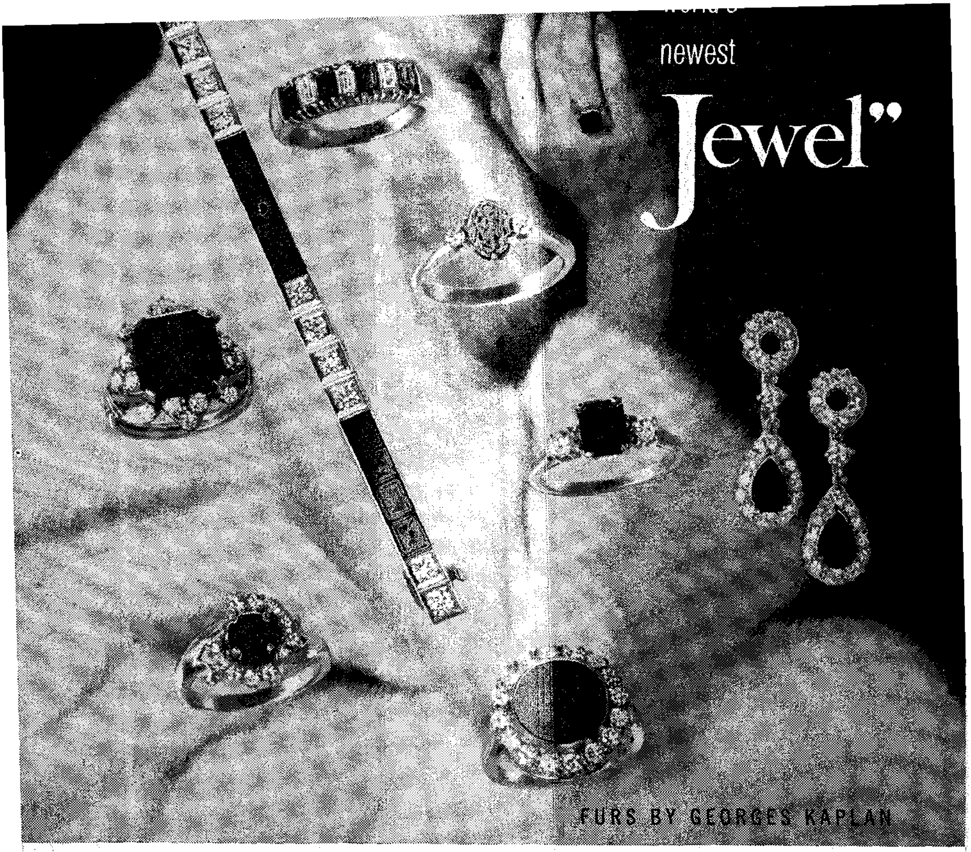

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CORONET

Given the choice
between family pride and
a golden nest egg,
Mamma didn't shrink from
killing the goose

Sauce for the Gander

BY VICTORIA CASE

TO PAPA, BROUGHT UP IN THE CITY, money was something to be spent for food, shelter and clothing. But Mamma, farm-bred, hated to pay for vegetables, eggs, stewing hens and such. Most, she begrudged the relentless drain of cash to the landlord. She'd found a house a few miles outside Victoria, B. C., where Papa worked in the mill. It was at the edge of the water at Rocky Point—a badly neglected shack that she'd persuaded the owner to let them have rent-free in return for repairs and a new room attached. All this Papa could do while Mamma cleaned and painted. "It will be spring," she pointed out, "and the children will be outdoors mostly. There's a little beach. And you've been wanting to

Copyright 1952 by Victoria Case

teach John how to handle tools.

"There's a man next door, a Scotsman, named Mr. Reid," she continued. "He's got a 20-acre farm, Papa, and we want it. You'll keep on at the mill and we'll save the rent money to offer Mr. Reid. He'll see what a handy man you are and how well we manage everything, so he'll trust us to buy his farm and take care of it. We'll raise most of our food and you'll get your pay for teaching the school."

Papa seized on the one thing he was sure of. "You know, my dear, that the province has more teachers than schools. Nobody will hire me without Canadian experience."

"I've figured it all out, Papa. The schoolhouse is just five minutes' walk from our door—(it was already "our" door)—but it's closed for two years for lack of pupils. And what's the thing we've got most of?"

"Children," he answered.

"Say pupils," she beamed. "There won't be any teacher hired because we won't be expected. Then we'll come with Allie and John and Millie and Frances and Bruce. Where will they turn for a teacher? Why, to Mr. Henry William Case, who is right there at the door with his Canadian certificate in his hand."

Papa went to bed in a state of shock. By morning he had decided he would move to the little shanty and do the work. But he wouldn't give up a steady job at the mill on the vague chance of getting a school.

The shanty was not much better than a cowshed, but Papa had the roof tight before it rained. Papa perceived that the standard of teaching at rural schools was rather poor. It would be feasible to apply at the last moment, and have a good chance of being hired. The point now was to approach Mr. Reid about the farm, with only a handful of cash. Supposing he agreed? Then Papa, who yearned for schoolteaching, could cast off mill work; and also sign himself as a landowner, "Henry W. Case, Esq."

One night when he came home from the mill, everybody was crowded into the kitchen waiting for supper. Mamma dished up the fragrant stew, cut corn bread and filled Papa's cup with hot tea. She waited while he asked a blessing, then gave the signal for everybody to fall to. When he finished, he wiped his mustache and gave Mamma a half-rueful smile. "I almost got killed today. A chisel slipped out of somebody's hand and buried itself an inch deep in a beam behind my head." He added for the children, "It almost parted my hair."

They laughed, for Papa's hair was creeping away from any need for a part, but Mamma did not laugh. "Then you have decided?" she asked, queerly breathless.

"I have decided," he said.

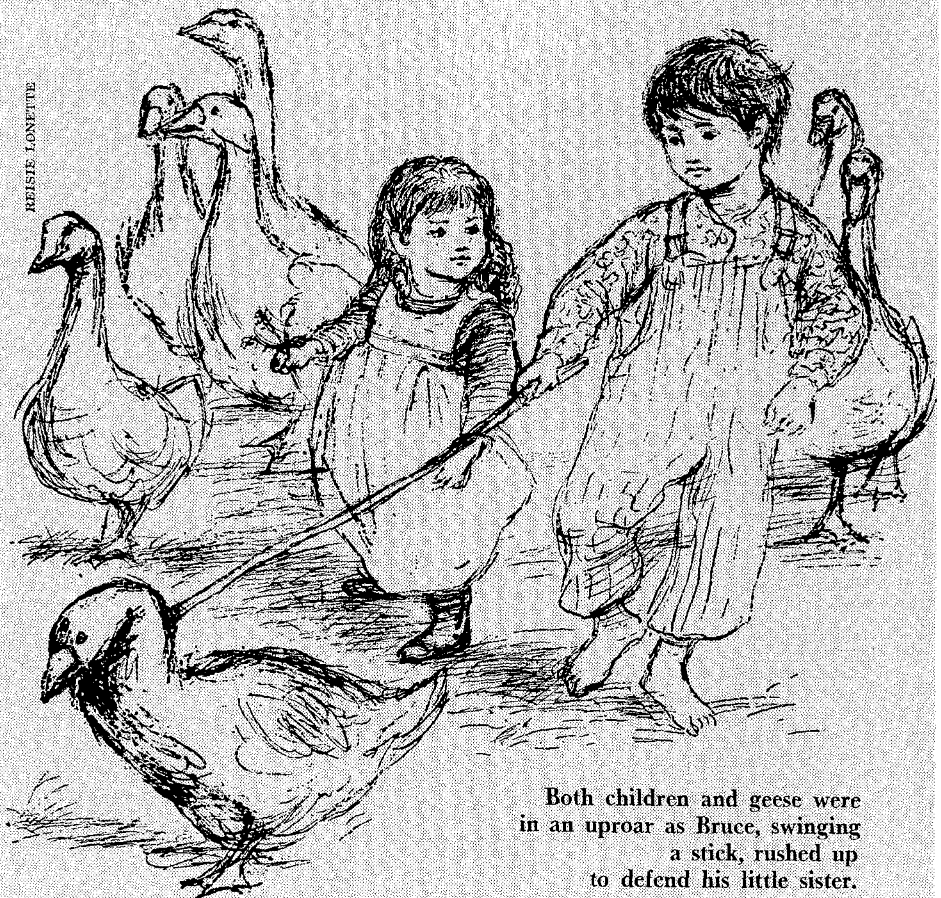
Outside in the sweet April air, Papa gave her his arm, and they made their way in the dusk to the neighbor's gate, a few hundred yards away. "May I do the talking?" she asked. "If you wish," Papa said, and knocked at Mr. Reid's door.

Mr. Reid called out, "Come in." He was smoking his pipe in the kitchen, with his feet in the oven. He stared at them through shaggy eyebrows. His house was painfully neat but he plainly did not hold with fresh air. Mamma, already breathless, could scarcely speak.

"Mr. Reid, we looked at your little farm on the valley road. We've prayed about it and thought it over and we want you to sell it to us."

"Ay," he said noncommittally. He gave Papa a keen look. "You've not been let out at the mill?"

Mamma said rapidly, "No. But we've got seven children to bring up and we'll never get ahead on mill wages in a rented place. With a farm we'll raise almost all we eat and have extras to sell. Mr. Case will apply for the teaching job once we're in the district. Then he'll work the farm and do carpentering. Your price is fair," she said carefully, "but I've been able to save only $50. We are asking you to take that as a down payment and carry



REISIE LONETTE

Both children and geese were in an uproar as Bruce, swinging a stick, rushed up to defend his little sister.

the rest on mortgage. We'll need your two cows, too, and the team and wagon. I would like to have the chickens, but I won't insist."

"Fifty dollars?" he repeated, raising his eyebrows almost into his hair.

"Fifty dollars and character," Mamma said, meeting his look steadily. "We work hard and we want our children to work. Your tenant has let the place run down. We will make the farm worth more. And you'll be getting interest."

Reid moved a stove lid and knocked his pipe out. "Well, then, Mrs. Case, I'm not well acquaint' with your ways. I'll give myself a few days to think about it."

She got Papa off to the mill next morning, with his lunch tied in oil cloth on his bicycle. Then the older children were sent off to school.

They took a short cut through Mr. Reid's pasture. When they climbed his fence, they left the top rail wobbling. John scared Mr. Reid's old horse into a trot. Allie picked two of Mr. Reid's flowers and put one into Frances' pretty hair.

Later a great squalling of geese drew Mamma into the yard. Bruce and Janey were coming home with Mr. Reid's geese after them. The older gander threatened Bruce with hisses and beating wings. Bruce, laughing, kept him at arm's length with a stick. Mr. Reid was watching.

In a panic Mamma hurried down to the gate.

"Do the geese bother you?" Mr. Reid asked her.

"Oh, no," Mamma said, jerking Bruce's stick away from him. "Don't shake a stick at Mr. Reid's geese," she told Bruce. "When he sees you hitting them he thinks we don't know how to be careful with stock."

Mamma had an edge in her voice that night when she ordered us to sit down at the table and be quiet.

With a high color, she set a dish of plain boiled potatoes before Papa and poured his tea. He looked astonished, and she answered through tight lips, "We have plenty of food in the house, but I want the children to learn a lesson. We want Mr. Reid to sell us his little farm. We're having boiled potatoes for supper because that's the way we will eat for a long time if we don't get his farm. It rests with you children."

She salted her potato and began to eat with dignity. Allie, the oldest, ventured to ask, "What can we do about it?" Mamma brought out a willow switch, ready for use. "Mr. Reid must not be offended," she said. "You must not pick his wild flowers. John, you must not chase his old horse. Don't any of you climb his fences or walk across his pasture."

"Are you finished?" she asked Papa politely. He turned toward the bedroom, holding the door for her. "You are making too much of this," he told her, when the door was shut. "We can find another farm."

"Not in time for early garden," she said. "And we can't go through another year in this shack with eight children—"

"Eight!" he said, startled.

"Yes, eight by September. Now don't worry. We'll manage, but we've got to have that farm."

"I see," he said, suddenly firm. He went out to the children. "Anyone

Mamma has to switch during the day will get another switching when I get home at night. Do you hear?"

Then, Mamma made a complete transformation. "There's more to the lesson," she said, smiling.

She went into the pantry and brought out a great square bread pan filled with raisin pie, rich and gleaming with juice. "Allie, get down the cups and pour hot cocoa for everyone. This, my dears, is the way we'll eat if we get that farm."

At prayers every morning thereafter, Mamma reminded the Lord that Mr. Reid needed help to make up his mind. Mr. Reid was spending a good deal of time in his yard watching Mamma and the children. The shack was close to his property line, so he didn't miss much. Mamma saw Frances and Millie come hurrying up from the beach one afternoon with their pinafores full of half-drowned baby quail. "Can we dry these beside the stove, Mamma?"

"You went on Mr. Reid's beach!"

"It isn't his," Frances said. "We didn't even go near his side."

Mamma got down her switch. "I told you to stay away from it."

Mr. Reid was at the door. He peered at Frances and the bedraggled quail. "You've told them the beach is mine?" "Certainly," Mamma said, flushing.

He gave her an odd look. "I'm not satisfied about your offer."

White to the lips, she whispered, "Oh, please, Mr. Reid, please—"

He said hurriedly, "There's one more thing. Maybe tomorrow Mr. Case will make me a gate. I'll no' pay for it," he challenged.

"Then, you'll—you'll give us another chance?"

"When the work's done, I'll come with my final word."

Mamma was rallying now. "I'll get him at it early in the morning."

"I'll be up at daybreak myself." Mr. Reid said.

Mamma got Papa up after a very short sleep. He was cross but obedient. "Papa, it's after six, you're not shaved and you've put on old overalls. What will Mr. Reid think?"

Papa pushed back his cup. "I'm going to build a fence for Mr. Reid. It is an imposition. If he doesn't like the looks of a man in working clothes, let him look another way."

Mr. Reid was waiting and heard every word of this, Mamma was sure. Papa took his tools and left. Mamma could not stay away from the door where she could see Papa working. At last Mr. Reid joined him. She sent Bruce and Janey to warn her when the men were on the way home. Inside of two minutes, the children were screaming as if they were being murdered, and the geese were screaming, too. Mamma ran. Bruce was on the bank across the road. The gander had Janey down in the ditch, and was beating at her with his wings. Actually Janey was sheltered by the ditch and was not being hurt. Bruce seized his stick and beat the geese off.

The gander turned on him, hissing, and snapped at him, trying for an ear or his nose. Just as Mamma reached them, he fastened on Bruce's thumb. Mamma scattered the flock with her apron, but the gander and Bruce were locked in a terrible union. The old warrior hung on like a bulldog. Mamma beat at the head, twisted the neck and pried with all her strength to free Bruce's thumb. Seeing the little boy's blood creeping down his hand, she dragged them both over to the chopping block. "Janey, bring me the hatchet!"

Janey was shaking with fright. "I won't," she screamed. Mamma was trying to hold the gander's neck in position and fight down his powerful wings. "Get me that hatchet!" she ordered, between her teeth.

Janey cast it down at her feet and backed off, her eyes wide with horror. Bruce held his arm where Mamma placed it, and clung tightly to her skirt with his other hand.

The hatchet fell, and Mamma gently detached the severed head from Bruce's bleeding thumb.

"But you missed!" Bruce whispered, horrified. "Oh, Mamma, you chopped Mr. Reid's gander."

"Did you think I was trying to chop your hand off?" Mamma demanded irritably. As soon as she said it, she realized that, incredibly, he had indeed thought so. Janey had expected it, too, and had stood by in horror. "Did you really think that old gander mattered more than Mamma's boy?" she asked him, and gathered him fiercely into her arms. Janey came creeping up, and Mamma put an arm about her too.

Papa surveyed the scene. Mr. Reid advanced, eyebrows twitching. Mamma lifted Bruce's hand and showed the wound. Two spots of rage showed on her cheeks. "Here is a boy," she told Mr. Reid, "who gets your gander fastened on his thumb, and does he think I'll cut off the gander's head? Oh, no. It is Mr. Reid's gander, so he'll hold his arm steady, while we cut off his poor little hand, because he's just a small boy and we've got lots of children, but the gander belongs to Mr. Reid, and we must not offend Mr. Reid.

"If we get your farm, we'll do right by it and pay our debts, but I'll not raise my children to be toadies. Meanwhile, it will be two dollars for the morning's work, if you please."

"Whist, now—" Mr. Reid began, but she charged right over him.

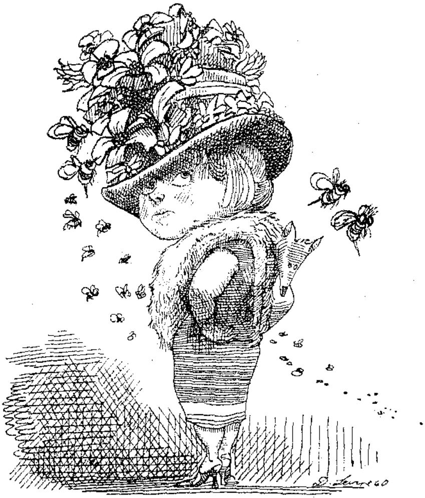
"If those geese come gabbling down the highway once more there'll be notice given to the constable to take them to the public pound."

Papa said softly, "My dear, we must bandage Bruce's thumb. Mr. Reid will excuse us, I am sure, and shut the gate when he leaves."

They turned their backs on Mr. Reid and were almost to the door when Mr. Reid said, "Hold now, I've a word myself."

Mamma turned and saw the old man struggling with laughter. "I've been fair beat to see how you rear the bairns," he confessed, wiping his eyes. "Have these people no spirit, I ask myself? Can I turn over good property to a woman who'd have her boy run from a goose?"

He rubbed his jaw, almost shyly. "Maybe I've known desperation, myself, in my young days—but never with seven to feed. Here's my hand on the deal," he told Papa. "Come you over to my house when you've tended the boy."



human comedy

THE YOUNG BRIDE had received as a gift a cookbook entitled, "Ways to Please a Husband." She carefully followed it day by day for months. One evening she decided to prepare a dish she especially liked and turned to the recipe that happened to be printed on the first page. Her husband wandered into the kitchen, saw the book and noting the page number, groaned, "Good heavens, do I have to go through all *that* again!" —MRS. THELMA TAYLOR

A TROUPE OF ACTORS was stranded many years ago in Tennessee. They were trying to get to the next river town but had no money or means of transportation. Finally they talked the captain of a river scow carrying a load of garbage into giving them a lift down the Mississippi. As they passed the second bend in the river, a voice from the shore called out: "Hey, Cap'n Bob, what're you carryin' this trip?"

"A load of garbage and a bunch of actors," the captain called back.

The leading man, standing at the prow, raised his eyes toward heaven. "Ye gads!" he exclaimed. "Not even first billing!" —ALICE COMBS

A SMALL BOY who had been watching with fascination the construction of a neighboring house which was surrounded with scaffolding ran in and told his mother:

"Mommie, that man's going to have a beautiful house when he gets it uncrated." —MARY B. ROJAS

MY FOUR-YEAR-OLD NEPHEW was out for a Sunday walk with his father when an elderly couple named the MacManns approached. "Hello, Jimmie," said the neighbors as they passed. "Hello, Mr. MacMann," said Jimmie. "Hello, Mrs. Mac—Woman." —MARY KNACHT

AFTER STARTING KINDERGARTEN in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, five-year-old twins, who had become accustomed to being called "the twins" made a startling discovery.

At the close of the session, they rushed to their mother, shouting excitedly: "Hey, Mom! Do you know what we found out today? We're *brothers!*" —CHARLES CHICK GOVIN

The next time
you go to the library, the
volume you want
may be missing—banned
by self-righteous
"book burners" who stifle
your freedom to read

CREEPING CENSORSHIP IN OUR LIBRARIES

BY FARRELL CROSS

IN MISSISSIPPI LAST YEAR, Governor Ross Barnett assumed personal control of the selection of all public school textbooks used in the state. Further, he planned to ban as "subversive" all library books on a list furnished to him for his guidance by local chapters of the Daughters of the American Revolution, the American Legion and Citizens' Councils. The list included works by such famous American authors as Jack London, Archibald MacLeish and Carl Sandburg. ■ In Charleston, West Virginia, three years ago, the mayor launched a crusade against several books he deemed "immoral," particularly Grace Metalious' best-selling novel, *Peyton Place*. He reportedly threatened to withhold funds from the public library unless the book was removed from circulation. He confessed to reporters that he had not even read the book he was trying to ban! ■ In Olney, Illinois, several years ago, a worried mother complained to the sheriff when her teenage daughter brought home a library copy of *The Boy Came Back* by Charles H. Knickerbocker. The sheriff wrote to the Governor of Illinois, and shortly thereafter the state library board was ordered to stop circulating all books containing immoral passages. Panicky librarians promptly removed 500 titles, 8,000 volumes in all, from libraries throughout the state. ■ Fortunately, loud cries of "censorship" forced the repeal of the Illinois edict, and the controversial books were restored to the shelves. Unfortunately, however, many of these incidents do not have such a happy ending. Widespread library censorship is an unhappy fact from coast to coast—perhaps right in your own community. ■ Few thinking citizens oppose some degree of "legal censorship"—mainly the passage and enforcement of laws to prevent the publication, sale and circulation of outright smut and incendiary hate literature. But "library censorship"—the arbitrary banning of books because an individual or a pressure group objects to them or the beliefs of their authors —goes far beyond this defensible purpose; it is a serious matter that strikes at the roots of our right to read and to know. ■ "Libraries should be open to all—except the censor," says President John F. Kennedy. "We must know all the facts and hear all the alternatives and listen to all the criticisms. Let us welcome controversial books and controversial authors." ■ Yet in too many U. S. towns and cities, this and other appeals have been ignored, as self-appointed censors campaign for the banning of books—many of them widely accepted literary works. The current censorship trend gathered momentum about nine years ago, during the days of what has come to be known as "McCarthyism."

In Bartlesville, Oklahoma, for example, head librarian Ruth Brown was fired because she had given shelf space to such magazines as *The New Republic*, *The Nation*, *Negro Digest* and *Soviet Russia Today*. When Miss Brown protested this form of censorship and was supported by the Library Board, the City Commission appointed a new librarian by passing a special ordinance.

And in San Antonio, Texas, a band of "Minute Women" demanded that 600 books written by authors they alleged to be Communists or pro-Communist be stamped as such on the fly leaves of the books. The list included certain editions of *Moby Dick* and *The Canterbury Tales* (because they had been illustrated by Left-Wing artist Rockwell Kent), along with volumes by persons who had allowed their names to be used by organizations with unpopular tinges: Albert Einstein's *Theory of Relativity*, Thomas Mann's *Joseph in Egypt*.

But when San Antonio's chief librarian, Julia Grothaus, resisted the effort to brand a book because of its author's political views, the Minute Women lost out—and Miss Grothaus kept her job.

About two years ago, the University of California completed a survey of librarians in the state. The results are particularly important since many library authorities believe that similar conditions exist all over the U.S. The findings show that many competent librarians live in a state of fear. Approximately 20 percent of those questioned *always* avoid purchasing "controversial" books; more than 65 percent refrain from buying a book if they feel that its author may become controversial *in the future*; and 82 percent admitted to some kind of restrictive measures—such as hiding books in locked cabinets, on "reserve" shelves or under the counter.

One librarian, who asserted that she was "utterly opposed to censorship," thought nothing of concealing controversial books in a locked room. "Right now," she reported, "we have 2,000 books locked away like that." Several librarians admitted that they had burned books.

ACTUALLY, there should be no cause for timidity among librarians, since our freedom to read has been espoused by outstanding Americans through the years. Former Presidents Herbert C. Hoover and Harry S. Truman summarized their feelings in a joint statement three years ago: "If freedom means anything, it means the right to think. And the right to think means the right to read—anything, written anywhere, by any man, at any time."

And former President Dwight D. Eisenhower warned, "Don't join the book burners. Don't think you are going to conceal faults by concealing evidence that they ever existed. Don't be afraid to go in your library and read every book, as long as any document does not offend your own ideas of decency. That should be the only censorship."

A decade ago, the American Library Association made its views on censorship clear in this five-point "Bill of Rights":

1. Books should be chosen for value. No author should be excluded for reasons of race, religion, nationality or politics.

2. Libraries should contain material presenting all points of view on the problems and issues of our times; no book written by a sound authority should be removed because of partisan disapproval.

3. Censorship urged by "volunteer arbiters of morals or political opinion" must be challenged by libraries which have a responsibility to provide public information and enlightenment.

4. Libraries must enlist aid from scientists, educators and book publishers to resist the stifling of free access to ideas.

5. Libraries should welcome the use of their meeting rooms for "socially useful and cultural activities" on equal terms to all groups regardless of the beliefs and affiliations of their members.

Furthermore, the A.L.A. adamantly opposes any form of branding or labeling—that is, physically marking any book as immoral, communistic or "anti-" something, hence prejudicing the reader.

Despite these safeguards, the forces of censorship are seemingly tireless and their attacks are not confined to small towns. In 1952, the Boston *Post* launched a crusade against communism by attacking the oldest tax-supported library in America, the Boston Public Library. The newspaper charged that the library contained files of *Pravda, Izvestia* and "thousands of other Communist publications."

Thundered the *Post*: "We believe that pro-Soviet literature should be supressed in our public libraries . . . to permit pro-Communists to circulate their poison among our people is sheer stupidity."

The fight was close, with the library's board of trustees split wide open. Among those who rallied to the library's support was Herbert Philbrick, former undercover agent for the F.B.I. and author of *I Led Three Lives.* He urged the library to make "more and not less information available to the American people to aid them in their fight against communism," and even recommended additional Communist documents that might be acquired for the shelves.

Among the many justifications cited by would-be censors—obscenity, subversion, the author's political shading, irreligion, crime and violence, immorality, bad taste—obscenity undoubtedly causes the most controversy.

But Dan Lacy, managing director of the American Book Publishers Council, along with many child psychologists, does not believe the presence on library shelves of books with "sexy" passages is cause for alarm. "Most experts would agree that exposing children . . . to truly obscene material is undesirable," Lacy says. "Few, if any, however, feel such material is of major consequence in juvenile delinquency—not in comparison with such factors as broken homes, parental delinquency, slum surroundings, racial discrimination, school maladjustments or, for that matter, the turbulent sexual drives of adolescents . . ."

In 1959, children's books came under attack from several sources. *The Montgomery Home News*, a weekly publication of the Montgomery, Alabama, chapter of The White Citizens Council, attacked *The Rabbits' Wedding*, by Garth Williams, because it told the story of how a black rabbit married a white rabbit. "As soon as you pick up the book," wrote one Southern newspaper columnist, "and open its pages you realize these rabbits are integrated."

When the censors *did* succeed in having the story removed from the open shelves of the Alabama Public Library Service Division, author Williams caustically commented he was "unaware that animals with white fur . . . were considered blood relations of white human beings."

Another 1959 case involved that famous children's story *The Three Little Pigs*. A segregationist in Miami, Florida, urged that it be swept off the bookshelves, claiming "clever integrationists" had doctored the old classic. In the illustrations, he charged, the white pig and the black-and-white pig had their homes destroyed, while the third pig—a *black* one—built the brick home that survived the wolf's attack!

These point up the degree to which communities can be agitated and panicked. And the librarian's position is made even more difficult when pressure is applied by nationally recognized groups whose *intentions* are often good.

"We see no impropriety in any group's expressing an opinion concerning the merits or demerits of a book," states *The Freedom to Read*, a recent study on censorship published for the National Book Committee. What the report does deplore, however, is the undue use of pressure to enforce upon a whole community the literary or moral judgment of a particular group.

Many of the people who warn against censorship believe that there should be *more* controversial books in our community libraries. "If there is one agency above all which has the power to put teeth into the principle of free speech, it is the public library," says Leon Carnovsky, associate editor of the *Library Quarterly*.

Another outspoken defender of the freedom to read is poet Archibald MacLeish: "Any institution called a library . . . will inevitably contain books with whose arguments and conclusions many Americans—even, conceivably, all Americans—will violently disagree, as well as books whose language and observations of human conduct millions will find offensive. . . . You have a right as a free man to read and know—because your intelligence depends on your reading and knowing—because the safety of the Republic depends on your intelligence."

What about *your* community? Are censors depriving you of your freedom to read?

There is one way to find out. Visit

your library. Look up books you know are controversial and charged with being "obscene" (like the Kinsey Reports), "subversive" (books on communism), "irreligious" (a tract on atheism), "un-American" (works that paint an unflattering picture of the U.S., such as *The Ugly American*), "partisan" (stories hostile to your region), "racist" (books by Negro authors about problems in the South), or "in bad taste" (discussions of birth control, sex and marriage, even childbirth).

Are such books readily available? Are they labeled or so hard to find that only an experienced researcher can dig them out? If so, then you and your neighbors owe it to yourselves to find out *why*.

"The freedom to read," says Judge Curtis L. Bok, "does not mean the right to sit by the fire with a book. It means the right to listen to a free voice speaking from the page, the right of that voice to speak fully . . . and our right to reply in freedom or to remain quiet if we will." ♛

FABLES OF THE FAMED

KATHARINE CORNELL has always been an exacting and dedicated actress. In one Broadway show she performed a death scene perfectly and then lay motionless on the stage while other members of the cast delivered their final lines.

Later, in her dressing room, a friend said, "Katharine was perfect in her last scene. After she was supposed to be dead, she never even moved a muscle. You could tell only by the slight tremor of her chest that she was alive at all."

Her father immediately said, "For heaven's sake, don't tell her that or tomorrow night she will stop breathing altogether."

—FRANCES BENSON

OPERA COMPOSER GIUSEPPE VERDI was once a member of the Italian Parliament. The role of legislator did not suit him, however.

With each passing year, he devoted more and more time to his music and less and less to his parliamentary duties. One day, two of his fellow legislators became embroiled in a heated debate. While they argued, Verdi idly scribbled some notes on a scratch pad.

Suddenly, he looked down and, with a start, realized what he was doing. He was setting the debate to music. That settled it. Shortly thereafter, Verdi handed in his resignation.

—E. E. EDGAR

Science is tempting
our increasingly
particular palates with
a whole menu
of mouth-watering
artificial flavors

Flavor formulas are big business

BY THEODORE IRWIN

LAST SUMMER, the makers of one of the most popular soft drinks in America quietly revealed a revolutionary change in its formula—the first important switch in almost a century. In the past, like many soda pops, it was neither acid nor alkaline. Now it will be somewhat sharp or biting, and only a bit saccharine. "Public taste is changing," explained the company's president.

Champagne coming here from France is no longer *"doux,"* sweetened to *"goût Américain"* (American taste). Apparently we now prefer our bubbly *"brut"* (dry). "In the past ten years," says Richard L. Blum Jr., chairman of the Champagne Importers Committee, "Americans seem to have developed a more sophisticated palate, seeking a subtle savor."

Today we have pumpkin-flavored ice cream, cigarettes with "a wisp of menthol," barbiturates that taste like passion fruit, mint ginger ale and chewing gum that smacks of carnations. One of the big-selling imitation flavors for foods in the East is a spicy, garlicky species called "kosher-type."

No doubt about it, the American citizenry today wants more gustatory sensations. We are becoming increasingly partial to distinctive flavor. With the first mouthful, we want to be sure of the taste; we don't want to guess what we're eating or drinking.

What lies behind this burgeoning trend toward discriminating palate appeal?

"The public has become spoiled," contends Fred Wesley, a flavor chemist. "Our high standards of living have conditioned people's taste buds to demand more pleasure."

Expert "flavorists" like Wesley have much to do with the virtually unnoticed changes in our taste tendencies. The flavor-making company he works for, Fritzsche Brothers Inc. in New York, is part of an industry that constantly devises new or improved taste impressions for a wide variety of products.

A rare breed, there are at present only 49 members of the Society of Flavor Chemists, each deeply grounded in organic chemistry. Somewhat like the alchemists of old, they blend science, art and imagination, creating their flavors out of fruits and other natural substances such as herbs, spices and essential oils as well as aromatic chemicals. One firm alone, Givaudan Flavors Inc., has a "library" of more than 4,000 different taste experiences, ranging from blueberry to "imitation pizza pie flavor."

What goes into a typical flavor such as "wild cherry"? First, there's the true extract of wild cherry fruit. But that has to be fortified. Added to the fruit extract is benzaldehyde, a synthetically prepared aromatic chemical that is considered the "soul" of the wild cherry flavor. Then come other aromatic chemicals—vanillin and fruit esters such as amyl acetate and amyl butyrate. Some flavor houses add essential oil of orange. Other aromatic chemicals are included which are kept a trade secret by the flavor creators.

Food flavors represent a major effort, but the greatest challenge to the flavorist fraternity is pharmaceuticals. "No matter how good an antibiotic may be," Fred Wesley points out, "the public will reject it if it has a strong medicinal taste."

Doctors find that if a drug is disagreeable the patient is apt not to take his prescription regularly or become nauseated when he does. With essential chemicals often odious, the problem is to find a flavor that will make a drug palatable.

Consider what happened with a widely used multifaceted cold remedy, developed by the Schering Corp., in which sodium salicylate is used as a painkiller. But salicylate is nauseating and hard to disguise. Research pharmacist Dr. Richard H. Barry tried hundreds of flavor combinations. At least three different flavor firms were consulted. After six months, Schering scientists finally came up with the tricky winner: a chocolate flavor heavily fortified with vanilla and rounded off with curaçao orange and a dash of mint—cream soda!

Research pharmacists at White Laboratories worked for 20 years to mask the acetylsalicylic acid taste in an antiheadache chewing gum, eventually arriving at an effective orange flavor. In the drug industry, according to a recent survey, the most popular flavor is cherry. Some rely on coconut flavor for sulfa preparations, banana-pineapple for antibiotics, butterscotch for penicillin, apricot for bromides, a rum-peach combination for antihistamines. At least it's no longer altogether unpleasant to be sick.

Back in the realm of food, cake

mixes, for example, have changed greatly. When a housewife baked her own cake, as recently as 15 years ago, she used extracts of vanilla, lemon or orange, perhaps some cinnamon, cloves and nutmeg. Artificial liquid flavors in prepared cake mixes and puddings lost much of their character on grocery shelves. Then flavorists scored a breakthrough, evolving powders with "sealed-in" flavors that didn't evaporate. Today you can buy an instant mix with burnt almond, cherry, butterscotch, walnut and other flavors to delight the 9,000 taste buds on your tongue.

With taste so vital in edibles, most of the large food processors have set up elaborate systems of tests. Often a newly flavored food is submitted to an expert "sensory" panel of men and women with such acutely developed taste sensitivity that they're sometimes able to spot the salt when a single teaspoonful is dropped into ten gallons of water.

At the General Foods Research Center in Tarrytown, New York, as many as 300 technical people may be called upon for savoring sessions of, say, 16 flavor formulations of wild cherry. Divided into groups of 24 to 60 persons, they narrow the choice down to eight "different" cherry flavors. Then, after a panel has pinpointed the differences, a company may send the product to a department store for its first consumer preference test; after this the two or three favorites may go to the public for a nationwide preference vote, involving perhaps 3,000 or more families in a house-to-house canvass.

At latest count, 174 different ice cream flavors tempt us. The favorites are vanilla (53 percent) and chocolate (19 percent). At the Borden Co., Miss Jane Hsueh, a flavor specialist, dreams up a new flavor every two months. Among her latest is "banana bowl"—banana, strawberry marble, chocolate chips and mixed nuts.

Although American tastes are constantly expanding, evidently we're not ready for some startling innovations. Recently, a soft drink company asked the Givaudan Co. to devise a flavor with a "tea background." Natural tea, which loses its briskness and becomes cloudy after standing, ultimately has a flat taste. Ingeniously, the Givaudan chemists took some tea and added extracts of natural plants and fruits, blending them into a hybrid imitation tea flavor they called "Mintee." But after all that effort, the project was pigeonholed as "too pioneering."

There's no reluctance to add flavors to cigarettes, cigars and pipe tobacco. Here, we're being given a forced education in taste discrimination. When a cigarette boasts of its "hint of mint," four out of five smokers may not notice the mint at all until they're told to expect the taste. In many brands, filters have obviously screened out some of the original tobacco flavor. To replace or fortify it, many cigarettes contain such flavors as chocolate, honey, licorice, fruit essences and sugar from molasses or maple. These may be sprayed on the cured tobacco leaves as "top dressing," and "sauces" of flavoring substances are added to correct deficiencies in tobacco blend.

Few people have ever smoked pure tobacco, just as we don't generally drink pure tomato juice; what we get has spices and herbs to provide the taste that appeals. It's flavor that counts and Americans have become accustomed by now to the "something extra" that's been added.

There's hardly a product we put to our lips that hasn't been influenced by the flavor magicians.

In chewing gum, the latest flavors to excite our taste buds are blueberry, banana and chocolate. An exception is candy, where Americans, apparently still conservative, have not taken to flavors popular in other countries such as lavender, violet and rose water.

For some dentifrices, flavor chemists face a tough job to overcome the usually bitter sudsing agent. They have had to create new compounds to keep tooth pastes "refreshing." One example of a recent subtle change is in a Procter & Gamble fluoridated tooth paste which contains undelectable stannous fluoride. To appeal to children, the P&G experts came up with an inspired solution: a "bubble gum flavor."

To meet the demands of our spoiled or discriminating taste, professional flavor creators still run into problems they haven't been able to solve. One is to produce a real, honest-to-goodness lemon-flavored ice cream. Another is to duplicate the flavor of freshly brewed coffee for a soft drink and to reinforce the taste of instant coffee. Before inflation, this was known as the "million-dollar" flavor problem.

While our cultivated taste buds are being bombarded with palate-flattering tangs and tinges, there's evidently no end in sight. One of these days, the flavor alchemists may come up with even that most elusive of all savors—that of a juicy sirloin steak, which, some experts say, has a glorious aroma but is practically tasteless.

ALL TOO TRUE

THE DANDELION IS another thing which, if given an inch, will take a yard. —*Cleveland Graphite Bronze*

AMERICAN MOTORISTS TAKE good care of their cars. And they keep the pedestrians in good running condition, too. —*Houston Post*

THE WORST KIND of shindigs are those you get under the bridge table. —*Northern Lights*

IT SEEMS a doctor is the only person you'll meet who doesn't have a guaranteed cure for a cold.

—MRS. NAN R. CVENGROS

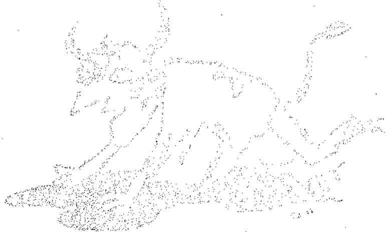
How words work

BY DR. BERGEN EVANS

Author of "A Dictionary of Contemporary American Usage"

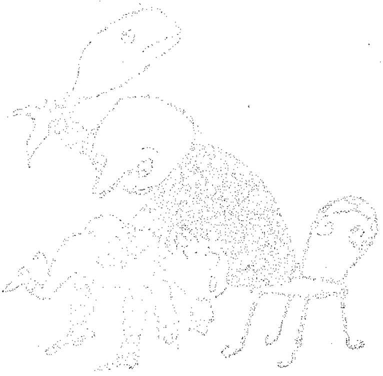
A "ragamuffin" is ragged, but what has he to do with "muffins"?

Nothing whatever, no doubt to his own sorrow. *Ragamoffyn* first appeared in Langland's *Piers Plowman* (1362-1399) where he was a devil and devils had strange names. Devils were notoriously dirty and the ideas of dirty, raggedness and deviltry that were associated in the word led it to be transferred, apparently, to any ragged, dirty or disreputable boy. The *-muffin* ending may be the same as the second element of *curmudgeon*, also a mysterious word. The muffin that we eat is probably the second part of *pain mofflet* meaning soft bread. (The modern French form is *pain mollet.*)



Does a boy who is beaten receive a "whaling" or a "waling"?

The boy has no doubt about what he received, but the linguist is most uncertain. A *wale* is the mark or ridge raised on the flesh by the blow of a rod or lash; and if he is beaten hard enough, the boy will have some of these. They used to be as common on boys as freckles. However, since the word appeared, about 200 years ago, it has had the *h* in it. The elder Finn, when he was sober enough to catch him, used to *whale* Huck. So it may have originated in thrashing with a whalebone whip. Most likely the two ideas—the raising of *wales* with a *whalebone* whip—were blended.



Why do the Mexicans call us "gringos"?

There has long been a belief that the expression derived from the opening words of Robert Burns' song "Green grow the rashes, O" which American soldiers sang in the Mexican War. However, linguists trace *gringo* to a Spanish-American word meaning "gibberish," derived from the Spanish *griego* (Greek), which they use, as we do ("It's Greek to me"), as a term indicating unintelligibility.

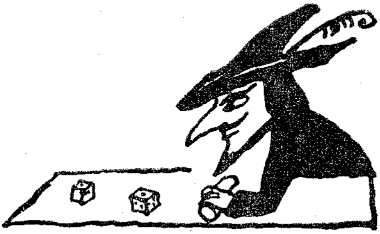
What are "weasel words"?

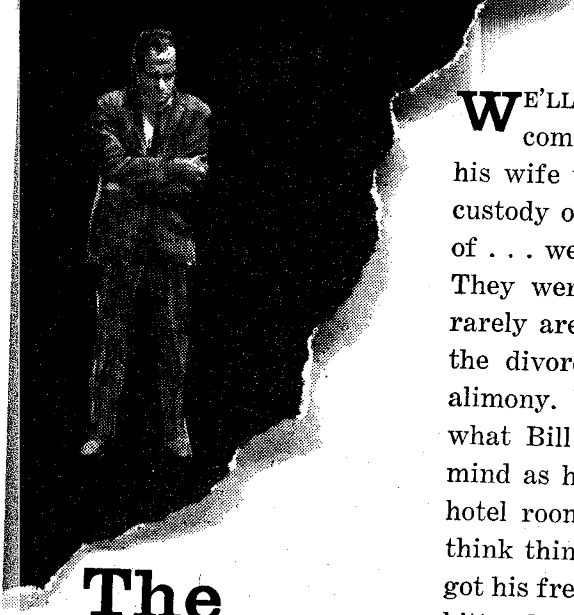
In today's usage weasel words are words with several possible meanings, so used that the utterer can weasel out of any commitment. Back of the expression one feels the swift furtiveness of the weasel, its sinuous ability to twist and turn and escape through crevices. According to Theodore Roosevelt (who popularized the expression over 40 years ago), the activity of the weasel referred to in the phrase was its habit of sucking eggs so that the meat is sucked out and just the shell remains. A weasel word was a word that sucked all the meaning out of some other word.

Stewart Chaplin, an American writer who made up the expression about 60 years ago, illustrated by saying that a political party might consider adopting as a plank the statement that "The Public should be protected." Before the plank is adopted, however, the word *duly* will be inserted before *protected*, so that it reads: "The Public should be duly protected." That makes it completely safe and it will be accepted unanimously amid wild cheers.

Why is the word "deuce" used for "devil"?

The deuce is the lowest throw at dice, and the disgust that the thrower has in his voice as he states "deuce" or "the deuce" has made it an expression of exasperation and impatience ever since the Middle Ages. It was first used as a euphemism for the devil in the time of Cromwell. Cromwell forbade swearing and "the devil" was either regarded as swearing or feared to be so dangerously close to it that it was advisable to find some other name. And here was "the deuce," conveniently beginning with the same letter and already charged with fury and disapproval.





The torment of the divorced man

BY DR. DAVID GOODMAN

WE'LL CALL HIM BILL. Bill has just come from the courthouse where his wife was awarded a divorce and custody of their children on grounds of . . . well, never mind the grounds. They weren't the real reason. They rarely are. Nevertheless his wife got the divorce—and the children—and alimony. What did Bill get? That's what Bill was churning over in his mind as he sat in his new home, the hotel room where he had hurried to think things out. For one thing, he'd got his freedom. And considering how bitter had been his quarrel with his wife, that was worth a good deal. But what to do with it? Have a fling with the "little black address book"? Bill wasn't thinking that way. He was remembering many things about his wife. Nice things. She had a sense of humor, a bit sharp, but lively and very relieving in times of tension. If he could just caress and kiss her this very moment—and she wouldn't talk—he . . . But he knew she *would* talk. The fantasy faded away and he thought of the children. It was six o'clock, the time when he usually re-

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Marriage counselor and lecturer Dr. Goodman is author of the book "A Parent's Guide to the Emotional Needs of Children." His syndicated column "What's Best For Your Child" appears in 40 newspapers.

turned from work. "Did you have a hard day, Daddy?" his six-year-old Barbara would always ask, climbing up for her kiss. Little David, two and a half, would clamor for his turn. "I was a good boy today, Daddy. I flushed the toilet." Little David was being toilet trained. This was his pride, his gift of goodness to his parents. All of a sudden Bill felt an overwhelming desire to hear his voice, to know he had a good boy who wanted to please him. He dialed the familiar number. "It's . . . It's . . . It's Daddy!" No other words would come. Luckily, talk was easier for the children. Barbara did ask if he had had a hard day. And David in tiny treble piped in: "I flushed the toilet today, Daddy." In a few minutes they had to hang up. Supper was ready. And they'd run out of things to say to a Daddy remote and invisible. Bill put down the phone with a feeling of helpless anxiety. Would Barbara and David come to love him less? His wife was an intelligent woman, aware of the emotional needs of children. But she was also capable of deep and enduring anger. Might she not begin to turn them against him? What kind of a man would David become without a masculine

He lives with guilt, a stranger to his children, frustrated and rootless in the unexpected prison of his new "freedom"

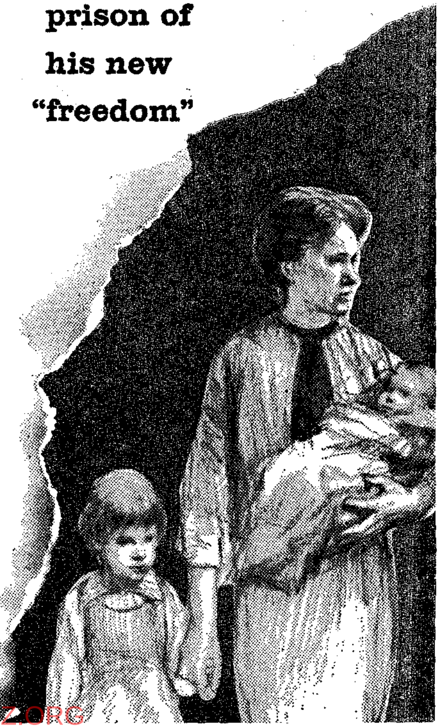

figure to serve as a daily guide? And Barbara, what would she feel about men when she began dating? Bill began to feel a guilt that would haunt him every waking hour.

IN MY YEARS of experience as a marriage counselor I've found that the bitterest pill for the divorced man is losing contact with his children. But one of the ground rules of divorce is that, regardless of who was right or who was wrong, the wife nearly always gets custody. The mother is physically closer and more useful to the children in their daily lives. But fathers may be emotionally very close and useful to the children, too. Divorce settlements too often disregard the vital role fathers should play in the healthy development of children's personality.

"I have all my problems solved, my social problem, my sex problem, my money problem," one successful businessman told me soon after his divorce. "But there are two problems that I face every week end that I cannot solve—my children."

"The loneliest hour in my life," said another father, "is on Sunday night when I return to my own empty apartment after I have taken the children home. I just sit there and look at the walls. It hurts!"

Still another father was especially distressed to note his son's feeling of divided loyalties: "When I go to visit my young son, he won't kiss me if his mother is in the room, nor will he kiss his mother either. He is so confused, poor fellow!"

Visitation isn't parenthood, the fathers soon learn. Some find the relationship intolerable. "I can't stand this vicarious fatherhood, especially now that my wife has remarried," one frustrated father exclaimed. "I take a slow burn every time I hear them call her new husband 'Daddy.' It'll tear the guts out of me, but I am going to surrender all visitation rights and allow the children to take the name of their stepfather."

You'd be surprised how many feel this is better for the children in the long run. Even welfare organizations usually urge that the child become absorbed in his new family. But the divorced father is pushed ever more into the background of his children's lives. The direct cut comes when his own children, ashamed to acknowledge the divorce status, reject him in front of others. One father went to pick up his daughter for a few hours. A playmate passed by. The daughter introduced her father as "a friend of mine."

Cynically, some divorced fathers declare all they're good for now is money: "The only time I hear from my college daughter is when she wants a check."

Because the divorced father feels a special need to win his children's good will, he thinks up attractive things to do and interesting places to go to on week ends, the usual visiting time. The children come to expect something extraordinary each week, but the father has no real feeling for these bizarre activities. He would like just to be home with them, have pancakes for breakfast and read the funnies together.

The picture of the carefree male divorcé, at liberty to play poker or dally in romance is far from the truth. Divorced men are usually embittered by the "raw deal" they feel they have received from the courts and overwhelmed by the enormity of their difficulties and their griefs. The stories divorced men tell me are drab, not dramatic.

The divorced man has a strangely ambivalent attitude toward women. He wants them, he needs them, but at the same time he doesn't quite trust them. Hidden at the very center of his soul are plaguing doubts about his prowess as a lover. In his need to rationalize his defeat, he is quick to find fault with women.

In discussions on sex with divorced men I hear statements like this: "My sexual affairs are pleasant but shallow. I want to be in *love*. I want to be married again but somehow or other I can't fall in love." Or, "If a woman yields too easily, I don't like her for it. I don't enjoy it." Or, "I can't get along with any woman who hasn't been married."

Most of these men say they look forward to being married again. But many continually find excuses for not taking the final plunge. Inability to overcome suspicions and fears born of their past experience or doubts about their sexual potency, stand in the way of learning again to trust and love a woman. There are more than 1,106,000 divorced men still unmarried.

Money is another serious problem to the divorced man. Take Tom who earned $200 a week after taxes. The court awarded his wife $100 for her care and the needs of their two children. This left him $100, a tidy sum you might say for one person's needs. But it wasn't enough on which to marry again in the social group to which Tom belonged.

In fact, Tom found it hardly enough to maintain his own small apartment and allow him something of a social life. Nonmarital dating is very expensive. Take a woman out to dinner, perhaps to the theater also (and, oh, how divorced men feel the need to go out with a woman!) and his budget is shot.

"I guess I'll have to earn more money," Tom said. Many other divorced men say the same thing. Strangely enough, however, they just can't seem to summon up the energy to do so without the spur of a wife and children. Thus, in the most important phase of a man's life, his career, the divorced man is apt to be listless and inactive. In his work life, as in his love life, the divorced man is often a defeated man.

Part of this is because the man in a divorce is the one whose pattern of life is disrupted. "What people don't seem to realize," one unhappy "liberated" man told me, "is that I'm living in a furnished room with nothing but my suitcase, some clothes and my grandfather's silver-backed hairbrushes. Helen and the kids have the car, the house and everything that's in it, including my power tools. All our friends are out there and life keeps going along for them. I've had to start all over again."

In a society of married couples there is little room for the divorced man. He will get at least one invitation from each of his married friends, more if there is an unmarried woman relative in the family, but soon the invitations cease. Week nights are the worst. He throws his TV dinner into the oven and waits. After dinner, he waits some more. Reads. Looks at the walls. Sometimes he thinks that he'll be climbing those walls someday.

This is the plight of about 380,000 newly divorced men each year. The pressing question is, what can they do about it?

I have never seen such a wistful look as comes to the face of a divorced man when, as counselor, I suggest that there are ways that he can resolve his difficulties.

First of all, I advise, keep busy. Work is the great healer, the best stabilizer of the distraught soul. The divorced man needs to nourish his pride by success on the job. Next, cultivate a philosophy of life or a religion. When everything has seemingly gone to pieces in your life, you need to believe there is an orderly world of ideas, of spiritual truth.

Find comfort and practical help by getting together with people who have similar problems. "Parents Without Partners, Inc.," a national organization now going into its fourth year, (main office is at 80 Fifth Avenue, New York 11, N. Y.) offers divorced and widowed parents a place to talk out their troubles, share experiences with others and receive sound and inspiring advice from leading psychiatrists, doctors, lawyers and social workers.

But the final solution is learning to love again. Not other women, but *one* other woman whom he can truly love and who can truly love him is the ultimate need of the divorced man. The man we called Bill found her in the person of a divorcée with children of her own—not necessarily the best answer, but good for Bill.

"For the first time in years," said Bill, after his second marriage, "I feel like a whole person again."

His new wife had gone through the feminine counterpart of what he had suffered. How well did each now know the value of love! How preciously would each now guard their marriage!

CANDID COMMENTS

DESCRIPTION OF a pessimist: If you gave him an inch, he'd measure it.
—*General Features Corp.*

NEVER ARGUE with your doctor; he has inside information!
—*Brockton Enterprise-Times*

NEWSPAPERMEN OFTEN USE the editorial "we" so the reader will think there are too many of them to lick.
—KATHRYN MC CULLOUGH

ALWAYS FORGET the past. No man ever backed into prosperity.
—*Quote*

fellow they met at the airport.

Down the ramp they came and there stood a gentleman in native garb. "We're trying to settle a bet," one of the tourists explained. "Do you pronounce it 'Hawaii' or 'Havaii'?"

The man replied, "Havaii."

The man who backed "Hawaii" paid off the bet, and said to the stranger, "I guess I was stupid. How long have you been in Havaii?"

"Two veeks." —ROBERT MILLER

A NEW YORK gentleman drove his wife to the airport and put her on a jet for Miami Beach. Then he fought his way back home through the bumper to bumper rush-hour traffic. He finally arrived there and wearily ascended the front steps to find a telegram waiting. He opened it and read, "Arrived safely. Love, Patricia." —EVELYN MULKERN

A MAN WAS complaining that he had just bought a prefabricated house, and that it had cost him $50,000.

"Fifty thousand!" exclaimed a friend. "That's a lot of money!"

"Yes," said the homeowner. "It is, but I told the factory I wanted it right away, and they sent it to me by jet." —EDGAR SHELLEY

Lady
Ronson

Mother.

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sparks and
fur fly;
and Nikita
doesn't always
come out
on top

He wisecracks with Khrushchev

BY
SHELDON ARNOLD

AT THE LAST UNITED NATIONS General Assembly session, Columbia Broadcasting System's newsman Daniel Schorr secured the shortest Nikita Khrushchev interview on record. Just after former President Eisenhower's speech, Schorr, equipped with a wireless microphone, buttonholed the Soviet Premier. "Mr. Khrushchev," he asked in Russian, "what did you think of President Eisenhower's speech?" "I," replied Khrushchev, "am going to lunch." But Khrushchev is not always so terse with Schorr. He has been known, upon spotting the 44-year-old American newsman, to boom, "Ah, there's old Schorr, my sputnik." He has frequently exchanged pointed banter with Schorr at cocktail parties. And occasionally the world Communist leader has come out second best. Khrushchev first became aware of Schorr, then C.B.S.' Moscow man, when the network did a one-hour telecast with the Soviet chief in 1957. "This was Khrushchev's first TV interview anywhere," Schorr explains. "He was delighted and connected me with it."

Khrushchev later complimented the American for his "honest reporting" on the program. This puzzled Schorr, who says, "All we did was show the film." Last spring, in an Austrian town, the Premier was making his standard speech on communism, under which everybody's grandchildren are supposed to live. Suddenly he spotted Schorr in the crowd and announced, "Ah, there's Mr. Schorr. He's already been convinced, but he has to go on writing nasty stuff about us or his capitalist bosses won't pay him."

For an instant Schorr (who is so far from being convinced that for a long time he couldn't even get into the Soviet Union) was stunned. Then he said softly, "Mr. Khrushchev, I'm sure we could argue the point for a long time, but should we do it on neutral territory?"

Khrushchev realized where he was, grinned, and subsided. Schorr says happily, "That's the first time I ever really beat him."

One technique Schorr has developed for turning aside the Prime Minister's bellicosity is to throw some of his own catch phrases back at him. On one occasion, when the Premier began to roar, Schorr chided him, "Mr. Khrushchev, you're not coexisting."

The Soviet leader usually sees the joke. Schorr reports, "Khrushchev likes people who can stand up to him." But Schorr does not often come out ahead in these exchanges.

In 1957, for example, while Schorr was in Moscow, Khrushchev scheduled a trip to Czechoslovakia, then mysteriously delayed it. Schorr, encountering the Premier at a reception, decided to pump him subtly. He began, "You know, Mr. Khrushchev, you say our people are slaves of capitalism. And we say your people are slaves of communism. But I'm the poor fellow who's a slave of both."

"How so?" Khrushchev asked.

"Well, you said you were going to Czechoslovakia. So I got all the visas and made arrangements to go, and now you delay the trip, and nobody will even tell me why. I'm a slave of both systems."

Khrushchev cocked his eye quizzically at Schorr, and said, "Mr. Schorr, we will try to liberate you from one of those slaveries."

In 1956, after Khrushchev returned to Moscow from a hunting trip with Marshal Tito of Yugoslavia, Moscow was rife with rumors of an impending secret meeting of the Central Committee of the Communist Party.

How to find out if such a meeting was imminent?

Schorr said, "You know, Mr. Khrushchev, I, too, would like to take a hunting vacation."

"Splendid," said Khrushchev.

"Only I'm not sure I could go," said Schorr.

"Why not?" asked the Prime Minister.

"Well, I hear there's to be a

meeting of the Central Committee," Schorr said. "And I don't know if I should be away from Moscow."

Khrushchev crooked his finger. "Come here," he said. He whispered into the correspondent's ear, "You want to go hunting for three weeks? Well, you can." He paused. "Because if necessary . . ." the whisper became a boom, ". . . we'll have the meeting without you. Ho, ho!"

In 1958, after a trip to the U.S., Schorr was refused a Soviet re-entry visa. The Kremlin wished to be free of him since the reporter had developed techniques for reinserting censored material into his shortwave broadcasts. Schorr wanted a visa to accompany Eisenhower on his intended visit to the U.S.S.R. in 1960. He saw his chance one day last spring, while riding through the French countryside in a special train with Khrushchev. The Premier in one of his news conferences invited several newsmen aboard to apply for Soviet visas.

Suddenly Schorr popped up over one of the seats and asked, "What about me, Mr. Khrushchev? May I have a visa?"

Khrushchev eyed him speculatively. "You have caused us some trouble in the past, Mr. Schorr," the Premier said at last, "but yes, you may have a visa."

But Schorr got scooped on his own visa story. At the first stop of the Khrushchev train, he telephoned his C.B.S. boss, John Day (then vice president in charge of news), in New York.

"Khrushchev says I can go back to Russia," he announced.

"I know," Day said tartly. "It came over the United Press International wire an hour ago." U.P.I. had had a radio-telephone on the train. Actually, Schorr never picked up the visa, for Eisenhower canceled his trip.

It was during that same tour of France that Schorr managed once more to top the Premier. Catching sight of Schorr at a reception, Khrushchev raised his glass and cried, "To truth!" Without hesitation, Schorr lifted his own glass to the Premier and responded: "To truth—and to being allowed to report it from your country."

Then he drank deeply.

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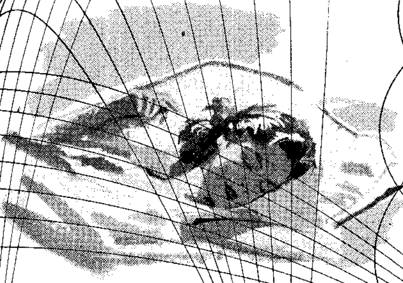

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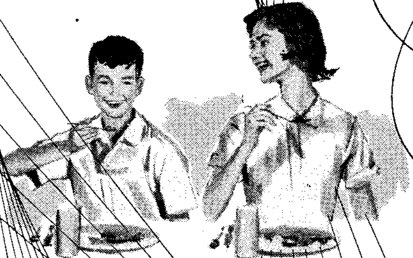

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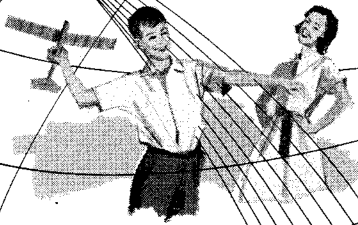

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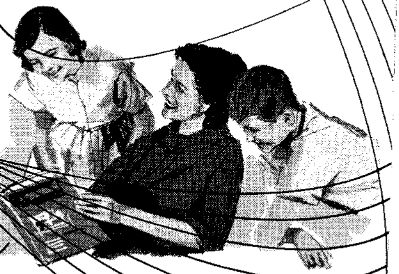

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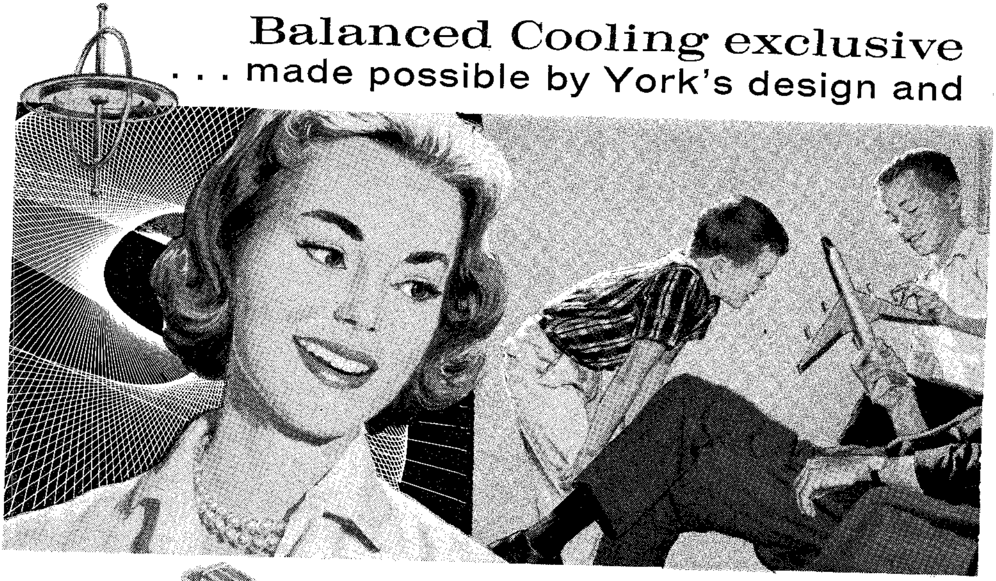

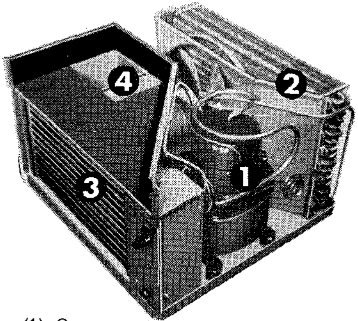

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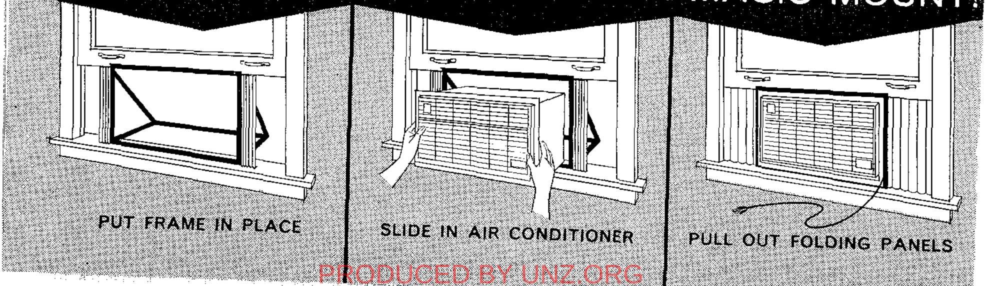

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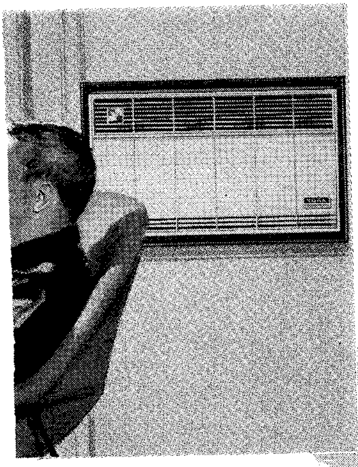

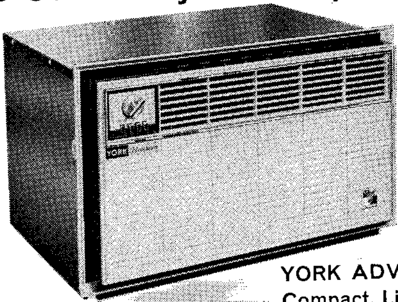

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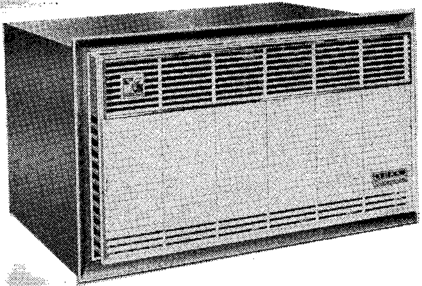

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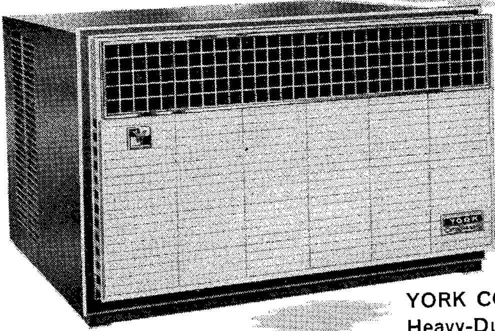

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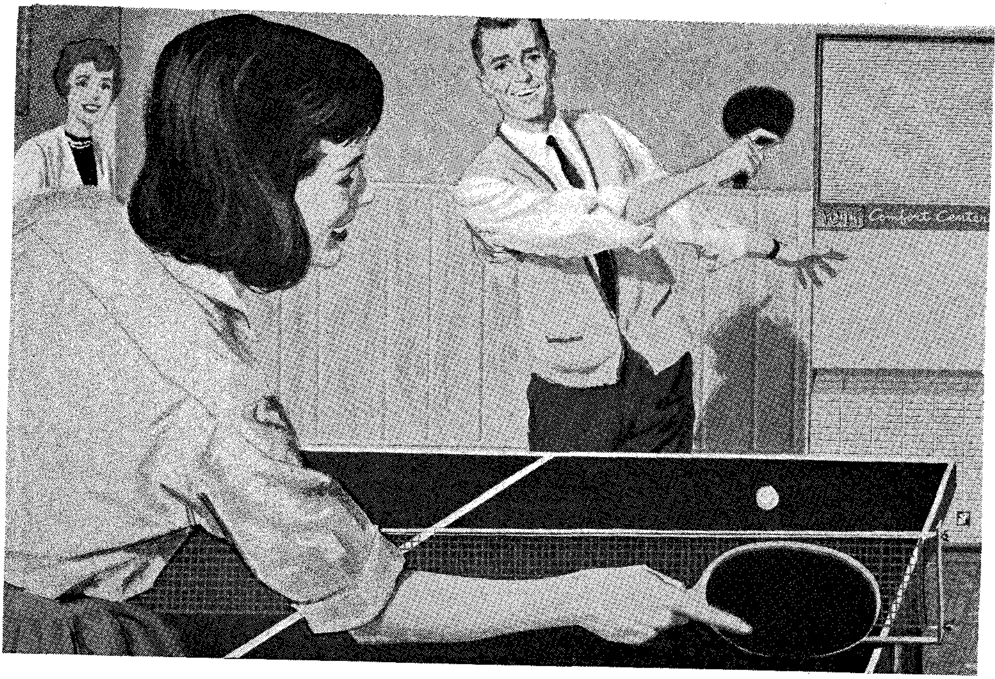

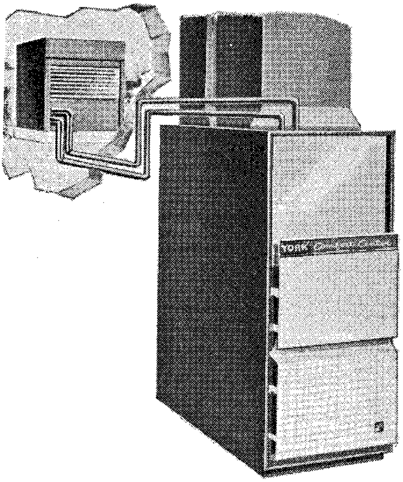

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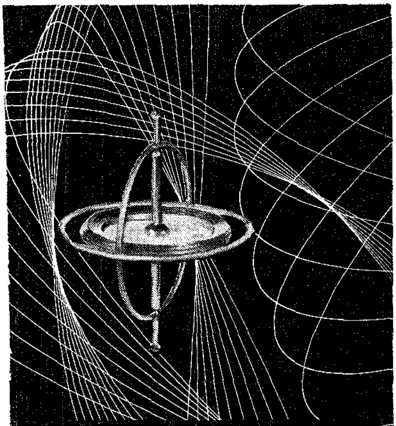

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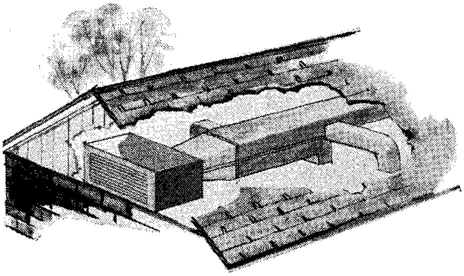

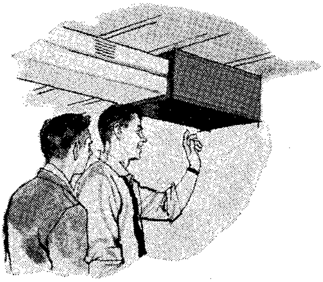

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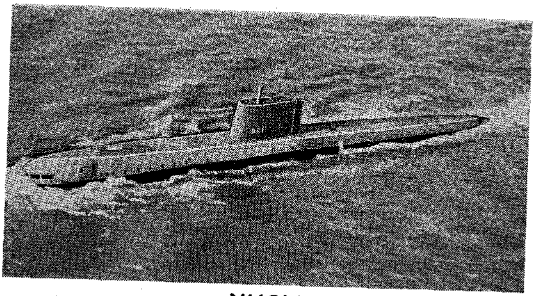

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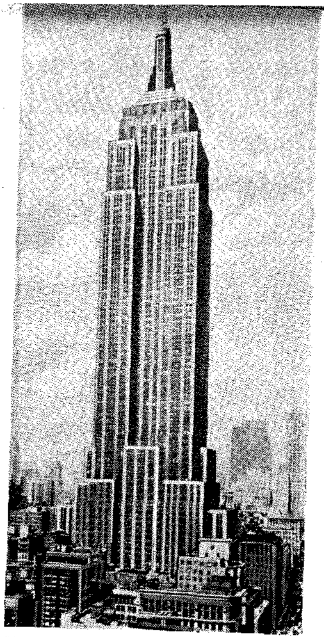

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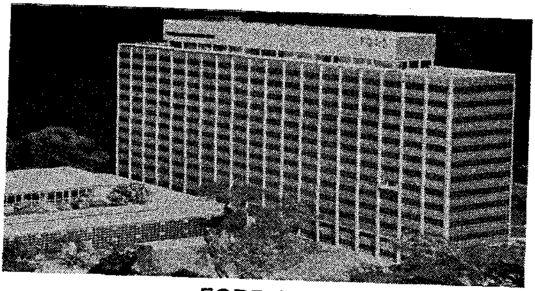

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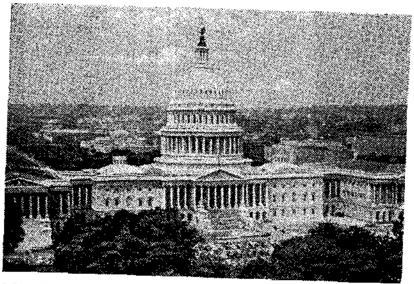

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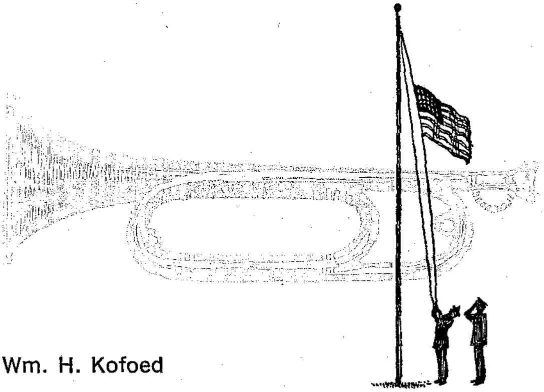
The story of "taps"



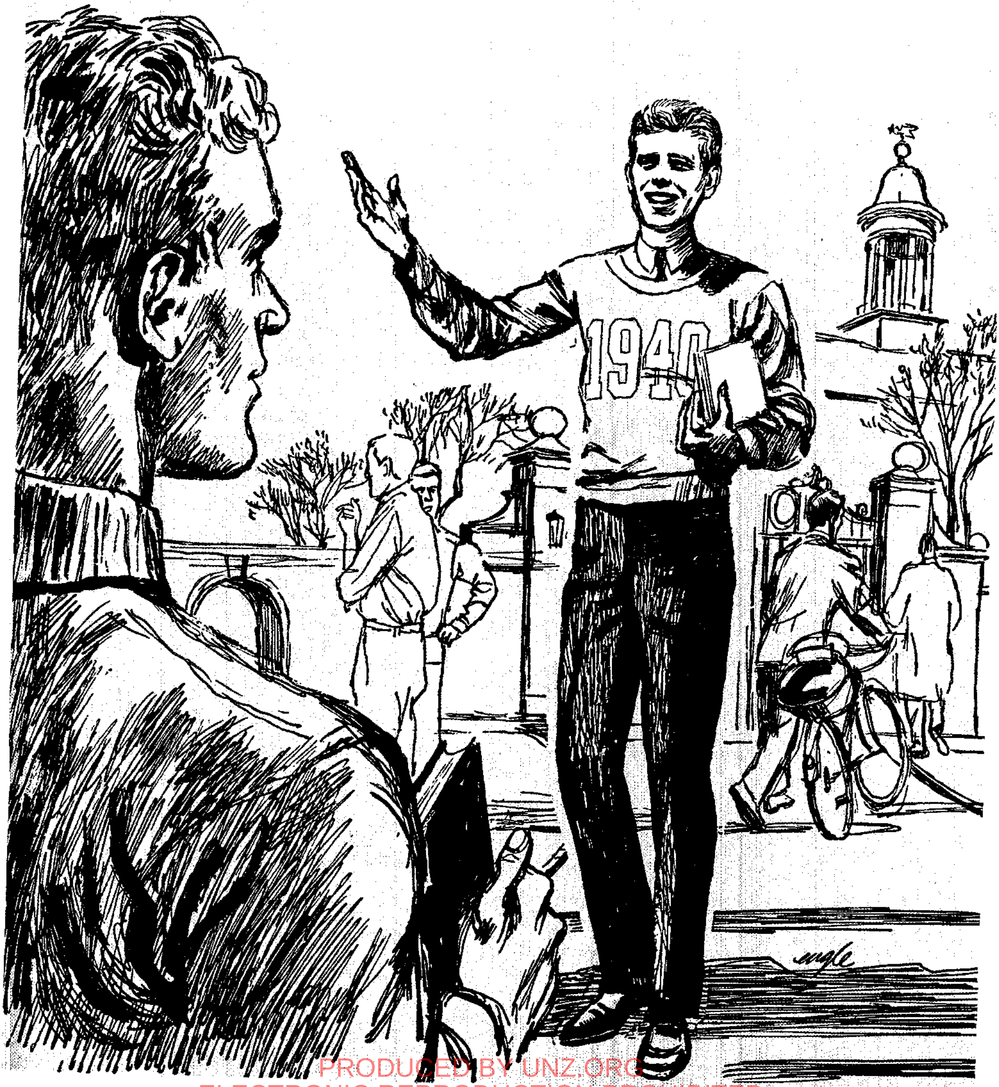
by Frank Mullady and Wm. H. Kofoed

THE STORY OF THE BUGLE CALL "TAPS" is as haunting as the musical notes themselves. With the coming of the Civil War, businessman Daniel Butterfield went into action as a colonel of the 12th New York Regiment. Ultimately he became a major general. Though without formal musical training, Butterfield had an extraordinary ear for music. In the maelstrom of battle, he found his brigade responding to other brigade bugle calls and vice versa. The confusion was costly so he composed an original bugle call for his brigade. Then one night at Harrison's Landing in July 1862, when the bugler sounded the final call of the day, "Extinguish Lights," Butterfield said to Gen. Daniel Sickles, "That call sounds too formal." In the morning he called for someone to take down the new call he had arranged by ear. Then he summoned the brigade bugler. "Blow these notes," he said. He made minor changes and ordered the call used as the last call of the day in his brigade. It was known as "Taps" probably because it was often tapped out on a drum.

Soon "Taps" was popular in Northern and Confederate camps. But it was not officially adopted by the U.S. Army until 1874. A quarter of a century later, a reunion of veterans of the North and South took place at Gettysburg. Late on the second day a bugler went to Little Round Top, stood at attention, raised bugle to lips and blew "Taps." As the notes rolled over Cemetery Ridge, to echo across Willoughby Run, re-echo on Culp's Hill and over Round Top, every veteran came to attention. When the final note had sounded, they moved *en masse* toward Little Round Top. Instinctively they were answering again that "last call." It was inevitable that "Taps" should come to be sounded over the graves of soldiers and sailors; but to regard it as a dirge is to miss its real implications. Butterfield himself said he meant the call to be one of "comfort and peace." Appropriately, Butterfield is buried at West Point; the rock formations there make it perhaps the finest place in the world to listen to the call of "Taps."

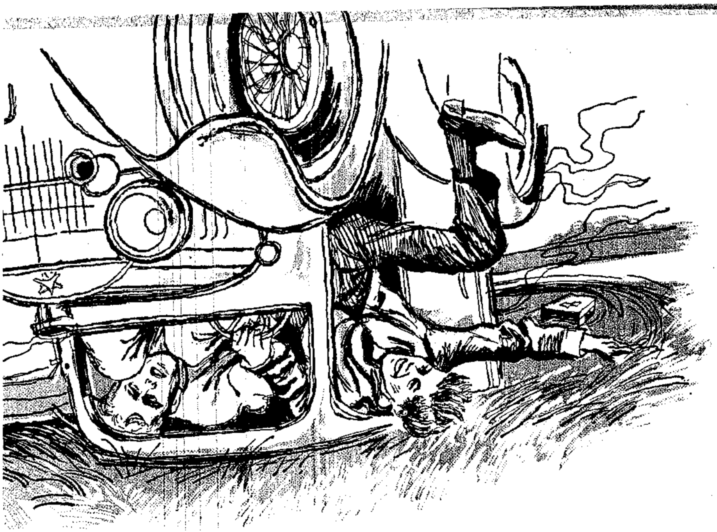
By Gerald Walker and Donald A. Allan

JACK KENNEDY at HARVARD



A uniquely revealing account of four fateful years that changed President Kennedy's life—intimately recalled by his roommates, his teachers and his closest friends. "This," says roommate "Torby" Macdonald, "is where it all began"

FUTURE HISTORIANS digging to find the ways in which destiny marked John F. Kennedy for her own will have to go to that tree-shaded citadel of American learning known as Harvard Yard. "Right here," President Kennedy's college roommate, Congressman Torbert H. "Torby" Macdonald of Massachusetts, said on a recent Harvard visit, "right here is where it all began." There were, of course, many all-important steps on the road to The White House—the tradition of politics in the Kennedy-Fitzgerald clan, the senior Kennedy's determination to bring his children up free from blue-blood Boston's discrimination against "the Irish," the young millionaire's drive to justify his wealth in service and his vow to fill the shoes of a politically talented older brother, killed in the war. But the Harvard years, from 1936-40, were the ones when young Kennedy discovered within himself the qualities and interests that he has since relied on to gain his highest ambitions, and on which the nation will rely during the next four critical years. That Kennedy recognizes Harvard's importance in his life was made clear early in his Presidential campaign, when he surrounded himself with a brain trust of Cambridge professors



The car overturned, leaving Macdonald and Kennedy standing on their heads. Then Jack quipped: "Well pal, we didn't make it, did we?"

and graduates. So many Harvard men have been given posts in the new Administration that a post-election joke predicted "pretty soon Harvard won't have anything left but Radcliffe."

Oddly enough, Harvard was Jack Kennedy's second choice. He enrolled first in Princeton, partly to escape the dominating influence of brother Joe Jr., the family's first-born, who was already making his mark in Harvard life. But illness forced Jack to drop out in the first term. In the fall of 1936 he bowed to the inevitable, and turned up at "The Yard," just as his father had in 1908. The senior Kennedy was breaking barriers of prejudice when he made the unusual (for a Boston Irishman) choice of Harvard. Jack had other things to prove.

At first it was in sports. He was one of 35 who ran for president of his freshman class, but was eliminated on the first ballot. As a freshman, Kennedy went out for the football, swimming and golf teams, and made the squad—though never first string—in all three. He met Macdonald—later an All-American halfback—through football.

"As we were getting out of our uniforms before taking showers one day," Macdonald recalls, "I was kidding some of the boys about playing top-ranked Southern California instead of Yale. While I was clowning, I'd noticed there was one tall, skinny, thatch-haired player grinning away and obviously wise to me. Afterward he came over and introduced himself. We soon became good friends. Besides sports, we had the common bond of a similar sense of humor.

"For example, I'll never forget a trip we made in France during the 1939 summer vacation. We were wedged into the cramped front seat of a rickety jalopy we'd rented to drive from Paris to the Riviera for a party. The guy we'd rented it from must've spotted us for a pair of green college kids, for the car was a real lemon, shaking and continually bucking to the right.

"Jack, who's not the world's most conservative driver, was at the wheel when the car gave one uncontrollable lurch and we slipped off the right shoulder of the road, skidded on our top for 30 feet and ended upside-down with our baggage strewn all over the landscape.

"In the silence after the crash, as we were literally standing on our heads in the overturned car, Jack looked sidewise at me and said in a casual tone, "Well, pal, we didn't make it, did we?' "

The incident is typical of the President's dry, understated wit. It is a side of him that didn't appear often during the campaign, but is now sparkling from time to time in his handling of the press.

Kennedy was doggedly determined to make first-string end on Harvard's freshman football team. He persuaded Macdonald to stay after practice and throw him pass after pass until it got too dark to see the ball. "You couldn't help being impressed by the way he drove himself," Macdonald says. Freshman coach Henry Lamar commented in a postseason review: "The most adept pass catcher was John Kennedy, but his lack of weight was a drawback."

Nevertheless, when he failed to make the team he wasn't discouraged, but put so much into his play on the junior varsity that he ended up with a serious back injury. In these early Harvard days setbacks were more significant than successes in Kennedy's life, and he proved he could take them in stride.

He wanted, too, to win a starting place in the backstroke for the swimming team's all-important meet with Yale. A week before the race he went to the infirmary with flu. Fearing that the bland infirmary diet would weaken him, Jack had his roommate smuggle in steaks and malteds. Then, with Macdonald's connivance, he'd sneak out in the afternoon and practice swimming at the pool in the Indoor Athletic Building when no one was around. It didn't work. The illness threw off his form just enough, so that his spot on the team was taken over by Richard Tregaskis (who later won fame as a war correspondent and author of *Guadalcanal Diary*).

"Looking back now," Macdonald reflects, "I can see where it might be dismissed as college rah-rah stuff. But the important thing was that he had once again made the maximum effort. He never second-guessed himself. 'Learn from the past,' he'd say, 'but don't dwell on it. Move up or out, never back.' "

Harold S. (Hal) Ulen, retired Harvard swimming coach, echoes Macdonald's analysis: "I had Jack Kennedy on my Harvard teams for three years," he said, "and I remember him very vividly. He was a fine kid, frail and not too strong, but always giving it everything he had. He was more of a team man than an individualist and, in fact, was so modest that he used to hide when news photographers would come around to take pictures of the team.

"Sometimes, if I put the stop

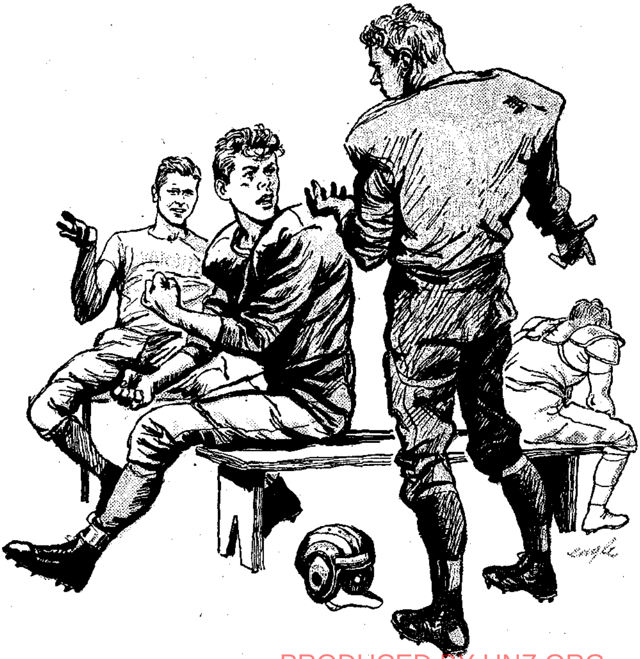
watch on him for a sprint and his time didn't satisfy him, he'd get a little depressed, but that's all. He was the kind of kid who'd bounce right back strong."

Intellectually, the future President was slow to find the field of his special aptitudes. At first his grades were run-of-the-mill. At Choate, the exclusive boarding school where he prepared for college, Kennedy was constantly goaded by his father to do better. "Maybe Dad thinks I'm alibiing but I am not," he wrote his mother from school. "I have also been doing a little worrying about my studies because of what he said about me starting off great and then going down, sunk in."

Dr. Payson Wild, now Dean of Faculties at Northwestern University, but then Kennedy's Harvard tutor and professor of government, recalls his most famous student this way: "I remember him as very shy and very determined. I'd had his brother Joe, too, and I remember Jack saying that he had to work hard for his grades, unlike Joe who could cram all one night and get good marks. Jack didn't get the best marks at first, but he was very earnest and very diligent about not wasting his time. He was always punctual for our sessions, and he always had his assignments completed."

In the first two years at Harvard he took the "gentleman's C" in most subjects. "Kennedy is surprisingly able when he gets down to work," one professor reported at the time. "His preparation may be spotty, but his general ability should bolster him up. A commendable fellow."

American campuses in the late '30s were passionate battlegrounds



When Macdonald tried to step into an argument between Jack and brother Joe, he got "told off in no uncertain terms."

of ideological extremes—pacifists, socialists, interventionists, isolationists—and as historian James MacGregor Burns points out, there is significance in "what young Kennedy did *not* do at Harvard."

Kennedy steered clear of political controversy and such organizations as the Harvard Liberal Union or the Young Democrats. He was moderately active in extracurricular affairs, joining the Harvard *Crimson*, the Hasty-Pudding Institute of 1770 (the social club which, among other things, stages an annual musical comedy), St. Paul's Catholic Club and the Spee Club, one of the more exclusive campus eating clubs.

"Jack had the ability to be part of many different groups with varying interests," his former roommate explains. "He was equally at home with the athletic crowd and with the more intellectual group at the *Crimson*. This ability to share in a wide range of interests, without getting tied to one narrow group, foreshadowed his demonstrated knack for political coalitions."

Rooming with a millionaire's son wasn't difficult for Macdonald, whose father was a high school coach, because he and Jack Kennedy were alike in many ways. Among other things, neither was a fastidious housekeeper.

According to Macdonald, Kennedy's system of dressing was simple: put on the first articles of clothing he saw when he got up in the morning. This usually worked out to be a baggy tweed jacket, unpressed suntans and, often, unmatched socks and unshined loafers. This sartorial informality was a Kennedy trade-mark well into his years in Congress.

"One time he was changing his clothes to go out, heaving his things into a heap in the middle of the floor," Macdonald reminisced after the election. "I told him to watch the way he was throwing things around our room because it was getting to look like a rummage sale.

" 'Don't get sanctimonious,' Jack warned me. 'Whose stuff do you think I'm throwing mine *on top of*? Yours!' We never returned to the subject again."

Kennedy's magic appeal for women voters is a mystery to his Harvard classmates. As a student he was nice-looking, with a naturally reserved manner, brightened by flashes of a "blarney" smile. He was a skinny six-footer in those days, fighting with tonic to control his shock of bushy hair. Jack and his inseparable roommate double-dated, alternating between girls at Smith College (Jack's preference, according to Macdonald) and Vassar. On the long drive to Vassar the boys would take turns at the wheel. While Torby drove, Jack would snooze. Macdonald is still impressed with Kennedy's ability to go to sleep almost at will—a talent which proved invaluable on campaign hauls.

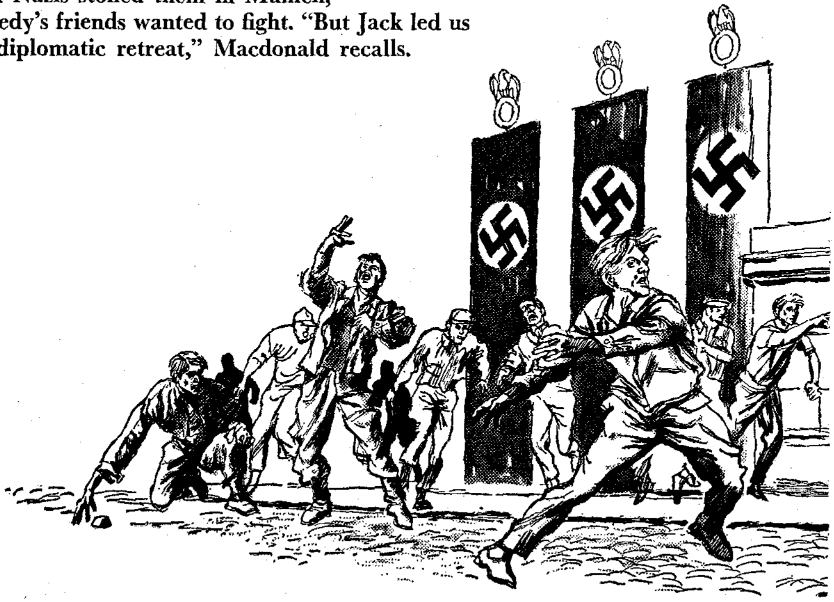
When it came to food and drink, Kennedy was indifferent to the possibilities of high living he could afford. His favorite meal in college was creamed soup, roast beef or steak, potato, buttered carrots, ice cream and milk. He'd eat the same thing day after day, and the habit remains with him to the present.

The Kennedy boys had a standing offer of $1,000 from their father if they wouldn't smoke and another $1,000 if they wouldn't drink before 21. Two of the boys (Ambassador Kennedy never said which) handed their checks back to their father. But Jack earned his $2,000 and to this day takes only an occasional daiquiri or after-dinner cigar.

"Jack certainly never made anyone conscious of his wealth," Macdonald relates. "In fact, there were times when he had a disconcerting lack of consciousness about it himself. Once we double-dated a couple of girls and dined in a rather expensive Boston restaurant. When the bill came it amounted to something like $12. Jack dug into his pockets and came up with exactly nothing. I checked my wallet and found eight one-dollar bills. We had to borrow from the girls to get out of the place."

At 21, each of the Kennedy boys came into a million-dollar no-strings-attached trust fund from their father. "There was nothing to prevent them from becoming rich, idle bums," he said later. "Luckily they didn't turn out that way." Jack's scale of living and circle of friends didn't change. His rooms in Winthrop House at Harvard were tailored to fit Torby Macdonald's budget, not his. Later, they shared a

When Nazis stoned them in Munich, Kennedy's friends wanted to fight. "But Jack led us in a diplomatic retreat," Macdonald recalls.



four-man suite with Benjamin Smith, now filling Kennedy's unexpired term as Senator from Massachusetts, and Charles G. Houghton Jr., today executive vice president of a Milwaukee corporation.

"I'm probably the only man in history who can say of his college roommates that one is a Congressman, one is a Senator and one is President of the U.S.A.," Houghton points out, "—all Democrats—and me, a lifelong Republican.

"We were in a car a lot in those days, and I always liked to listen to the radio," Houghton remembers. "Jack would always turn the radio off and want to talk seriously—we were always talking.

"The telephone in our rooms was in my name, and that gave me a lot of trouble. Torby was always calling up London to talk to one of the Kennedy girls, and Jack, who had a girl in London too, was also calling England. Every now and then Jack would say, 'Here's five on the telephone bill,' but I still don't know how I came out on that deal."

The four got along famously and are still close friends. In February 1940, when Smith married a Lake Forest, Illinois, girl, the others went out for the wedding. Houghton's recollection of the occasion is as follows: "They put Jack and me up with someone called 'Fighting Tom' Cassidy, who lived across the street.

Jack busted a chair before he even got upstairs. Then the tub overflowed when he was taking a bath and we cracked up their car. But Fighting Tom was still talking to us when we left. Jack could always get anyone on his side.

"I never saw him standing still. I never saw him studying. I know he got good marks, but I don't know where he studied. It sure wasn't in our place."

Macdonald insists that for the first months of their acquaintance he didn't know his friend was one of *the* Kennedys. Then, one day, the two passed a bookshop featuring Joseph Kennedy's 1936 book *I'm For Roosevelt*. "Any relation?" Macdonald asked, joshingly. "My father," Kennedy replied, and walked on.

But the elder Kennedy's wealth and his position as Ambassador to Great Britain did make possible two European trips that shaped Jack's whole future and sharply changed the course of his final terms at Harvard.

In the summer of 1937, before beginning his sophomore year, Jack Kennedy and a friend from his prep school days at Choate, Les Billings, visited France, Spain and Italy. In-between bullfights, climbing Vesuvius and a fling at roulette in Monte Carlo, the young man's eyes were opened to the tensions building up in world affairs. He wrote home that he was now aware of "the almost complete ignorance 95 percent of the people in the U.S. have about situations as a whole here." He told his father that he had found a new incentive for studying harder.

Then, in the winter of 1939, as Europe moved daily closer to war, Kennedy received permission from Harvard to spend a term of his junior year in Europe. He arrived just before the Nazis marched into Czechoslovakia. Since his father was a top American Ambassador, it was potentially dangerous for Jack to be traveling in unfriendly lands during that saber-rattling time. But Ambassador Kennedy had only one request to make of his son—that he send detailed reports from each of the countries he visited.

After several weeks in the Paris Embassy with Ambassador William Bullitt, young Kennedy went on to Poland, Latvia, Russia, Turkey, Palestine and the Balkans. In the summer he teamed up with Macdonald, who'd come to Europe with the Harvard track team, and with Byron "Whizzer" White, the former All-American halfback (then a Rhodes scholar at Oxford, now deputy attorney general in the Kennedy Administration) to visit Berlin, Danzig, Budapest and Italy.

"One day in Berlin, White borrowed a car and the three of us drove to Munich to see the tomb of the Nazis' hoodlum-martyr, Horst Wessel," Macdonald reminisces. "We parked near the tomb and got out to look at the perpetual flame inside the monument. Suddenly a gang of local bullies started throwing rocks at us and at our car. Our first reaction was to lay into them, but Jack, even though he was as sore as the rest of us, led us in a diplomatic retreat. Talking it over on the way back to the hotel, he pointed out that the hoodlums probably thought we were English from our license plates. The significant thing to him was that it showed how much Hitler had inflamed his followers against England—so much that war could be right around the corner."

Kennedy duly reported the incident to his father with his conclusions about what he'd seen in Germany. He was right about the war, and right in another report when he predicted that Poland would fight over the port of Danzig. The spelling in these reports was "still atrocious," historian Burns reveals, but they showed careful research.

THE WORLD had changed when Jack Kennedy returned to begin his senior year at Harvard in 1939. Jack was permanently changed too. "We all were either restless or more serious after war broke out in Europe," one classmate recalls, "but Jack seemed to mature faster than the rest of us."

Until his half year in Europe, Kennedy had been content to "get by" in his studies, leaving plenty of time for sports and the drives to Smith and Vassar. He had impressed his teachers with his potential, if not his performance, and had been accepted as "a regular guy" by fellow students in many different campus circles. He'd shown courage, humor, ambitious drive and the ability to mix well without becoming less of an individual—all qualities he has since exemplified as a political prodigy. Now, in his final year, a decisive new element was added—a *purpose* to give his energy and talents direction.

Kennedy's parents thought his rather shy nature, unusually retentive memory and love of books would lead him into a writing or teaching career. Macdonald, thinking back to their undergraduate bull-sessions, remembers that when they talked of the future, Jack always said he'd be a writer. Now, after the European trip, Jack set his course for a political science degree. He did not know it, but he had turned his steps toward Washington.

(Kennedy once wrote that he did not see politics in his future. "I recall that I was a freshman at Harvard when Henry Cabot Lodge was elected to the U.S. Senate. I don't suppose I ever thought in those days I would some day defeat him for the Senate. I suppose there is some freshman in college today who isn't aware that he is probably going to end up by defeating me.")

To take a degree with honors, Kennedy needed to write a thesis. He chose for his topic the most controversial issue of the day: "Appeasement at Munich." In addition, to make up for time lost during his European sojourn, he took on a heavy load of courses in government and economics. The events he'd witnessed firsthand made all these studies suddenly more meaningful. ("I'm considered quite a seer around here," he wrote his father.) And as his thesis took shape, it seemed to Kennedy that the lesson of Britain's unpreparedness was important for America. He plunged into his work with the same single-minded purpose he had earlier devoted to sports.

For the first time, Kennedy's grades were all B's, despite the extra classes. And while he still found time for such sidelines as leading "the Big Apple" at a Winthrop House dance and working on the *Crimson*, most of his time was spent in Widener Library, poring over accounts of the events leading up to Munich. To speed the work, he decided to have his characteristically illegible notes typed by a stenographer. Before going on Christmas vacation he asked Macdonald to put an ad for a typist in one of the Boston papers.

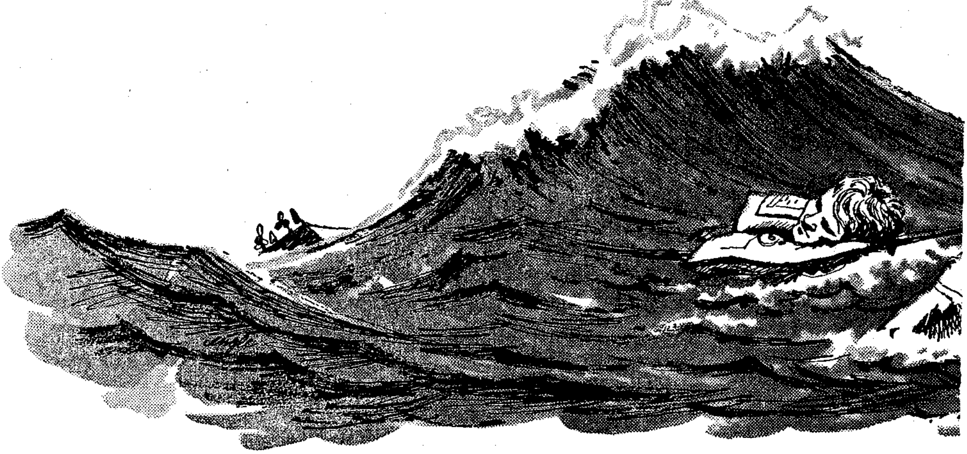
"I took care of it, all right, except for one thing," Macdonald remembers. "I forgot to give the paper a cutoff date, and the ad ran for ten days. On the day I'd set for interviewing applicants, I spent an uncomfortable half-hour in the office of one of the college administrators trying to explain the presence of 60 clamoring females outside our dormitory at 9:30 A.M."

"You always were a ladies' man, Torby," Jack reproached his roommate, "but this time I think you carried things a bit too far."

The Harvard faculty judged Kennedy's thesis to be so good that it was graded *magna cum laude* and qualified Jack to graduate with honors in political science. It was published shortly afterward under the title *Why England Slept,* and became a best seller in the U.S. and Britain. He donated his English royalties to a fund for rebuilding the bombed-out city of Plymouth. With American royalties he bought a car.

"Jack could have won higher academic honors if he had directed his impressive energy to that end," Arthur N. Holcombe, another of his government professors, estimates. "But he was a young man of exceptional intellectual curiosity and resolute independence, both in thought and action, and set his own goals . . . (he) expected more from college than a mere opportunity to get a bachelor's degree."

Professor Burns has written that "two arresting qualities" were noticeable in the thesis. Both attitudes



are characteristic of the President today. "One was Kennedy's emotional detachment from the crisis . . . the urgency in his paragraphs was purely intellectual. . . . The other—that Munich was caused by deeper forces inherent in democracy . . . by general apathy, concern with profits and security, pacifism, fear of regimentation, and so on . . . (he) wanted America to build up its own armaments as quickly as possible, even if it meant jettisoning some democratic luxuries."

Macdonald read the manuscript of the thesis and questioned whether publication might not be officially embarrassing to Ambassador Kennedy. But when Jack brushed the objection aside, Macdonald knew better than to press the point. He'd learned early not to mix with family relations in the Kennedy clan.

"Once Jack's older brother, Joe Jr., came up to us after football practice and offered some unsolicited advice," Macdonald relates.

" 'Jack,' he said, 'if you want my opinion, you'd be better off forgetting about football. You just don't weigh enough and you're going to get yourself banged up.'

"I watched Jack closely as his brother was talking and saw his face flush with anger. But he held his fire. So I decided to put in my two-cents worth.

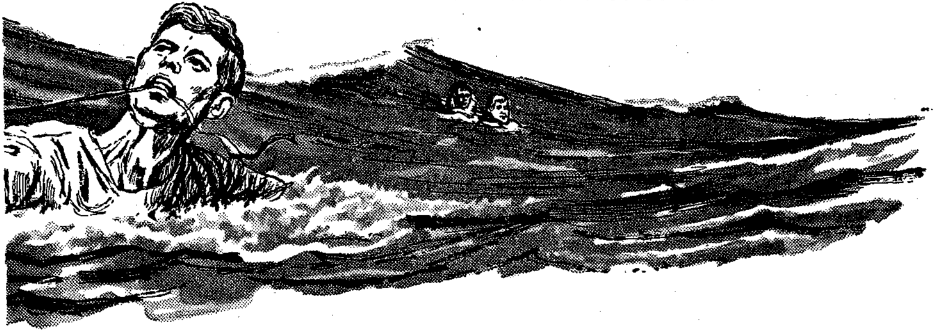
" 'Come off it, Joe,' I said—or something like that—'you're making too much out of nothing. Jack doesn't need any looking after.'

"I soon saw how right I was. Jack whirled on me and told *me* off in no uncertain terms for butting into a family affair. I never did it again."

Commenting on this family feeling recently, Kennedy's father explained how he and his wife, Rose, had brought up their nine children.

"My wife is a deeply religious woman and she may have given more time and care to their spiritual training than some mothers do. And both of us tried to be interested in what they were doing. You hear a lot today about togetherness. Long before it became a slogan, I guess we had it. Another thing: we gave

Of Kennedy's wartime rescue deed, his ex-coach says: "He was a great swimmer only once—when it counted the most."



them responsibility when they were young. Joe and Jack were out in sailboats when they were so small you couldn't see their heads, and it looked from shore as if the boats were empty. Jack went into politics because young Joe died. Young Joe was going to be the politician in the family. When he died, Jack took his place."

Joe turned out to be right about Jack and football. The back injury received as a sophomore has since been corrected by a delicate operation fusing the injured vertebrae. But it was greatly aggravated during the war in the now-famous action when Kennedy's torpedo boat was cut in half by a Japanese destroyer. Although the pain in his back was fierce, Kennedy swam for five hours, towing an injured shipmate by a life-belt strap held in his teeth, to reach an island three miles away. A few days later, having had nothing to eat but coconuts, Kennedy moved his men to another island and again towed the disabled sailor for three hours in rough seas.

("Jack was not a great swimmer in college, but he was a good one," Coach Ulen says. "No, Jack was a great swimmer only once in his life, but that was the one time it really meant something.")

Later, contact was made with friendly natives who carried a message from Kennedy, scrawled with a knife on a coconut shell, to a New Zealand base on New Georgia, and the 11 survivors were rescued. The coconut shell was a prominent souvenir in his Senate office.

"The first letter I got from Jack after he'd been rescued underplayed what had happened to him and didn't even mention towing his men for hours," Macdonald says. "He received the Purple Heart, plus the Navy and Marine Corps Medal. I myself went through far less in the war than Jack did, but I received a Silver Star, a higher-ranking medal. Later on, Jack humorously raised his eyebrows at the ribbons on my chest. 'Say, where'd you get all that fruit salad?' he commented. 'I guess I didn't have the right connections.'

"I visited him in Chelsea Naval Hospital in Boston later on in the war. He was lying in bed all strapped up as part of the treatment to mend his back. He was suffering from a recurrence of malaria, and his skin had turned yellow. His weight had dropped from 160 to about 125 pounds. When I came into his room, he raised a bony wrist and gave me a shaky wave. I asked him how he felt. He tried to lift his head. I had to lean over to hear him.

" 'I feel great,' he said.

" 'Great?' I echoed. 'Well,' he smiled, 'great, considering the shape I'm in.'

"I don't say he's a saint—which one of us is? But facing up to challenges is something that Jack's been doing all his life."

Kennedy was still in the hospital in August 1944, when news came that Joe Jr. had been killed on a hazardous volunteer flight across the English Channel. In the months that followed, talking to family and friends, and lying flat on his back, Kennedy pondered the decision to take up the political career Joe Jr.

had confidently hoped would lead to The White House. And a year later, after deciding to run for Congress from Massachusetts' 11th District, he was still saying, apologetically, "If Joe were alive, I wouldn't be in this. I'm only trying to fill his shoes."

The keen Kennedy sense of competition and the deep interest in government he had acquired in Harvard soon warmed him to the race, however, and with the help of Macdonald, Ted Reardon and other college and wartime friends, he won the Democratic nomination (assuring the seat) by a wide margin. Significantly, the 11th District included not only the predominantly Irish wards once dominated politically by both of Jack Kennedy's grandfathers; it also included Harvard, which his father had used as the steppingstone to a phenomenally successful life free of anti-Irish prejudice and where he himself had, unknowingly, made the decisions and undergone formative experiences that would lead to the Presidency.

President Kennedy continues to show that he is aware of his debt to Harvard for those four all-important years that changed his life. And Harvard, in turn, is proud of her illustrious son. The University appointed him a member of the Board of Overseers a few years ago, and he has promised that he will attend the Board's meetings, even though he is carrying the heavy responsibility of The White House. The job is more to him—and to all the Kennedys—than just another academic honor. As Joe Sr. put it during last year's campaign:

"It seems to me that if a Catholic can be elected to the Board of Overseers at Harvard, he can be elected to anything."

And as Charles Houghton sums up his Harvard roommate: "All you had to do was look at Jack and you couldn't help know he was going to do something—and something big." ♛

AGE-OLD REQUEST

SHE WAS A SPRY little lady in her 90s and once, when not feeling completely well, she decided to consult her physician. He examined her carefully, found nothing radically wrong and tried to reassure her by saying: "Well, after all, my dear, you are not getting any younger."

"That doesn't concern me," came the swift reply. "What does concern me is that I'd just like to be sure I'll be getting older."

—ERNA GEROL

YOU'RE ONLY YOUNG ONCE. After that it takes another excuse.

—QUOTE

BY JOHN CARLOVA

The magic wheel

Brought to America in 1866, that "contraption of the devil"—the bicycle—put women into pants and speed cops on the highway

THE GUARDIANS of the nation's morals were worried. "There is no doubt," a 19th-century clergyman solemnly warned his congregation in New York, "that we are dealing here with a contraption of the devil himself."

"The toll of injuries is terrible," a police captain in Denver reported. "If I had my way, this destructive madness would be outlawed."

"On the physical side," a doctor in New Orleans stated, "certain deformities seem inevitable . . . among those who indulge too recklessly in this questionable pursuit."

The cause of all this concern? That newly invented terror of the highway, the bicycle.

What looks innocent today appeared fearful or frivolous a few score years ago. The bicycle literally represented a revolution. It was man's first successful attempt to rid himself of the horse and one of the most important innovations, social as well as mechanical, in the history of mankind.

Between 1870 and 1900, the motorless two-wheeler spawned many inventions now essential to our way of life. These include ball bearings, differential gears, pneumatic tires and the variable-speed transmission, which is the theoretical basis of the automobile gear shift. On the social side, the bicycle's influence ranged from emancipation of the American female to speed cops.

The golden era of the bicycle was in the decade between 1890 and 1900. Yet the machine in its fundamental form had appeared in 1818. Its inventor was a German nobleman, Baron von Drais, chief forester for the Grand Duke of Baden. Since the Baron was too tubby to ride a horse on his woodland patrols, he devised the "draisine," two carriage wheels held in tandem by a wooden frame. The front wheel was steered by a cumbersome tiller. The Baron sat on a saddle in the rear and pushed himself along with his feet.

Variations of the draisine became popular in France and England and refinements were added. In 1834, a

Scottish blacksmith got the rider's feet off the ground and onto swinging pedals attached to connecting rods that turned the rear wheel. It worked well enough for him to beat a stagecoach from Edinburgh to Glasgow. The next big advance was the velocipede. Developed by French inventors and brought to America in 1866, it was directed by pedals attached to cranks on the front wheel. A rider had to be an acrobat to stay aboard this contraption.

It was an acrobat—Ned Hanlon—who modified the velocipede so the average man could ride it by making the pedals and seat adjustable for leg length, and enlarging the front wheel for greater gear and speed. Hanlon's machines caught the public fancy. By 1869, velocipedes were so popular in New York that a photographer-cyclist named Frank Pearsall opened a riding school at Broadway and 22nd Street. In two months, at $15 a head—"cracked or uncracked," as one newspaper wit put it—Pearsall turned out 300 more-or-less skilled riders. Within three months, 50 similar schools had opened.

Hundreds of the rigid, clanking, iron-rimmed "boneshakers" were soon clattering along city streets. Such respected citizens as the Reverend Henry Ward Beecher and Charles A. Dana, editorial chief of the *New York Sun,* were seen atop the vehicles. *Harper's Weekly* in 1869 published a sketch entitled "The Velocipede Mania—What It May Come To!" It was a picture more than a little prophetic of a present-day traffic jam.

Other voices of warning were raised. Doctors grumbled that "increasing internal disorders" were probably due to the "boneshakers." The *New York World* called the velocipede "an awful vehicle" and cycling "a new scourge," and other papers joined the chorus.

The American public took heed. By 1871, there was hardly an adult to be seen aboard a velocipede. Sales dried up. The boom was busted.

The spirit of the velocipede, however, lived on. Mechanics in England and America experimented with "endless-chain drives," sprockets, variable speed gears, "antifriction roller bearings" and steel spokes for wheels. Gradually the famous "big wheeler," with an enormous wheel in front and a tiny one in back, took shape.

A book of instructions went with every vehicle, cautioning the cyclist on "how to mount and fall." There were so many casualties that designers began experimenting with "safety" bikes. They first tried switching the wheels, with the little one in front and the big one in the rear. The only difference: the rider now fell on his back instead of his nose.

The solution, clearly, was to equalize the wheels. This done, the experimenters went on to develop the chain drive. Here at last was a machine that could be ridden safely and comfortably by men, women and children alike. Manufacturers quickly went into mass production, and the second and greatest American cycling boom was on. Its effects are still being felt today.

Some idea of what was to come

was apparent in 1888, when Mrs. W. E. Smith, wife of an inventor, rode one of her husband's machines down Pennsylvania Avenue in Washington—the first lady to pedal a modern bicycle in public. There were a few masculine boos from the sidelines, but most American men seemed to welcome their womenfolk into a more active participation in the life of the day.

The ladies enjoyed the new sport—and their awakening sense of freedom. They discarded cumbersome skirts and blossomed all over the place in newfangled "bloomers." The bicycle gave women a good reason for appropriating such masculine garb and, although the bicycle as an excuse has long since faded, the pants are still on the ladies.

Inevitably Cupid began to ride the wheels, particularly after the introduction of the tandem. Love, in song, story and real life—as well as feminine freedom—whirled past another milestone on the bicycle built for two, as boys and girls together pedaled away from the watchful eyes of their elders.

Tandems also put whole families on wheels. There were not only places for Mom and Pop, but a couple of kids and the dog and cat as well. This gave greater mobility to city dwellers—many of whom had neither the money nor space to keep a horse—and allowed workers to move away from their places of business, a population shift which is still going on today.

Some of the tandems of the '90s were fantastic. Originally conceived by a Harvard student named H. T. Butler, these multiplace vehicles expanded to accommodate a record ten riders. On the flat, the ten-seater (known as a decemtuple) could whiz along at 60 miles an hour.

Speed and congestion on the roads soon became a problem. The early speed cops were put on highly geared wheels to chase "scorchers" who flashed by at 20 miles an hour. Laws regulating the orderly flow of traffic were also put into effect.

Cyclists organized clubs, such as the 1,000,000-member League Of American Wheelmen, and successfully campaigned for better roads. The first freeway, an elevated wooden road between Pasadena and Los Angeles, was built in the '90s for cyclists.

Elaborately converted bicycles gave the nation new mobility. Barber chairs, even baby carriages, were mounted on bikes, and several municipal fire departments had speedy "bicycle brigades." On beaches, sail-driven bikes skimmed over boardwalks. Out on the water, boats were powered by bicycles attached to paddles. On snow and ice, a spiked rear wheel and a small ski in front enabled cyclists to foil the elements.

Inevitably show business caught the cycling fever. P. T. Barnum had a tiny bike built for his famous midget, Tom Thumb. Soon trick cyclists could be seen on hundreds of stages, and high-wire artists risked their lives over city streets while thousands gaped at the spectacle.

Doctors, who had frowned on the old "boneshakers," now lauded the bicycle as an excellent form of exercise. Persons who were too busy or shy to ride a bike could use stationary models in a gym.

Also still with us is the bandit on wheels, a classic criminal first encountered in Boston. There, in 1890, a pair of armed thugs entered a dry goods establishment, robbed the till of $36 and escaped on bicycles—stolen, of course.

The story might have been different if the crooks had been pursued by a speed cop named Charley Murphy. In 1899, Charley put aside his pot-shaped helmet, mounted a racing bicycle and, pedaling furiously behind a windbreak mounted on the rear of a Long Island Railway train, sped a mile in 57 4/5 seconds.

"Mile-A-Minute" Murphy's record stood for 37 years—until 1936 and '37 when racers topped him with record speeds of 78, 80 and 90 miles an hour. Then, in 1941, on a highway in California, Alf Letourner zipped along behind a windbreak attached to a race car and reached 108.92 miles an hour.

Paced races were popular in the U.S. well into the 20th century. Motorcycles led the way around banked wooden tracks and the bicycle riders followed. At the Manhattan Beach track in New York one day, the judges were astonished by the speed of a cyclist named Freddy Hoyt, who stuck close to the tail of his motor-driven pacer. A sharp ray of sunlight gave the game away. It glinted on a fine wire fastened from the pacer to a leather mouthpiece which Freddy grimly held clamped between his teeth.

Bicycle racing in the '90s attracted greater crowds than baseball. The champions were national heroes. Six-day races were the rage of the '20s and thousands can still recall the spills and thrills of the sport.

Military men were quick to perceive the possibilities of the machine. In 1895, Capt. R. E. Thompson of the Signal Corps, U.S. Army, invented an outpost cable cart that could be attached to a bicycle and used to lay out and retrieve telegraph and telephone wire rapidly in the field. Packs, equipment and arms—even a machine gun—were mounted on other bikes, and cycling soldiers took part in the Boer War as well as World Wars I and II. Lightweight folding bikes were carried by many Allied paratroops who jumped on D-Day.

Today, although generally regarded as only a child's toy or a machine for exercise, the bicycle still stands as its own best monument.

It remains the most simple, ingenious, efficient and economical means of transportation ever devised by man. ♛

CORRECTION

The January, 1961 edition of Coronet Magazine contained an article by Fred Warshofsky entitled "The Shame of Illegal Detention." This article mentioned the pistol-whipping of a prisoner held incommunicado for five days in Lake County, Florida, by Sheriff Willis McCall. This reference was incorrect; the prisoner was *not* illegally detained, he had access to counsel at all times and was *not* pistol-whipped. Coronet deeply regrets the error and apologizes to Sheriff McCall.

BY MARILYN MERCER

Plastic surgery for men

Face lifting is
no longer solely a female foible.
Today men are
lifting their spirits—and
their incomes—
with cosmetic operations

ONLY A FEW YEARS AGO the average American male would have been almost as willing to wear an ankle bracelet as to consider plastic surgery. Today, an increasing number of ordinary businessmen are asking for face lifts—to lift their income. A prominent New York surgeon estimates that one-third of all cosmetic plastic surgery patients in the U. S. last year were men. He believes that in 20 years cosmetic work for men will be as common as it now is for women. Economic advantages are beginning to outweigh embarrassment. Take the case of James F., 48, sales manager for a middle-sized appliance company. When the firm changed hands and he was suddenly out of a job, Mr. F. wasn't worried. With his connections and solid record, he reasoned, he'd find another job fast. But everywhere he met with evasive answers.

It all boiled down to the fact that he was over 40 and looked it. When Mr. F. realized that his appearance was holding him back, he faced a hard decision. He had always associated plastic surgery with silly women and escaped convicts. But he took the plunge.

All that was needed, it turned out, was a face lift at the temples, a paring away of his double chin. Six weeks after the operation, he applied for a job with a former competitor and was promptly hired.

Roger K. was a pilot for a major airline. His record was impressive, but he had heavy bags under his eyes caused by tiny hernias. Muscle tissues had given way, allowing fat to poke through. Unfortunately, it made him look like an alcoholic.

"Roger," his chief pilot said one day in tones of ominous fatherliness, "you can tell me. Have you been hitting the bottle?"

The next day Captain K. made an appointment with a plastic surgeon, underwent a 40-minute operation, wore dark glasses for a few days and then returned to work with a face to inspire confidence in the most timid passenger.

Rehabilitative plastic surgery—the correction of birth defects such as the harelip or erasing the scars of wounds and operations—has been taken as a matter of course by the public. It makes up three-fourths of the average surgeon's practice. To persons who accept this treatment, but raise moral objections to cosmetic surgery, many doctors cite the case of the youngster who asked his minister if he would be ethically justified in having his protruding ears corrected: "If I had a barn that needed painting, I'd paint it," was the clergyman's reply.

The cosmetic operation most frequently performed is *rhinoplasty*, the correction of the shape of the nose. Doctors usually take a series of photographs and make sketches of a nose that will harmonize with the patient's face.

Using one technique, the incision is made inside the nostrils, so that no scars will show. For hump removal, the most common operation, the skin is separated from bone and cartilage with small scalpels, working from the inside. Bone is chipped away with a chisel and the surface is smoothed with a tiny rasp.

Where the nose needs to be built up, cartilage from a rib or a sliver of bone from the point of the pelvis is used to make an implant. The surgeon swiftly shapes the piece to be inserted, carves a pocket in the nose bone to hold it in place, and either fixes it with steel wires or stitches the surrounding tissue to hold it in place until the graft takes.

Reshaping is usually done under local anesthetic. It takes from one to two hours, may require a few days stay in a hospital and there may be blackening around the eyes for two weeks. Where a bone graft is involved, the operation will take a little longer, a general anesthetic is used, and the hospital stay may be about ten days.

A nose operation might cost a workingman $300. A man earning $7,500 a year, with two children, might be charged $500-$700 and so on, up the economic scale. Prices naturally vary with geographical location, the doctor and hospital. Some clinics charge much less than the above quoted prices.

Mentoplasty cuts down a lantern jaw or builds up a receding chin. The incision is made sometimes inside the mouth, sometimes through a natural crease under the chin. The chin bone is pared away with a bayonet saw or chisels, or built up with bone from the hip which is shaped and fixed in place with wire. When bone graft is involved, the price may be around $750 for a $7,500 income.

A simpler operation is the removal of a double chin. An incision is made under the jaw line so that the scar will fall into a natural fold in the skin. A layer of fat is removed between the skin and muscle tissue, excess skin is cut away and the new chin line is sutured.

THESE OPERATIONS can accomplish much in terms of personal happiness. Jerry H., a checker in a bus terminal, had a receding chin. Constant jokes about his "Andy Gump" appearance got him down to the point of quitting. His wife persuaded him to go to a plastic surgeon, where he learned that at his income level a chin operation would cost less than a vacation for the family. After the operation his new chin came in for some kidding at first, but his tormentors soon got bored and dropped the subject for good.

When a balloon is deflated the rubber looks wrinkly—the elasticity is gone. The same thing happens to skin fibers after 30. Once tension slackens and wrinkles form, they can't be worked away. The only sure way to remove most of them is with a *rhytidectomy* or face lift.

The incisions are hidden at the temples behind the hairline and ears. Loose skin is pulled into place, the excess cut away and the wounds sutured. Usually the new appearance will last from three to ten years, but the operation may be repeated several times. For a couple of weeks the patient feels a tautness of skin. A face lift is a delicate job, and the price is usually higher than for other types of plastic surgery. Few doctors will do it for less than $1,000. A temple lift, just tightening the skin around the eyes, can be done for $500.

Bags under the eyes can be removed by an incision so close to the lower lid that the fine scar is not apparent. Price: from $300 to $500. Around the same price is dermal abrasion, the sandpapering down of pock-marked skin with emery pads or a rotary wire brush. One West Pointer was sent to a plastic surgeon for acne scar removal by his commanding officer, who said, "If he's going to lead men, he has to look the part."

A well-established paunch is almost impossible to diet away. Even if the fat is melted off, in older men the skin is so stretched it will leave folds. In an operation to remove a particular type of fatty apron—popularly known as a potbelly—the surgeon makes an incision from side to side, under the navel, sometimes slicing through four inches of fat before reaching the muscle layer. A second incision marks out the crescent of skin to be removed, along with the fat beneath—up to 30 pounds of it. The cost is upwards of $750. Sometimes the surgeon removes the navel, but makes a "new" one or puts the original in place in a new location.

The practical results of cosmetic operations on men are well documented. Youngsters have found mates or jobs, and older men have held them, as a result of improved appearance. A West Coast survey of 53 men who had face lifts, mostly commission salesmen and sales managers in their 50s and 60s, showed their incomes had increased a year later on an average of $1,300.

In Illinois plastic surgeons, working in cooperation with prison authorities, corrected physical deformities of a group of criminals. The lowered rate of rearrests among these men has encouraged a continuing program of plastic surgery in the state prison system.

The psychological aspects of surgery can be complicated, however. There are prospective patients for plastic surgery whose troubles go much more than skin deep. Plastic surgeons have become adept at recognizing and discouraging them.

Take the case of Mark R., a successful male model. "Look," he demanded, "at this awful thing on my nose. And the way my chin is beginning to sag." The doctor looked closely, but could see nothing wrong. Mark stalked out to take his business elsewhere.

"He's what we call a neurotic perfectionist," the doctor said. "He'll never be satisfied and the doctor who takes him on is in for a hard time, if not a lawsuit."

Lawsuits are a hazard of the profession. All accredited plastic surgeons carry malpractice insurance and the rates are very high.

To avoid lawsuits, reputable doctors not only carefully screen applicants to determine their motives, but reject those who expect too much. They explain that about five percent of nose operations have to be done a second time for best results. And they keep a complete "before-and-after" photographic record.

The greatest psychological benefits of plastic surgery are to people who have work done early or late in life. One doctor explains: "A youngster who has a misshapen nose or chin fixed in his teens hasn't had too much chance to be psychologically scarred by his appearance. After the operation, the change in personality is often dramatic. He blossoms out, becomes outgoing, confident, stands up straighter.

"On the other hand, the older man who has his face lifted was usually a pretty good-looking guy once. He may be temporarily depressed when he seeks the operation, but once he gets used to his new face, his confidence returns.

"The personality change usually comes much more slowly in the man who has lived for many years with a really disfiguring feature. It may take time, and perhaps some psychiatric help, to erase the psychologically crippling effect his appearance has had on him. But the operation is the beginning of the cure."

Most surgeons will defend the motivation of their patients. Says one:

"There's nothing wrong with a man wanting to improve his appearance. I'll do a face lift on any man competing for a job where appearance counts, a man who has run up against the unfair, arbitrary 40-years age barrier. We put such a premium on youth today that a more youthful appearance may be necessary for survival."

OH, COME NOW!

A GOVERNMENT OFFICIAL in charge of agriculture had instructed the old farmer to collect his stock of every description and have them branded.

"I suppose that's all right," sighed the farmer, scratching his head, "but honest, mister, I'm going to have a terrible time with them bees." —MRS. JAMES ALBERS

AN AMATEUR SCULPTOR had just finished an enormous statue of an elephant and was proudly showing it to some friends.

"What did you use as a model?" asked one fellow.

"I didn't have one," answered the sculptor.

"But how could you get such a perfect likeness without a model?" insisted the friend.

"Oh," was the airy reply, "I just kept chipping off the pieces that didn't look like an elephant."

—SEYMOUR COOK

A FARM WOMAN RESPONDED to a knock at her door. A man stood there with a guilty look on his face.

"I just ran over your cat," he said, "and I want to replace him."

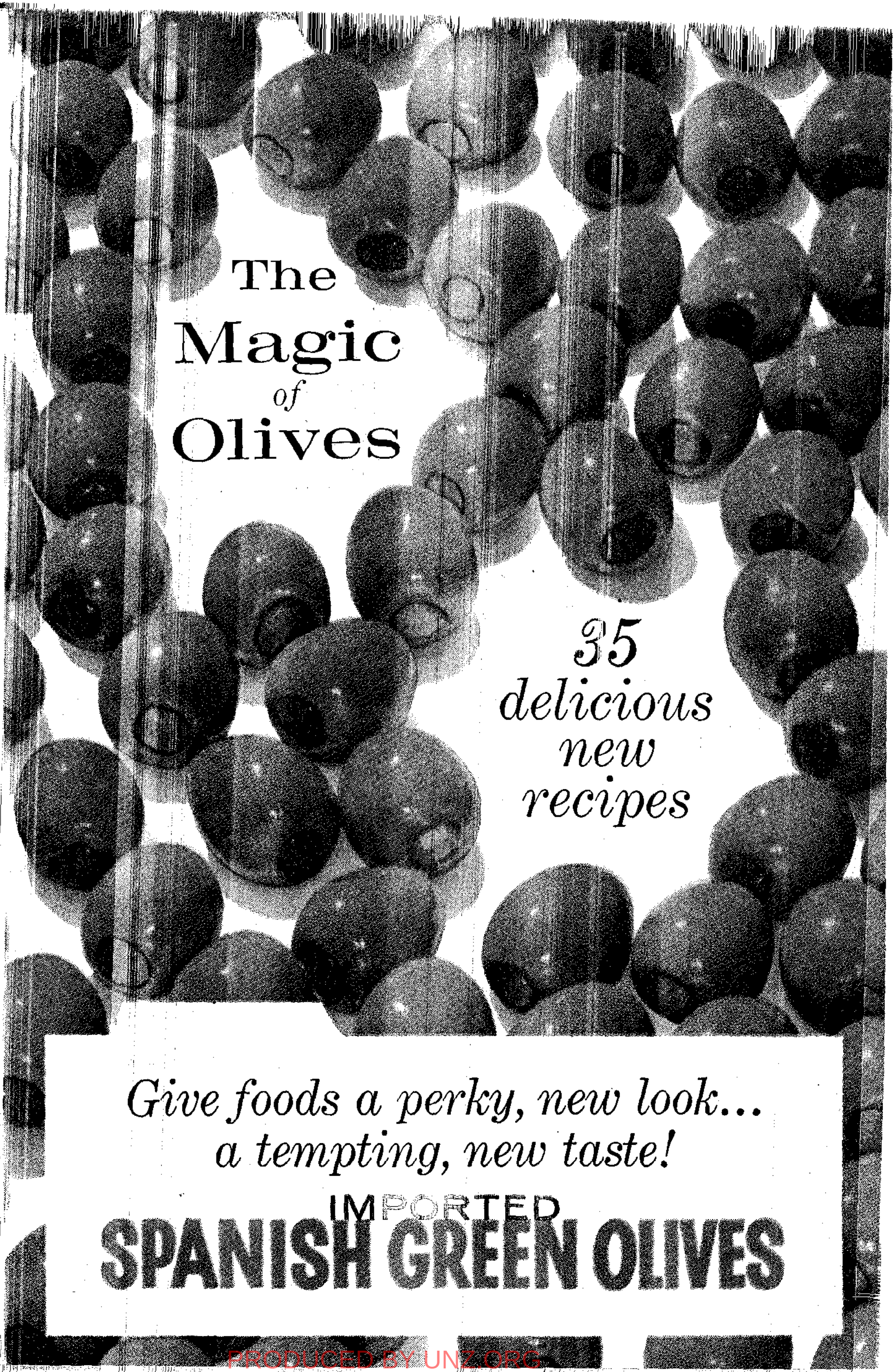
"Well, don't just stand there," barked the woman. "There's a mouse in the kitchen." —MRS. JAMES ALBERS

DURING THE HOTTEST DAY of the year, a Texas theater advertised:

"Ten Seconds to Hell."

"Coolest Spot in Town." —W. E. BROWN

THERE ARE TWO SIGNS in a Tel Aviv hospital which read: "No Smoking" and "On the Sabbath *POSITIVELY* No Smoking." —LOUIS KIRSCHBAUM

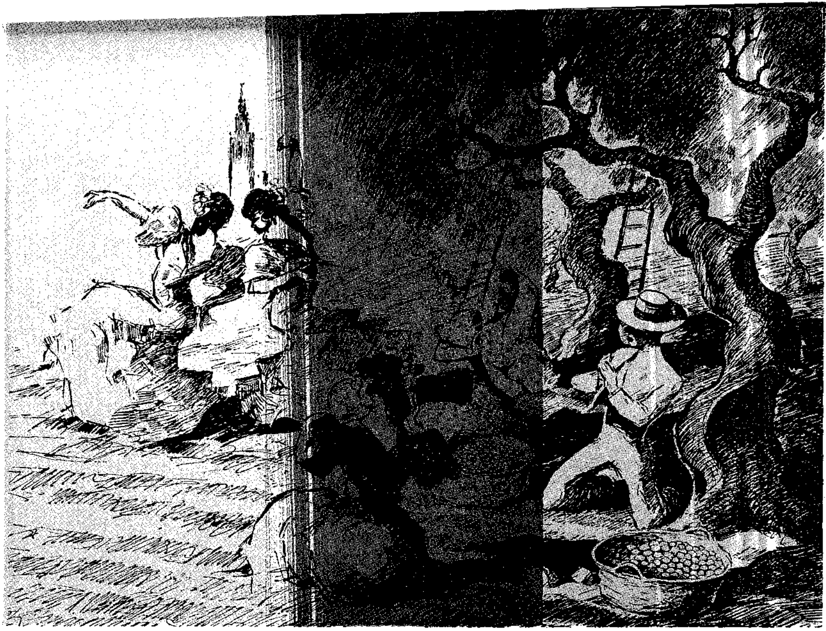


The Magic of Olives

35 delicious new recipes

Give foods a perky, new look...
a tempting, new taste!

IMPORTED
SPANISH GREEN OLIVES



Only the sun of Spain can kiss the olive properly

Deep in romantic Andalusia lies the lovely province of Seville. Here, a beneficent Nature blesses growers' efforts to bring forth the finest specimens of the fruit called the olive.

As far as the eye can see stand the carefully tended trees . . . their grey-green leaves lifted to the warm sun, their roots thrust into rich, sienna-red soil.

In September, at harvest time, when the fruit hangs heavy on the boughs, Spain is at its best.

In the dining places in this colorful, leisurely land, one encounters a happy custom. The first drink you order is always accompanied by a serving of tangy green olives.

Smart American hostesses know, too, that the ways of the Old World with olives lead to culinary triumph. How irresistible they are, garnishing an hors d'oeuvre tray! What savory flavor and color they add, sliced in salads and casseroles, diced in sauces and soups!

Try them today — and often! See how Spanish Green Olives add dash to any dish!

APPETIZERS …AND SOUPS

PARTY TEMPTERS

24 Spanish Green Olives
12 slices of bacon
24 wooden picks

Cut bacon slices in half and wrap each olive in ½ strip bacon. Fasten bacon strips around olives with wooden pick. Place on a rack in a shallow baking pan. Bake in a hot oven (400°F.) 15 to 20 minutes or broil 3 to 4 inches from heat until bacon is crisp. Serve hot. 6 servings.

CURRIED CHICKEN AND OLIVE SOUP

¼ cup butter or margarine, melted
1 medium onion, chopped
1 apple, pared, cored and sliced
¼ cup flour
2 teaspoons curry powder
¼ teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon chili powder
Dash cayenne
1 8½-ounce can peas, drained
1½ cups chicken stock or bouillon
1½ cups light cream
1 cup milk
⅔ cup diced cooked chicken
⅓ cup chopped Spanish Green Olives

Cook onion and apple in butter or margarine in a 3-quart saucepan until tender. Add flour, seasonings and peas. Mix well. Gradually add stock or bouillon and cook over low heat, stirring constantly, until thickened. Force through sieve or food mill. Add remaining ingredients and simmer until hot, stirring frequently. Makes 6 to 8 servings.

OLIVE CRAB DEVILED EGGS

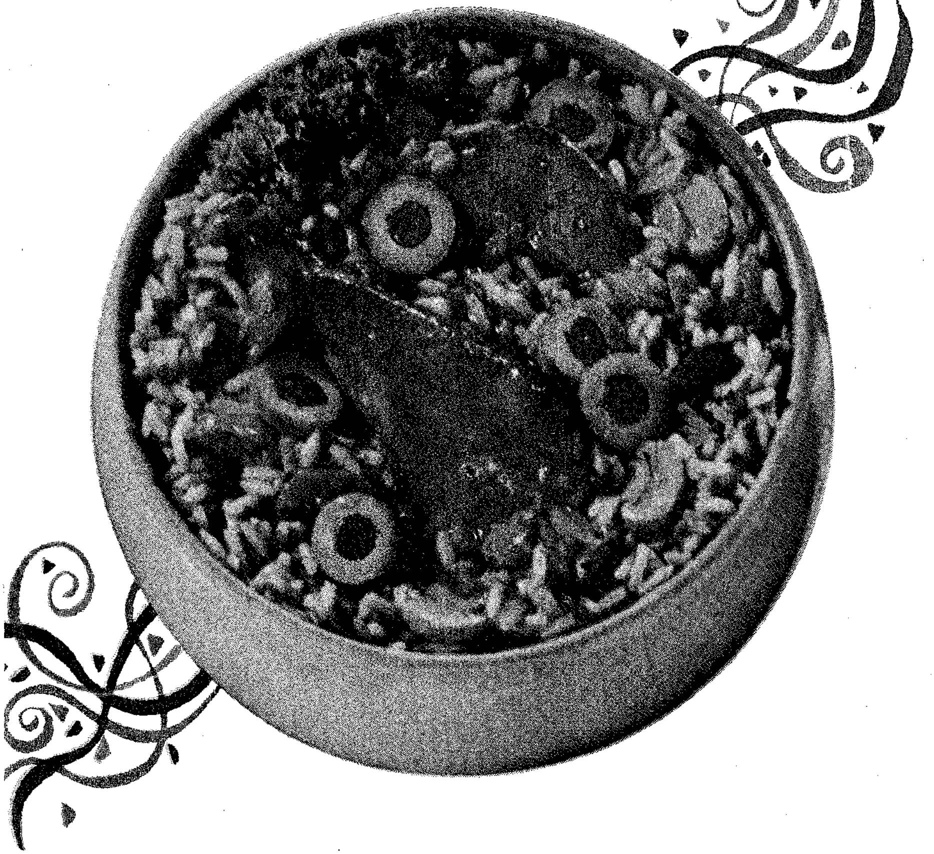
6 hard-cooked eggs
1 6½-ounce can crabmeat, drained and boned
¼ cup chopped Spanish Green Olives
⅓ cup chopped celery
¼ cup mayonnaise
¼ teaspoon dry mustard

Cut eggs in half lengthwise; remove yolks. Reserve whites. Mash yolks; add remaining ingredients. Mix well. Fill egg whites with egg yolk mixture. Chill. Makes 12 deviled eggs.

OLIVE SUPPER CHOWDER

¼ cup butter or margarine
1 medium onion, chopped
¼ cup chopped green pepper
1 1-pint 2-ounce can tomato juice
3 cups hot water
1 cup diced carrots
3 medium potatoes, diced
½ cup chopped celery
⅓ cup sliced Spanish Green Olives
¼ cup chopped parsley
1 cup grated Cheddar cheese (about ¼-pound)
Salt and pepper to taste

Melt butter or margarine in a 3-quart saucepan. Add onion and green pepper and cook over low heat until tender. Add tomato juice, water, carrots, potatoes and celery; bring to boil, stirring occasionally. Cover and simmer 30 minutes, or until potatoes are tender. Add remaining ingredients; simmer until hot, stirring occasionally. 6 to 8 servings.



MAIN DISHES

HACIENDA CHICKEN

½ cup sliced Spanish Green Olives
3 tablespoons butter or margarine
½ cup chopped onion
1 16-ounce can tomatoes
1 cup water
½ cup chopped green pepper
1 2½-ounce can sliced mushrooms
1 clove
1 tablespoon chopped parsley
1 teaspoon paprika
1 tablespoon salt
¼ teaspoon pepper
1 cut-up stewing chicken
1 cup rice

Melt butter or margarine in heavy skillet or kettle. Add onion and cook until lightly browned. Add tomatoes, water, green pepper, mushrooms and liquid, clove, parsley, paprika, salt and pepper. Cut chicken into serving pieces and add to ingredients in kettle. Cover. Bring to boil, reduce heat, and simmer for 1 hour. Add rice and olives and continue cooking until rice is done and chicken is tender, approximately 1 hour. 6 servings.

SPANISH BAKED BEANS

½ cup sliced Spanish Green Olives
2 16-ounce cans baked beans
1 16-ounce can crushed pineapple
1 medium onion, chopped
¼ cup chopped green pepper
1 12-ounce can luncheon meat, sliced

Combine olives, beans, undrained pineapple, onion, and green pepper in 2-quart casserole. Top with slices of luncheon meat. Bake in moderate oven (350°F.) 30 minutes. 6 servings.

OLIVE KABOBS

12 Large Spanish Green Olives
1 12-ounce can luncheon meat, cubed
12 small cooked white onions
⅓ cup French dressing
12 wooden or metal skewers

Alternate olives, luncheon meat, and onions on skewers. Brush with dressing. Broil 3 - 4 inches from source of heat or cook on outdoor grill, turning occasionally until brown on each side. Brush occasionally with French dressing. Serve hot. 6 servings.

HAWAIIAN OLIVE CUTLETS

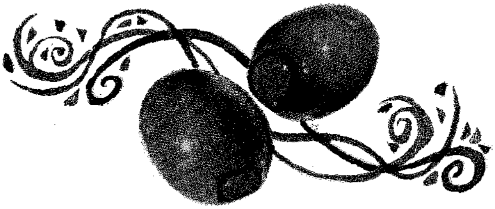
4 veal cutlets, cut ½ to ¾-inch thick
1 egg, slightly beaten
½ cup fine dry bread crumbs
3 tablespoons shortening
2 tablespoons sugar
1 teaspoon salt
½ cup sliced Spanish Green Olives
1 13½-ounce can pineapple chunks
1 tablespoon grated orange rind
⅛ teaspoon ground cloves
1 teaspoon paprika

Dip cutlets in egg and coat with bread crumbs. Brown slowly on both sides in melted shortening. Combine remaining ingredients; mix well, and spoon over cutlets. Cover and simmer 1 hour. 4 servings.

OLIVE TURKEY RICE CASSEROLES

¼ cup butter or margarine
1½ cups cubed cooked turkey
⅓ cup sliced Spanish Green Olives
1 cup turkey stock or chicken bouillon
½ cup milk
½ teaspoon onion salt
Salt and pepper to taste
2 cups cooked rice
¾ cup grated Cheddar cheese

Melt butter or margarine; add turkey, olives, stock or bouillon, milk, onion salt, salt and pepper; mix well and bring to boil. Arrange rice in 4 greased individual baking dishes. Top with olive mixture and sprinkle with cheese. Bake in hot oven (400°F.) 20 minutes, or until thoroughly heated. 4 servings.



SKILLET SUPPER STROGANOFF

1 pound ground beef
1 cup soft bread crumbs
½ cup chopped Spanish Green Olives
1 egg, slightly beaten
½ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
2 tablespoons shortening
1 4-ounce can sliced mushrooms
2 tablespoons finely chopped onion
1 cup sour cream

Combine beef, bread crumbs, olives, egg, salt and pepper; mix well. Shape into 12 balls. Brown on all sides in melted shortening. Add mushrooms, mushroom liquid, and onion. Cover and simmer 20 minutes. Add sour cream; heat to serving temperature, stirring occasionally. Garnish with additional sliced olives, if desired. 4 servings.

OLIVE BEEF PIE

¼ cup butter or margarine
1½ pounds beef round steak, cubed
½ cup chopped onion
2 tablespoons flour
1 1-pound 4-ounce can tomatoes
⅓ cup chopped Spanish Green Olives
Salt and pepper to taste
2 cups biscuit mix
⅔ cup milk

Melt butter or margarine. Add beef cubes and onions; cook until lightly browned. Add flour and blend. Gradually add tomatoes and cook over low heat, stirring constantly, until thickened. Add olives, salt and pepper. Cover and simmer 1½ hours, or until beef is tender. Turn into lightly greased 1½-quart casserole.

Combine biscuit mix and milk; mix lightly. Turn out on lightly floured surface; knead gently 10 times. Roll out to ½-inch thickness. Place over beef mixture. Seal and flute edges. Prick top. Bake in very hot oven (450°F.) 15 to 20 minutes, or until lightly browned. 6 servings.

SPANISH VEAL ROLLS

¼ cup butter or margarine
¼ cup finely chopped celery
¼ cup finely chopped onion
¼ cup seedless raisins
½ cup chopped Spanish Green Olives
2 cups soft bread crumbs
½ cup chicken stock or bouillon
⅛ teaspoon crushed red pepper
2 pounds ground veal
2 teaspoons salt
¼ teaspoon pepper
½ teaspoon basil
1 egg, slightly beaten

Melt butter or margarine; add celery, onion, raisins and olives. Cook over low heat, stirring occasionally, until celery is tender. Add bread crumbs, chicken stock or bouillon and red pepper; mix well. Combine veal, salt, pepper, basil and egg; mix well. Shape into 6 5-inch square patties. Spread with olive mixture. Roll up jelly-roll fashion; seal edges. Place in lightly greased baking dish. Bake in moderate oven (350°F.) 45 minutes. Serve with Olive-Egg Sauce. 6 servings.

Olive-Egg Sauce

Combine 1 10½-ounce can condensed cream of celery soup, ⅓ cup milk, 3 hard-cooked eggs, chopped, and ¼ cup sliced Spanish Green Olives. Heat to serving temperature over low heat, stirring occasionally. Makes 2½ cups sauce.

SPANISH RAREBIT

2 tablespoons butter or margarine
1 medium onion, sliced
½ cup chopped green pepper
1 1-pound can kidney beans, drained
⅓ cup chopped Spanish Green Olives
2 cups grated Cheddar cheese
(about ½-pound)
¼ cup catsup
1 tablespoon Worcestershire sauce
4 slices buttered toast

Melt butter or margarine; add onion and green pepper and cook until tender. Add kidney beans, olives, cheese, catsup and Worcestershire sauce. Cook over low heat 5 minutes, stirring occasionally. Serve over toast. 4 servings.

SOUTHERN SHORTCAKE

½ cup sliced Spanish Green Olives
1 package cornbread mix
4 slices cooked ham
1 cup processed cheese spread

Prepare cornbread as package directs, and bake in a greased 8-inch square pan. Cool. Cut into 4 squares. Place cornbread on a cookie sheet and top each square with a slice of ham and ¼ cup cheese spread. Garnish with sliced olives. Bake in a moderate oven (375°F.) until heated through, 5 to 7 minutes. 4 servings.

INDIVIDUAL MEATLOAF

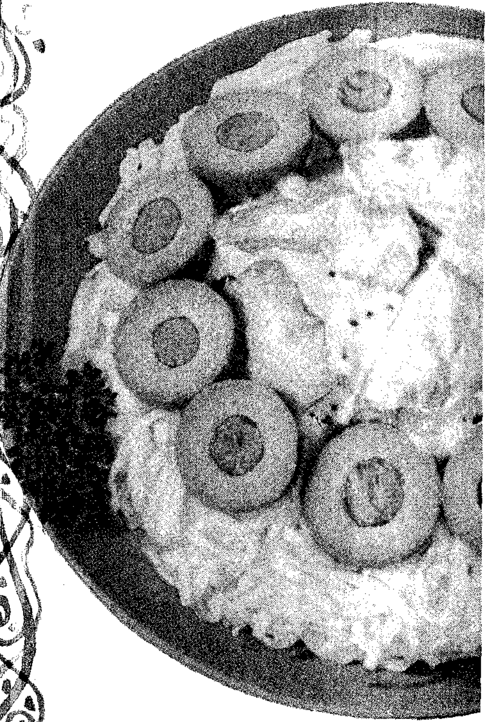
½ cup sliced Spanish Green Olives
1½ pounds ground beef
½ pound ground pork
¼ cup chopped onion
2 eggs, slightly beaten
1 teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon pepper
¼ teaspoon thyme
⅓ cup catsup
Strips of pimento
Additional sliced olives

Combine ingredients and mix thoroughly. Pack mixture into six 3 x 4 x 2¾ inch individual loaf pans or one 9¼ x 5⅛ x 2¾ inch loaf pan. Bake individual loaves in a moderate oven (350°F.) for 50 minutes; bake single loaf 1 hour and 15 minutes. Turn loaves onto serving plate and garnish with additional sliced olives and strips of pimento in tic-tac-toe fashion. 6 servings.

SEA FOOD BAKE

3 tablespoons butter or margarine
¼ cup chopped chives
3 tablespoons flour
⅛ teaspoon cayenne
1 cup milk
2 cups grated processed Swiss cheese (about ½ pound)
½ cup chopped Spanish Green Olives
1 10-ounce package frozen scallops, thawed
1 pound shrimp, cooked, shelled and deveined
1 5-ounce can lobster, drained
Hot cooked rice

Melt butter or margarine. Add chives and saute 3 minutes. Blend in flour and cayenne. Gradually add milk and cook over low heat, stirring constantly, until thickened. Add cheese and continue cooking, stirring occasionally, until cheese is melted. Add olives, scallops, shrimp and lobster; mix well. Turn into 1-quart baking dish. Bake in slow oven (325°F.) 1 hour. Serve over rice. 6 servings.

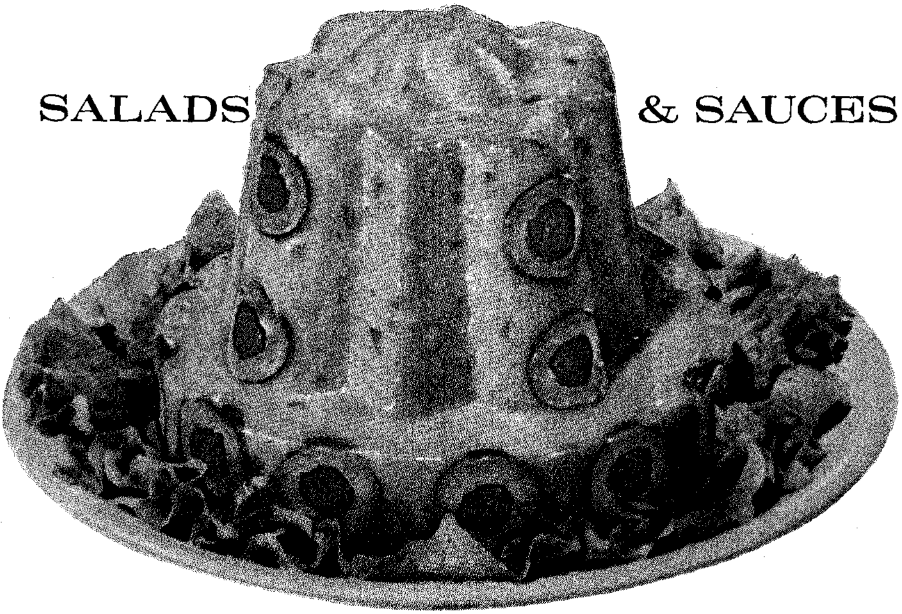


OLIVE SALMON NOODLE RING

1 8-ounce package fine egg noodles, cooked and drained
¼ cup melted butter
¼ cup finely chopped onion
2 tablespoons flour
1⅔ cups (large can) evaporated milk
1 1-pound can salmon, drained
⅓ cup sliced Spanish Green Olives
¼ cup chopped parsley

Combine noodles and 2 tablespoons butter; mix well. Press into 6 individual buttered ring molds. Let stand 10 minutes. Cook onion slowly in remaining butter for 5 minutes. Blend in flour. Gradually add evaporated milk and cook until thickened, stirring constantly. Add salmon, olives and parsley. Unmold noodle rings and fill with salmon-olive sauce. Garnish with sliced olives. 6 servings.

SALADS & SAUCES



OLIVE AND HAM SUPPER SALAD

Sliced Spanish Green Olives
to line molds
1 package lemon flavored gelatin
1 cup boiling water
1 8-ounce package cream cheese
1 10½-ounce can condensed
tomato soup
1½ cups ground cooked ham
½ cup chopped Spanish Green Olives
1 tablespoon grated horseradish
½ teaspoon salt
½ cup mayonnaise
Crisp salad greens

Lightly oil six individual 1-cup molds or a 1½-quart mold. Line molds with sliced olives. Dissolve gelatin in boiling water. Add cream cheese to gelatin and stir until blended. Cool. Add remaining ingredients, mixing lightly. Pour into molds, chill until firm. Unmold on crisp greens. 6 servings.

HEARTY SUMMER SALAD

⅓ cup sliced Spanish Green Olives
5 cups shredded salad greens
2 medium carrots, grated
1 medium tomato, cut in wedges
⅔ cup sliced celery
⅓ cup sliced green onions
¼ cup sour cream
3 tablespoons lemon juice
3 tablespoons salad oil
1 tablespoon sugar
1½ teaspoons salt
¼ teaspoon pepper
¼ pound cooked ham, cut in thin strips

Combine olives, greens, carrots, tomato, celery and onions; toss lightly and chill. Combine sour cream, lemon juice, oil, sugar, salt and pepper and beat until well blended. Combine olive mixture, ham strips and dressing mixture; toss lightly but thoroughly. 6 servings.

OLIVE CRAB SALAD

½ cup sliced Spanish Green Olives
2 6½-ounce cans crabmeat, drained and boned
1 cup chopped celery
1 tablespoon grated onion
¼ cup mayonnaise
¼ cup French dressing
2 tablespoons lemon juice
½ teaspoon garlic salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
Crisp salad greens
Tomato wedges, if desired

Combine all ingredients; toss lightly but thoroughly. Chill. Serve on crisp salad greens. Garnish with tomato wedges, if desired. 6 servings.

STUFFED AVOCADOS

¼ cup chili sauce
¼ cup mayonnaise
Tabasco to taste
¼ cup chopped celery
⅓ cup sliced Spanish Green Olives
1 pound shrimp, cooked, shelled, and deveined
2 tablespoons lemon juice
3 medium avocados, cut in half
Crisp salad greens

Combine chili sauce, mayonnaise and Tabasco; blend. Add celery, olives and shrimp; mix well. Brush avocados with lemon juice. Fill avocados with olive-shrimp mixture. Chill. Serve on crisp greens. 6 servings.

OLIVE CHIVE SAUCE

3 tablespoons butter
1 tablespoon capers
⅓ cup sliced Spanish Green Olives
1 cup sour cream
1 tablespoon chopped chives
Salt and pepper to taste

Melt butter, add capers and olives, and cook over low heat 5 minutes, stirring occasionally. Add sour cream, chives, salt and pepper; simmer until hot, stirring constantly. Serve with vegetables. Makes 1½ cups sauce.

OLIVE CHICKEN SALAD

1 tablespoon lemon juice
¾ cup mayonnaise
½ cup sliced Spanish Green Olives
2 cups cooked and drained elbow macaroni
2 cups diced cooked chicken
1 cup diced celery
2 small onions, chopped fine
¾ cup sliced toasted almonds
Dash of pepper
6 lettuce cups

Add lemon juice to mayonnaise, blend well. Combine with remaining ingredients, mixing lightly. Chill. Serve in individual lettuce cups, garnishing with additional sliced olives. 6 servings.

HOT OLIVE-POTATO SALAD

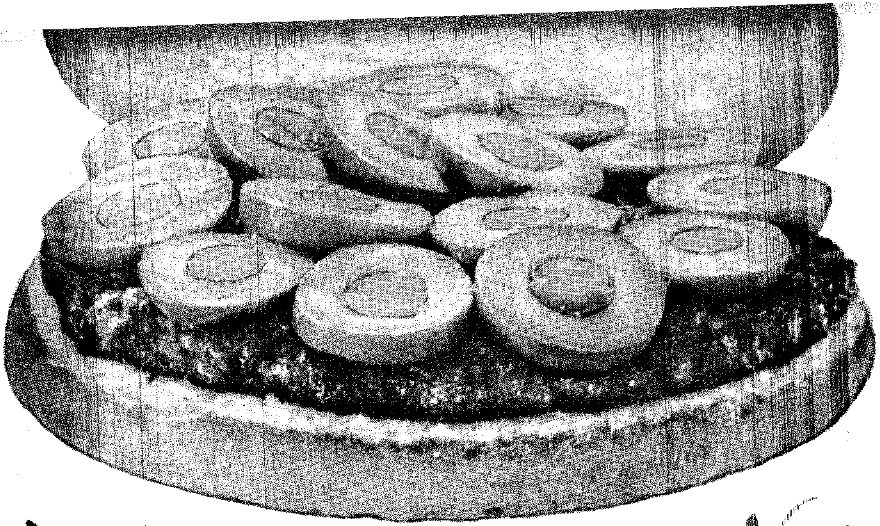
4 cups diced cooked potatoes
½ cup sliced celery
¼ cup sliced Spanish Green Olives
1 cup grated processed Swiss cheese (about ¼-pound)
½ cup mayonnaise
½ teaspoon onion salt
Salt and pepper to taste

Combine all ingredients; mix well. Turn into greased 1½-quart casserole. Cover and bake in moderate oven (350°F.) 30 minutes, or until thoroughly heated. 4 to 6 servings.

OLIVE MOCK HOLLANDAISE

¼ cup butter or margarine, melted
¾ cup mayonnaise
⅓ cup chopped Spanish Green Olives
½ teaspoon paprika
⅓ cup lemon juice
Dash Tabasco
½ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce

Combine all ingredients; mix well. Cook over low heat, stirring constantly, until blended. Serve with cooked vegetables. Makes 2 cups.



SANDWICHES

LUNCHEON OLIVEBURGERS

1 pound ground beef
¼ cup chopped Spanish Green Olives
1 teaspoon grated onion
Dash pepper
4 hamburger buns, cut in half and buttered

Combine beef, olives, onion and pepper; mix well. Spread olive-meat mixture on bottom half of rolls. Broil 3 to 4 inches from heat until meat is browned, about 5 minutes. Cover with top half of rolls. 4 sandwiches.

OLIVE CREAM CHEESE SPREAD

1 8-ounce package cream cheese, softened
3 tablespoons milk
¼ cup chopped Spanish Green Olives
¼ cup finely chopped red onion

Blend cream cheese and milk. Add remaining ingredients and mix well. Makes 1½ cups sandwich spread.

OLIVE, HAM AND COLESLAW SANDWICH

¼ cup chopped Spanish Green Olives
2 cups shredded cabbage
⅓ cup mayonnaise
½ teaspoon celery salt
Salt and pepper to taste
6 slices cooked ham
12 slices buttered rye bread

Combine olives, cabbage, mayonnaise, celery salt, salt and pepper. Mix well. Place ham on half the bread slices. Arrange olive-slaw mixture on ham. Top with remaining bread slices. 6 sandwiches.

SWISS OLIVE SPREAD

½ pound Swiss cheese, grated
½ cup chopped chives
¼ cup sliced Spanish Green Olives
⅓ cup mayonnaise
1 tablespoon milk

Combine all ingredients and mix well. Makes 2 cups sandwich spread.

OLIVE BARBECUED TURKEY SANDWICH

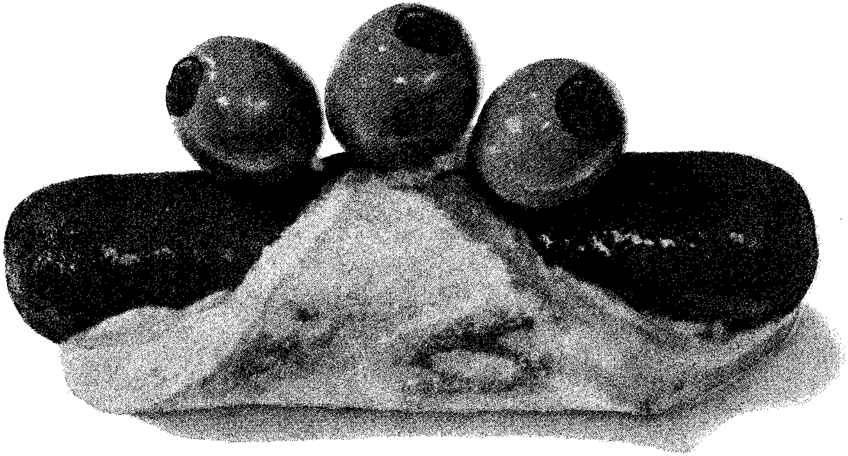
- **½ cup catsup**
- **½ cup vinegar**
- **½ cup water**
- **⅓ cup sliced Spanish Green Olives**
- **¼ cup chopped onion**
- **¼ cup sugar**
- **Salt and pepper to taste**
- **Dash Tabasco**
- **6 slices cooked turkey**
- **6 slices hot buttered toast**

Combine catsup, vinegar, water, olives, onion, sugar, salt, pepper and Tabasco. Cook over medium heat 20 minutes, stirring occasionally. Arrange turkey on toast. Top with olive mixture. Serve hot. 6 servings.

ALPINE OLIVE SANDWICH

- **4 slices bacon, cut in half**
- **2 eggs, slightly beaten**
- **2 cups grated processed Swiss cheese (about ½ pound)**
- **¼ cup chopped Spanish Green Olives**
- **¾ teaspoon paprika**
- **½ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce**
- **6 slices buttered bread**

Fry bacon in skillet over low heat until almost done but not crisp, about 5 minutes. Drain. Combine eggs, cheese, olives, paprika and Worcestershire sauce; mix well. Spread on bread slices; top with bacon. Arrange on baking sheet. Bake in moderate oven (350°F.) 15 minutes. 6 servings.



"3 MEN IN A BOAT"...*place frank diagonally on mustard-spread bread. Fasten edges with wooden picks. Brush with melted butter, brown in hot oven. Garnish with 3 Spanish Green Olives.*

OLIVE LIVERWURST SANDWICH FILLING

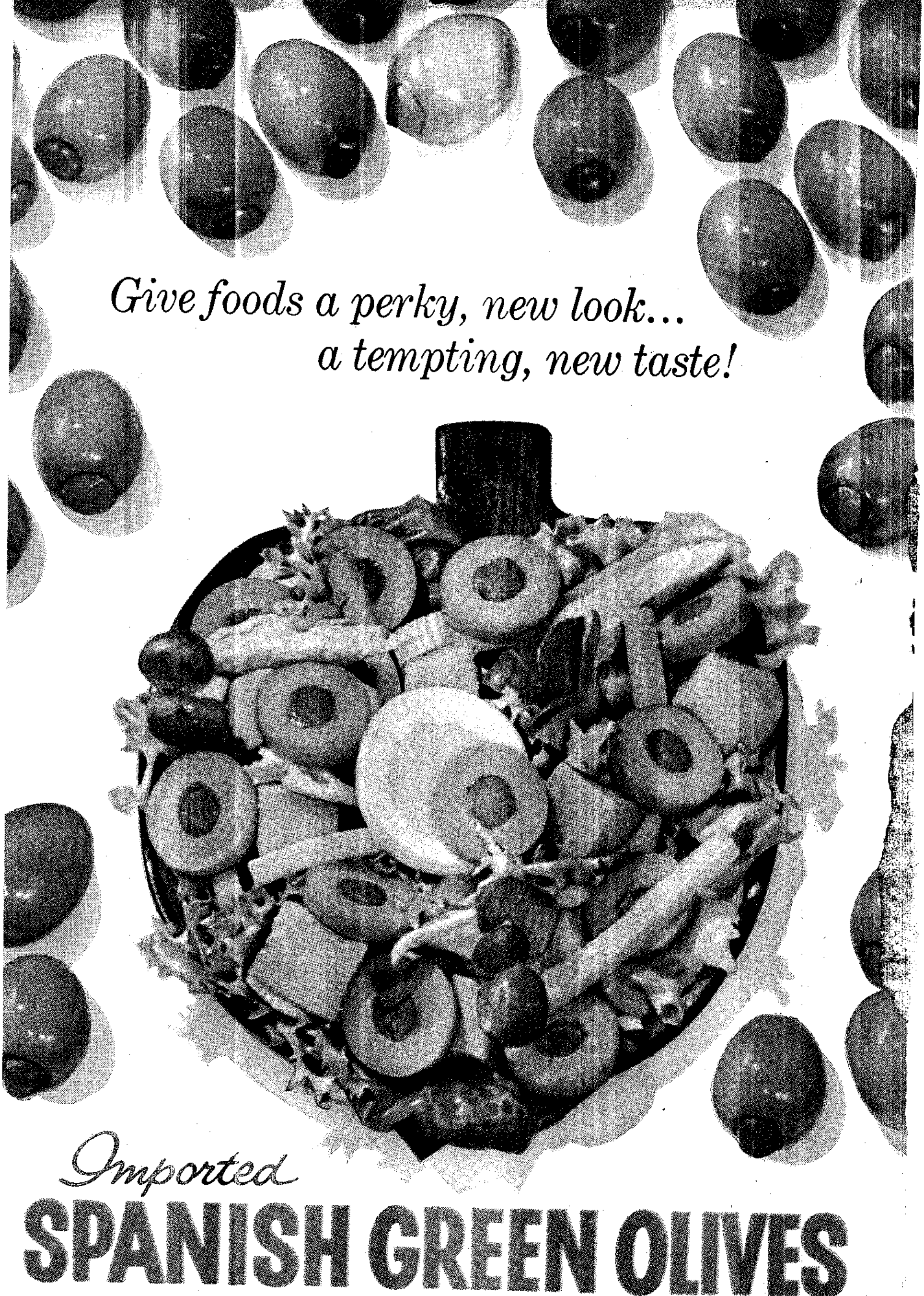
- **1 3-ounce package cream cheese**
- **¼ pound liverwurst**
- **3 tablespoons mayonnaise**
- **⅓ cup chopped Spanish Green Olives**

Combine cheese, liverwurst and mayonnaise; beat until blended. Fold in olives. Makes 2 cups of sandwich filling.

SPANISH OLIVE BOLOGNA SPREAD

- **¼ cup sliced Spanish Green Olives**
- **½ pound bologna, finely chopped**
- **⅓ cup chopped green pepper**
- **¼ cup mayonnaise**
- **1 teaspoon prepared mustard**
- **½ teaspoon celery seed**

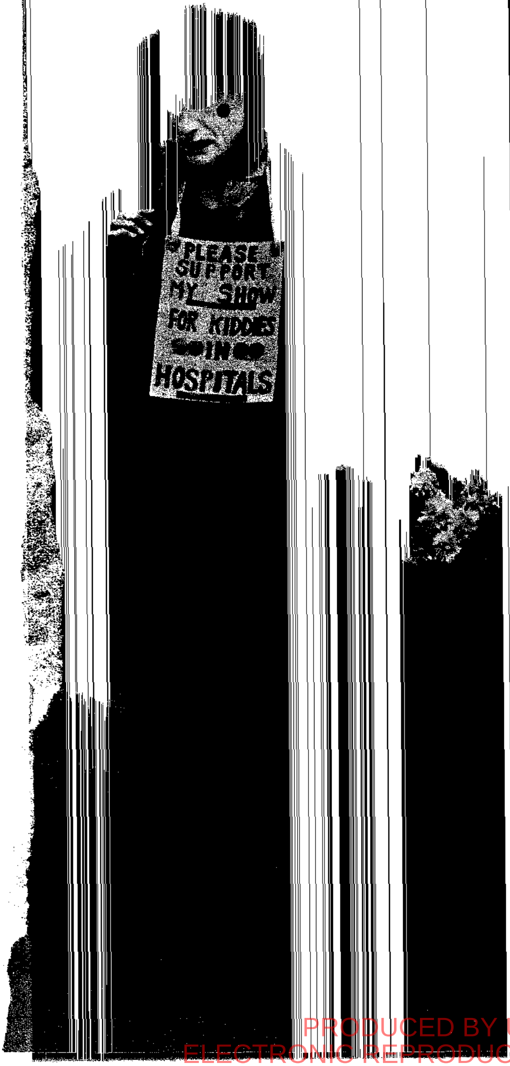
Combine all ingredients and mix well. Makes 1½ cups sandwich spread.



Give foods a perky, new look...
a tempting, new taste!

Imported

SPANISH GREEN OLIVES


PLEASE SUPPORT MY SHOW FOR KIDDIES IN HOSPITALS

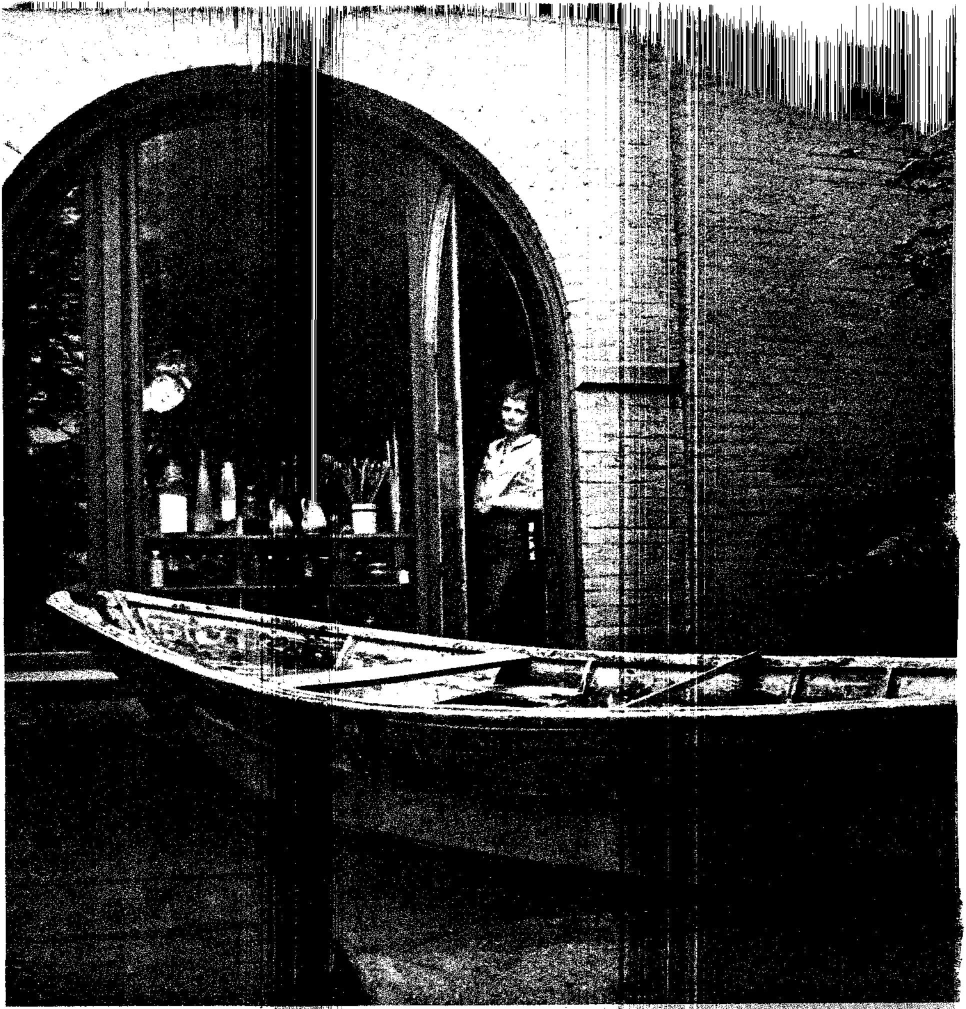
New York Characters

New York is a city of eccentrics, of normals, of cats and dogs and ants crawling on top of the Empire State Building. It is a place where Pathétique, the lonely, silent clown, who makes up on the subway, puts on a dumb-show on any street at the drop of a coin — to help pay for presents for child patients in hospitals, whom he entertains free.

Text by Gay Talese

Photos by Marvin Lichtner

From the book: "New York—A Serendipiter's Journey," to be published by Harper & Bros. © 1961 by Gay Talese, with photographs by Marvin Lichtner.

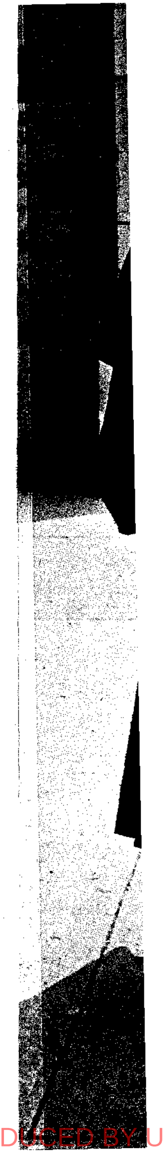


"What's wrong with a boat on my roof?" asks Judy Mong, an artist on East 38th Street. "It has been in my yard in my home in Florida for many years, with wild flowers growing from it. I happen to love the color of its old, peeling paint." She had it shipped from Florida and carefully hoisted onto the roof. "There is a lack of yard space in New York," she says. "And every so often, somebody will admit it *is* a beautiful boat."

A séance goes on weekly under Hindu soothsayer Sant Ram Mandal at 52nd Street and Broadway. Known as Dr. Mandal, he says he was born 67 years ago in the Punjab. "On Tuesday at 8 P.M. I hold séances," he says. "On Wednesday classes in yoga, on Friday I talk on whatever my audience wants; and on Saturday nights I receive messages and meditate." He earns good money for communicating with long-lost relatives.

Human skyscraper Edward Carmel stands eight feet, two inches, weighs 475 pounds and lives in the Bronx. Statistics: his shoes cost $150, his suits $275, he sleeps right-angled on a seven-foot bed. Weighed 15 pounds at birth, in Tel Aviv, Israel, 25 years ago; was six feet tall at age 11. His mother is five-five, his father five-six. "I never recall being shorter than my father," Carmel says. He acts in monster movies, has a very deep voice for radio and TV announcing. Last year a promoter booked him as a giant wrestler to "frighten" the other wrestlers. "So I put in a few appearances—and retired undefeated."

Reincarnating G. Washington is a living for Henry W. Dubois, now in his 70s, who has impersonated our first President hundreds of times for organizations in the past 19 years. He gets mail addressed only to "Mr. Washington" at his home—in Washington Heights. Formerly church watchman at St. Paul's Chapel, downtown, where George Washington worshipped, one day Dubois recited Washington's Prayer which he had memorized in school. "After I finished the preacher slipped me a dollar — and there was George's photo on it. There suddenly seemed to be some mystical significance to my life."



r chief work for the New York
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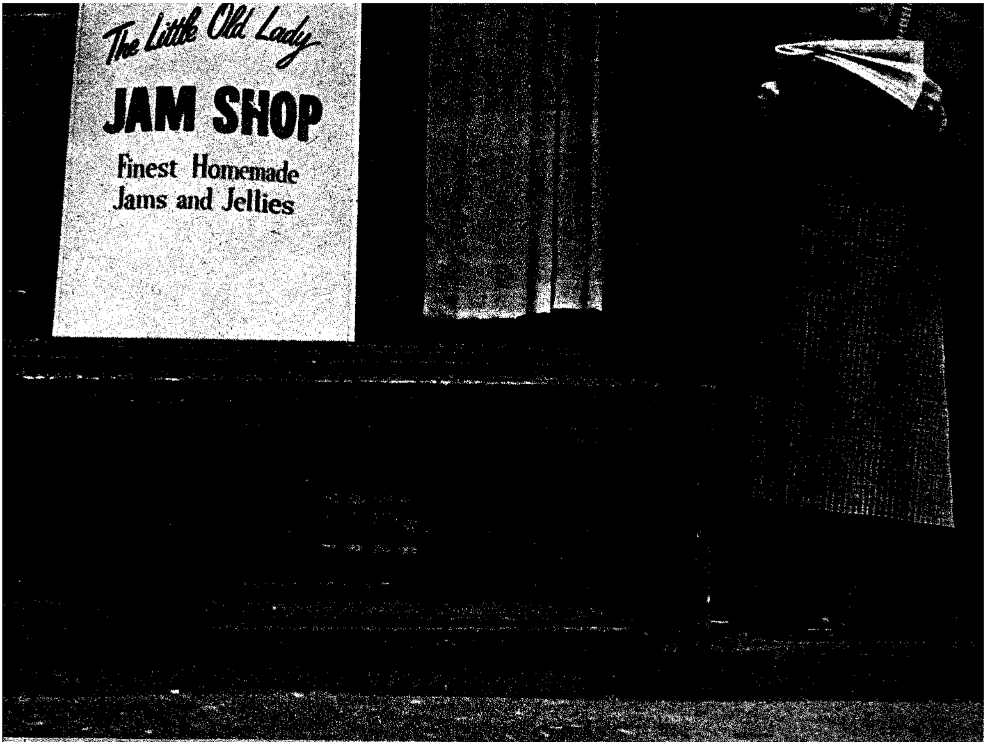

The Little Old Lady
JAM SHOP
Finest Homemade
Jams and Jellies

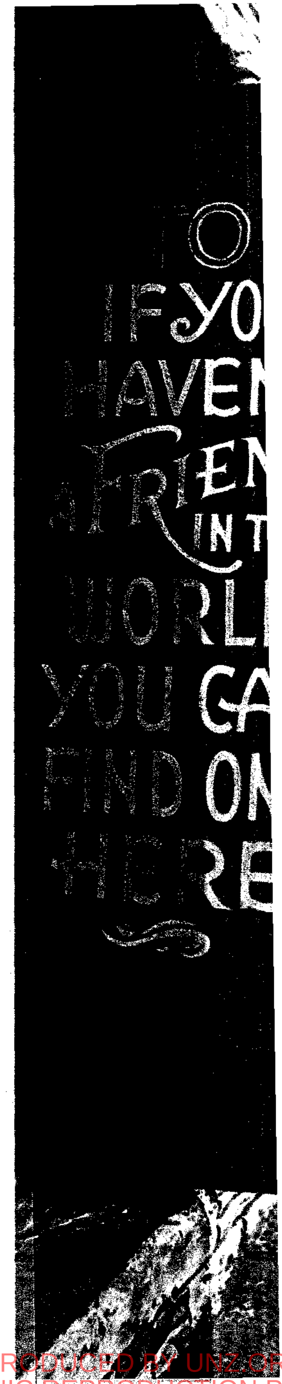
The city passes old folks by. It is rare when the jam shop lady, Mary Armstrong, wanders beyond her neighborhood. Then she is invariably shocked at how the city has changed. "Oh, look what they've done to that!" she will say. Once her customers were theatrical folk like Katharine Cornell (loganberry jam) and Mrs. Brock Pemberton. Her shop, at 174 Ninth Avenue, is out of the way now, patronized mainly by a few old friends who are addicted to her tomato jam and lemon butter.

A seedy saxophone player named Joe Gabler plays *Danny Boy* so sadly and sensitively that soon half the neighborhood is tossing him coins, most of which he catches in his hand—as much as $100 in a day. He is also bombarded with buckets of water and empty beer cans. Joe has walked New York streets about 20 miles a day, seven days a week for 30 years, sometimes with his brother who plays the guitar. "Till the day we die we're going to stay on the streets," he says dramatically.

Midget wrestlers stop at the Holland Hotel on West 42nd Street. They are booked for nationwide tours from Detroit, wrestling headquarters for midgets. They are driven in a chauffeured Cadillac which seats eight of them and a driver. When midgets need to drive themselves, they must clamp an eight-inch extension on the brake and accelerator pedals. Disliking circus life, they find wrestling ideal. Their names are quite colorful: Tito Infanti, Fuzzy Cupid, Lord Littlebrook, Little Beaver.

Some 3,000 bootblacks work in the city. Many of them sit, like royalty, on tall, ornamented chairs. They include David, the Bootblack King, who worked in Bronx Magistrates Court; and James Rinaldi, at the U. N., who could ask "Shine?" in 27 languages. Sometimes they become as distinguished as Silk Hat Tony, at Broadway and Canal Street, who casts an accusing eye at every passing pair of dirty shoes and who, like many mysterious types in this town, is suspected of being very, very rich. When requested to pose he asked, "What's in it for me?" The answer: "Nothing except immortality." He posed.

"I'm no ordinary bum," Bozo says, "I'm a classical, dynamic, extraordinary bum." He wears four or five shirts at once, a bathing suit under his dungarees. On summer afternoons he swims and sun-bathes at Coney Island, where old ladies feed him sandwiches and fruit. He sleeps under the boardwalk at night. On almost any summer evening you will find him whooping it up at Sammy's Bowery Follies, where the management considers him an "attraction" and he drinks beer for nothing. Tourists like to pose with Bozo — his long, white beard makes him a photogenic souvenir of a visit to New York.



Radio's merry maverick

BY
FRANK X. TOLBERT

Cannily mixing music with laughs, unpredictable Gordon McLendon breaks broadcasting traditions and audience records

IT HAS BEEN SUGGESTED in San Francisco that the disc jockeys on KABL, the town's most-listened-to radio station, are taking payola from a Beethoven Society. This is not the only joke that bemused San Franciscans have made about KABL, which plays full symphonies and concertos, and is one of the first "good music" radio stations in U.S. history to become the most popular one in a metropolitan area. In March 1959, a young broadcaster from Dallas, Gordon McLendon, bought the 33-year-old San Francisco Bay station called KROW, named it KABL, in honor of the cable cars, and switched the programming from Elvis Presley to Giacomo Puccini. This was surprising since, of the seven radio stations that McLendon owns across the U.S., five are of the popular music variety. McLendon was, in fact, one of the innovators of the top-40-tunes type of programming.

Yet with what *The Wall Street Journal* called a blend of "syrup, sophistication, whimsey and a ga-ga love affair with the city of San Francisco," McLendon has proved that he could capture 17 to 25 percent of the local radio audience.

There is also a good deal of satirical humor. A querulous woman constantly interrupts programs with such comments as, "Did you ever try washing diapers to Mozart?" Another typical query: "Are KABL announcers fed a tablespoon of honey every 20 minutes?" This refers to two butterscotch baritones who rhapsodize thusly:

First announcer: "This is a time of limelight, a gentle lowering of the sun over the Golden Gate."

Second voice: "On Treasure Island, flocks of gulls scream over the dry docks." And so forth.

These "poems in praise of San Francisco" are recorded in McLendon's Dallas office and run every 15 minutes on KABL's 24-hour schedule. Usually, one of the voices is McLendon's. Gordon also does some sports announcing under the *nom de radio* of "The Old Scotchman."

This pose has earned him hundreds of "suitable" gifts such as electric heating pads, canes, bottles of tonic—and mash notes and marriage proposals from elderly ladies.

KABL, actually based in nearby Oakland, is identified over the air like this: "This is KABL, Oakland, in the air, everywhere in San Francisco . . ." And the lady critic sometimes interrupts with: "What's the matter with the air over Oakland?"

Recently McLendon has bought a five-story building in downtown San Francisco and has applied for Government permission to move KABL across the Bay.

Under the whimsey and sweet music are many ideas for startling listeners. McLendon even plays practical jokes on his audience. Many listeners and some advertisers were alarmed one day in April 1960, when large ads appeared in San Francisco papers proclaiming:

"KABL CHANGES TO ROCK-'N'-ROLL; . . . effective April 25, San Francisco's most listened-to station will broadcast Top-40 Tunes and Rock-'n'-Roll exclusively. . . . Such artists as Fats Domino, Elvis Presley, Bo Diddly, Ricky Nelson and Little Richard will be featured . . ." In a corner of the ad, in small type, was "LATE APRIL FOOL"—not noticed by most readers. The KABL switchboard and mailroom were swamped with protests. KABL then ran even larger ads in all the papers, pointing out it was a joke.

Gordon McLendon, 40-year-old perpetrator of this and other pranks, is a sleepy-eyed, stocky fellow of vaguely Oriental appearance who graduated from Yale University. He was born in Paris, Texas, but spent his early childhood in Idabel, Oklahoma, on the Choctaw Indian reservation, although he is not Indian.

McLendon speaks five languages,

Named for San Francisco's cable cars, McLendon's KABL has an unabashed love affair with the city. Fans expect anything from his off-beat imagination—even flapper pickets.

KABL MUSIC IS UNFAIR TO OTHER SAN FRANCISCO RADIO STATIONS - BECAUSE IT SOUNDS SO BEAUTIFUL!
The glorious beer of Copenhagen

including Choctaw and Japanese. KABL sometimes has commercials and station breaks in Chinese and Japanese. McLendon will occasionally repeat in quiet Japanese the same words that an announcer is reading in English. He believes that this background adds "an exciting atmosphere to a newscast."

When Gordon was 13 the family moved to Atlanta, Texas. At 14 he was editor-in-chief of the local weekly newspaper, drawing a salary of $300 a month. But he most wanted to be a sports announcer.

After he got out of the Navy, where he was a Japanese language expert, McLendon failed to get a job as a sports commentator on a major radio network. So he started his own network. In 1947, with KLIF of Dallas, Texas, financed by his father, he dreamed up a giant 458-station network with emphasis on national sports. This coast-to-coast Liberty Network was a hit mainly because of McLendon's colorful re-creations of major league baseball games—based on reports he received by telegraph in his Dallas studio. He embellished his accounts with crowd noises and shouts at umpires. A "public address system announcer" droned realistically, "Will the owner of the car with New York license No. ——— come to the box office. We have your keys."

The Liberty Network, for a while the second largest in the nation, folded with considerable loss of money after organized baseball re-

A born ham, McLendon (center) makes movies, also acts in them, as here in "The Killer Shrews." But radio is his first love.

fused McLendon permission to broadcast their games.

McLendon also is an independent movie producer who sometimes slips into a scene to ham it up a bit. But radio remains his first love.

Many San Franciscans say that KABL has done so well because the city has so many cultivated people. McLendon thinks KABL would have gone over equally well in any metropolitan area oversupplied with rock-'n'-roll stations. He points to his newest station, WYSL of Buffalo, New York: "This is a virtual duplicate of KABL . . . After six weeks of operation, WYSL had around 12 percent of the local audience, almost exactly the same as KABL at a similar stage."

Commercials on KABL are timed on the quarter hour, at the rate of 12 per hour. Many stations have as many as 25 each hour during prime time. New or naive listeners may get the impression that KABL has a good deal more than 12 commercials per hour, however. For pompous voices frequently make tongue-in-cheek announcements urging San Franciscans to patronize the Brooklyn, New York, 69th Street Ferry or to do Christmas shopping in Paterson, New Jersey.

Another "commercial" urged: "When you contemplate the purchase of your next yacht, consider a U.S. Navy 'surplus cruiser'. Imagine your exultation as you stand on the flying bridge steaming westward under the Golden Gate. Your privacy is insured by a battery of six-inch Naval rifles with effective range of 9.8 miles. Other sources of comfort are 40-millimeter guns, gun tubs and adequate antiaircraft. Write today to Supply Officer, New York Naval Shipyard, Brooklyn 1, N. Y."

The response was heavy (often indignant) from those who took seriously the spoof that the Navy might sell cruisers as pleasure yachts.

McLendon's KLIF has kept its high ratings with popular music and endless "treasure hunts," in which clues have provoked some disturbing scenes. For example, in the spring of 1960 it was announced that a $100,000 check was hidden on grounds named for an explorer. This caused hundreds of treasure hunters to descend on the local Knights of Columbus—on the night of the K of C annual picnic and swimming party.

A typical KABL contest, on the

other hand, offered a prize of ten cents for the best theory explaining the Joilet-Curie crater on the far side of the moon. Over 1,000 listeners, mostly college students, submitted serious papers on the subject.

Gordon McLendon has created several characters on KABL. One of these was "Irving Harrigan," a frenetic politician running for a never-named office during the last San Francisco city elections.

For five frenzied days before the election, KABL carried enthusiastic announcements supporting Harrigan: "Vote for Irving Harrigan! Only Harrigan has the courage to endorse legalized frabbis in San Francisco! Only Harrigan has recorded telephone conversations. H-A-DOUBLE R-I-G-A-N, Harrigan! . . . Now that San Francisco voters have heard Irving Harrigan's recorded telephone conversations, there can be no doubt . . . Irving Harrigan wants the voters to KNOW that documents now being circulated about Irving Harrigan's record are forgeries. San Francisco continues solidly behind Irving Harrigan . . . Only Irving Harrigan had the courage to endorse legalized franistan . . . Irving Harrigan's relentless campaign for legalized frabbis . . . has been overwhelmingly accepted. Vote for Irving Harrigan!"

The day before the election, to head off possible confusion, a pompous announcement complete with harp music came over KABL every half-hour: "Irving Harrigan wishes to tell the voters that his advocacy of legalized frabbis in San Francisco has so weakened his campaign that he must, regretfully, withdraw from the race. Irving Harrigan, however, wishes to thank the thousands who rallied to his banner. . . ."

KABL has one of the Bay area's most popular newscasters, John K. Chapel, a man with the delivery of an old-time Shakespearean actor. When Chapel, son of a Russian princess and holder of a University of Moscow B. S., came to KABL he fetched an imposing list of blue-chip sponsors, some of whom had been with him for as long as 18 years.

This erudite aristocrat is also good-humored about pausing in his weighty analysis of the news to mention that "KABL regrets that the traditional lion-washing ceremony to have been sponsored by KABL at San Francisco's Civic Center at 3 P.M. has been called off because of lack of experienced lion washers."

Next to his noisy foundation station in Dallas, McLendon cherishes KABL. He also really loves San Francisco and is far from insincere when he and an assistant sit in the Dallas studio and recite:

McLendon: "Another sunny San Francisco day . . . Twin Peaks, Russian Hill, Coit Tower . . . bathed by the summer sun . . ."

Second voice: "Refreshing sea breezes cool laughing, sun-kissed children on Marina Green."

McLendon: ". . . sunlight striking fire from the rooftops of homes in Berkeley Hills . . ."

Second voice: "The sun warms the twisting streets of Chinatown, bounces playfully off a sailboat out of Yacht Harbor, as KABL music continues . . ."

BY KATHLEEN B. GRANGER

The little wonders in my world

Seeing beauty in the ordinary can bring new joys and meaning to everyday life

IN CERTAIN RESPECTS I am blood brother to all pack rats and magpies. I understand perfectly their interest in collecting small things of no value. I cannot take a walk without bringing home a weed, a stone, a fallen feather; and I place them about our rooms, where for a day or two they continue to hold my interest.

Sometimes the interest lasts longer, becomes a thing of wonder. On my kitchen window sill I have spread out bits of broken glass, deep blue, pale amethyst and green, opalized by rains and earth and time. I found them one afternoon while scuffing up the leaves at the site of a Revolutionary War encampment. They have no value, as glass, but they are almost 200 years of history to me.

Queen Anne's lace is properly only wild carrot, but no one in the country calls it by that name. No one eats the long, tough root, and apparently even wild creatures do not relish its leaves or flowers. Throughout the summer, the fields and roadsides are billows of waving, lacy white, and no farmer or road commissioner likes it. But it thrives, a "noxious weed," for children and such as I to gather and admire.

Then one day driving down the highroad, I saw the unbelievable—a long stalk of wild carrot with beautiful, deep *rose*-colored florets spread out like a delicate pink lace parasol at its top. With utmost care I dug up this astonishing plant and put it in the moist, rich earth of the vegetable garden.

Do you think it grew? I should say not. A weed wants to grow where it wants to, even though that is exactly where it is *not* wanted. But before the plant dried up completely I cut the one perfect flower cluster. I had read that the color and freshness of flowers could be preserved by burying them in—but here I was lost—was it borax or salt? I could not remember. So I placed the flat cluster of blossoms upside-down in a deep soup dish, covered it half with salt, half with borax, and put the whole thing away to dry.

All summer I continued to look for another piece of rose-colored Queen Anne's lace but apparently it is unique. Later I shook out my salt-borax experiment. The large cluster and stem were beautifully intact, crisp, dry and fresh looking, though both halves seemed exactly alike.

Flower lace is too fragile to keep indefinitely. Bird weavings are more substantial. I have never collected bird nests but two were given to me. One morning a jolly, twinkly second-grader brought a wild bouquet held tight in his fists to the country school where I teach.

"I found it," he exclaimed, excitedly, "and you can see, it's got four eggs!"

The bouquet was a mass of long stemmed yellow dandelions and one entire, huge plant of sweet yellow clover. The child had simply clutched weeds and all, close to the ground, and yanked. But above the straggly roots and torn stems the bouquet was a wonder. The small green leaf and flower stems of the clover, and the thick stems of the dandelions were held together, woven together, with grasses; and there, plumb in the middle was the nicest, neatest bird's nest, with four spotted blue eggs. Of course it is against the law to rob red-winged blackbirds; but what small boy of seven knows about laws?

My next nest was a gift from a dainty Indonesian lady who shared my fondness for the blackbird nest. One day she brought me what looked like a small, open knitting bag. "A bird's nest from Cambodia," she said. "For you."

A bird's nest from Cambodia! Could anything be more charming? She had watched the small bird make it, beautifully woven together of the finest pale tan grasses. The nest itself was quite long and deep, with a small boot shape at the foot, and a basket handle over the open top of the nest. When she packed to come to America as a bride last fall she put it in her suitcase. Can you imagine the customs officer at the pier in New York?

"Do you have any valuables to declare?"

"Yes, I have a bird's nest."

On the top of the bureau where I keep the nests are two more treasures. They look something like small dugout canoes. I was away from Vermont for a year and a half, and during that time the little deer mice which enter the house each winter took possession and made nests in almost every conceivable drawer. I refrained from keeping these, although they were all clean and neat, made of tiny strips of paper or bits of lace and linen towels.

However, on the attic floor I found sure proof that the task of survival must have been grim in the empty house. Beside my paint box I had left a new five-inch tube of alizarin crimson and one of yellow ochre. When I found them, they were absolutely empty, licked clean, with only a shell remaining of the metal casing. The entire top side had been removed as if by a tiny, fairy can opener.

I cannot imagine how this was accomplished, how the mice first thought to puncture the tube, then continue in a straight line, removing a center strip one by four inches in length and width. Not a scrap of loose metal was anywhere to be seen.

I am sure no one in this whole wide world has a collection such as mine—broken glass, rose-colored Queen Anne's lace, two bird nests and two mice-carved canoes. But if anyone has, he knows it does not take much to make me happy!

LOGICAL CONCLUSIONS

WHEN EIGHT-YEAR-OLD BARRY announced he wanted to borrow the fly swatter, his mother asked, "Why on earth do you want a fly swatter in the winter?"

His little sister Janey wailed, "He wants to hit me with it."

Turning to Barry his mother demanded, "Do you mean to tell me you were going to hit your sister?" Barry shook his head. "No, Mother—I didn't mean to tell you."

—FRANK J. BARRON

RECENTLY, AS MY HUSBAND was drawing the water for our two-year-old's much loved bath, he decided to add to the fun by putting a little detergent into the water to make a bubble bath. As she slid down into the mountains of foam she felt all around the tub and asked, "Where are the dishes?"

—MRS. JOAN B. BALLARD

A LINE FROM a recent obituary notice in the Dublin paper told about the impressive rites and then wound up: "Patrick McGovern slipped at the graveside and broke his leg. This accident cast a gloom over the whole proceedings."

—DONALD NEWTON

JOHN MOORE THOUGHT the earth-circling ballon satellite, Echo I, offered a good chance to give some father-type instruction on astronomy.

So he explained to his sons, Alan, four years of age, and James, five, about the wonders of the heavens and how one can find directions by spotting the North Star.

His lecture over, he asked Alan:

"Now! What are you going to do if you become lost?"

Came the quick reply, "I'm going to call a policeman and tell him I live at 204 South Hillside." —*Associated Press*

GRIN AND SHARE IT

A MOTHER IN A suburban home discovered her teenaged son slumped dejectedly in a living-room chair last Sunday afternoon, the picture of anguish and depression. She asked her husband, who was sitting nearby, what calamity had struck their offspring.

"He wants to go to the drugstore down at the corner," Dad said. "But the car won't start." —E. CARLSON

TWO YOUNG ABORIGINE MATRONS were exchanging recipes.

"I have a new one you must try," said one. "You take two elephant ears, some crocodile giblets, rhinoceros livers and a lion heart, and stir them all together with some gnu sauce."

"Mmmmm—sounds delicious," said the other, enthusiastically. "How do you serve it?"

"Oh—on Saltines, of course." —FRANCES BENSON

THE PARSIMONIOUS old Highlander was at a large house party. As the guests left they tipped the servants lined up in the hall.

The gifts of those in front of the old Highlander were received gravely, but when the old man passed, the faces of the servants brightened up considerably.

"What did you give them, Robbie?" asked a friend. "They looked as sour as vinegar until your turn came."

"Not a bawbee did they get frae me!" declared the old man. "I just tickled their palms." —MRS. JAMES ALBERS

AFTER LOOKING AT a reproduction of Renoir's "Les Parapluies" at the National Gallery bookstall in London, a smartly dressed woman asked the clerk: "Have you got it in any other colors?" —CHARLES CHICK GOVIN

MY THREE-YEAR-OLD daughter had watched me all day as I polished and cleaned. Later that evening when I started to dry her after her bath, she said: "Mommie, give me the towel and I'll shine myself!"

—MRS. JOSEPH MALONEY

A DOCTOR AGREED to meet his wife, then was called out on emergency. He pinned a note on his office door telling her when to meet him, but she couldn't read it. With a touch of brilliance, she thought, the wife took it to a druggist friend. "Can you read this?" she asked.

"Just a moment," the druggist said, disappeared into his dispensary, returned quickly, set a package on the counter and announced, "That'll be $6.85." —MRS. ELMER HIERS

TWO FRIENDS MET on the street one day. The first said, "Well, George, I read in the paper this morning that your rich aunt passed away."

"That's right," said the other. "Just imagine, I spent the last eight years pretending I was fond of her darn cats so she would remember me in her will."

"Is that a fact? And what did she leave you?"

"The cats!" —GRACE GATEWOOD

A MOTHER REPORTS that she told her five-year-old she wanted to take a nap and to please not slam the door when she went out. Later, the mother overheard the youngster tell her little friend: "*You* close the door, Darlene—you make a quieter noise than I do." —RIP COLLINS

WE WERE VISITING a large electronics company in California where computers are made. At the last stop on our tour through the plant, we were shown how their newest computer operates. It was an impressive demonstration, as the computer is extremely large and complicated. I asked one of the employees what he would do if anything went wrong and the machine broke down. He didn't say anything but pointed to a small box mounted on the wall above the computer. In the box behind a glass front was an abacus, an old Chinese counting device. Just under the box was a sign that read: "In Case Of Emergency Break Glass." —ROBERT VIPOND

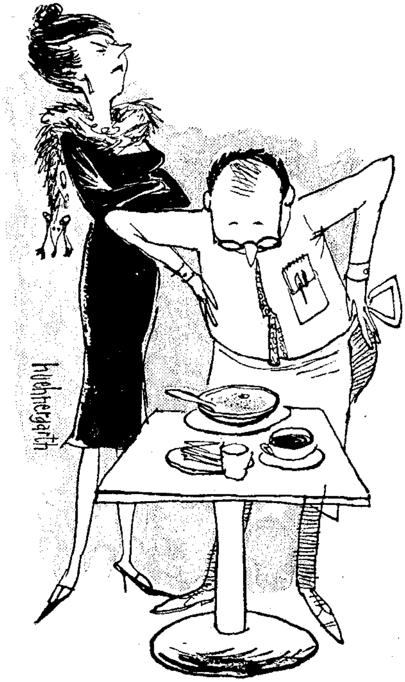
A MOTHER WHO had been teaching her children to be mannerly on the telephone overheard her eight-year-old daughter answering a call: "I'm sorry, sir," the young lady said, "you must have a wrong number. But would you like to leave a message?" —THEODORE THOMAS

A CHURCH IN the San Fernando Valley recently stopped buying from its regular office supply dealer. It seems that when they ordered some small pencils to be used in the pews for visitors to register, the dealer sent golf pencils, each stamped with the words: "Play Golf Next Sunday." —CARROLL E. WORD

OUR FIVE-YEAR-OLD SON Petee was annoyed because the little neighbor boy had not invited him to his party. Finally, at the last minute Johnny came over and invited Petee to the party. But Petee declined, saying: "It's too late now, I've already prayed for a hurricane." —MRS. MILDRED SCHALER

MY FRIEND, WEARING her new hat with a lovely striped bow at the back, started out to do some shopping. Walking along she passed a smartly dressed lady wearing an identical hat except that the bow of her hat was at the front. My friend, feeling she was wearing the bow in the wrong place switched it around to the front. Coming home later whom did she see but the same lady still wearing the identical hat. *She* had switched her bow to the back of her hat. —MRS. FRED SMITH

BY DR. CHARLES A. LEVINSON



"There's a stone in the oatmeal!"

Fake broken tooth claims take a multimillion dollar bite out of your restaurant bill

When the insurance department of a large Boston restaurant chain called recently to have me examine a man who claimed he'd damaged his mouth at one of their lunch counters, I had a hunch what was coming.

For 31 years a sideline of my dental practice has been to serve as a sort of "dental Sherlock Holmes," an advisor to insurance companies, an impartial examiner for the Massachusetts Industrial Accident Board and liaison between the dental, medical and bar associations of the state. My avocation has been to expose swindlers who are collecting millions of dollars a year through the "foreign substances racket." Here's how it is supposed to work:

The man referred to my office by the Boston restaurant was a 50-year-old widower and part-time carpenter who told me, as I was seating him in the dentist's chair, that he had been eating blueberry pie à la mode at the lunch counter. On his second bite he felt his gum pierced by a sharp object in the upper left molar region. Probing, he pulled out a rusty tack. He exhibited the tack to me in a bloodied paper napkin from the restaurant.

I stepped out of the office to sterilize my hands, but my assistant stayed behind in the doorway, unbeknownst to our visitor. As soon as I left the room, she saw him digging something furiously into the "injured" side of his mouth. She reported this to me at once, and when I examined the patient, I found a fresh laceration, and, in the man's clenched fist, the rusty tack! This was enough to send the would-be swindler packing without pressing his claim.

Actually he got off lucky, for had he collected $100 or more from the insurance company he would have been guilty of larceny by false pretenses, punishable by a jail sentence of a year or more.

Unfortunately, many cases of this kind are settled on the spot by restaurant owners who are willing to pay small sums to avoid a public scene or the nuisance of a claim. Not all insurance companies take pains and expense to investigate them, unless the claim is substantial. And, very often, the laws of the state favor the racketeer.

In 32 states, great leeway is granted to claimants against manufacturers, restaurateurs and vendors. Usually the "victim" need only prove that he has bought the food and received personal injury from it. There are far fewer claims of this kind in states such as Connecticut and New Jersey, where the claimant must prove *negligence* on the part of the defendants.

Of course every dollar paid out in fake food claims really comes out of the pockets of all of us, for the cost is passed on in higher insurance rates to the vendor and higher prices for the consumer.

I have examined thousands of persons claiming tooth and mouth damage caused by foreign substances in food, and talked with dozens of insurance company investigators. We are agreed that nearly 90 percent of such claims are either completely phony or grossly exaggerated. There is no complete single record of amounts paid each year by businesses, individuals and insurance companies to persons claiming this kind of damage. But, based on insurance records I have examined, I estimate the total to be in the multimillions a year. This does not include millions involving alleged food poisoning, a related racket. I am convinced that a large share of this is pure larceny.

Two years ago, I was asked to examine a young housewife who claimed she had a growth on her soft palate caused by choking on a small piece of wire imbedded in hamburger she'd bought at a supermarket. At her lawyer's request, the examination took place in her physician's office. The doctor told me that his patient had come to him at the time of the injury, four months before, with the wire and a pierced soft palate. He said that she had never been troubled by the palate before, but since the accident the small growth had developed.

I was suspicious. I'd had dealings with this doctor in other food claim cases. It appeared that the woman, doctor and lawyer were building up a case. (It is not uncommon for claimants to work hand in hand with unscrupulous dentists, physicians and lawyers, with whom they share their loot.) But what if the growth turned out to be cancer? I decided to do a little investigating.

I found that, not far from the woman's house in Boston, there was a hospital that specialized in treating growths, both benign and malignant. On a gamble, I visited the hospital and asked the director if he had any records on the claimant. In a few minutes he produced records showing that she had been to this clinic for treatment of a growth on her palate *several years before the alleged hamburger incident*!

Most of the foreign substance racket cases 25 years ago were in big cities like New York. In recent years, however, records show the fraud has spread to smaller cities and towns in the South, the West and New England. The following New York case is classic.

A well-dressed woman entered a Times Square cafeteria and ordered a breakfast of fruit juice, oatmeal, coffee and toast. While eating, she grimaced suddenly, went up to the counterman and complained that there was a stone in her oatmeal and that she had broken off her front tooth on it. The manager was immediately called.

"You can put in a claim against us," he told her, after sympathizing. "We are insured against foreign substance cases."

The lady left the restaurant with the address of the insurance adjustor. Outside the cafeteria she stopped a policeman and asked to be directed to the nearest dentist's office. The dentist examined the broken tooth and estimated that the cost of repairing it with a porcelain crown would be $100.

At the insurance office the woman became very distraught. Her appearance was ruined she wailed. She was only in New York for a day, between trains en route to visit a sister in the West. What to do? The insurance agent, in consideration for her predicament, hurried her to the company's examining dentist, who confirmed the necessity for a crown at $100. The adjustor then offered to make a quick settlement, and even paid it in cash.

It was all very easy. But the lady was greedy. Next morning she repeated her routine in another cafeteria. This time, the manager gave her the address of the examining dentist and phoned him to arrange an appointment at once. By chance, the two cafeterias were insured by the same company, and the dentist immediately recognized the description of his patient of the day before. The lady, of course, was too smart to go back to him. She has vanished, but I wonder how many times since, in how many cities, she has found "a stone in the oatmeal" and exhibited that same broken tooth.

Sometimes these fakers are sent to jail, such as the Syracuse man who "broke two teeth" on a pit while eating peach pie and collected from several bakers in the city before investigators exposed him. More often, once the swindler has been exposed, restaurant owners do not take the trouble to prosecute.

During three weeks of November 1958, for example, three identical claims for gum and tooth damage, supposedly caused by biting on bits of glass in food, were made by the same man in St. Louis and Kansas City. A month later he turned up in Minneapolis pulling the same game. An insurance company circular had gone out alerting adjustors to this crook's activities, and he was confronted by the evidence of his larceny. But the intended victim didn't press charges. The phony claimant is now listed in insurance company circulars as probably still active.

Of course, we all have encountered stones, glass, string and other foreign matter in food, at home and in restaurants. Most of the time we manage to remove it without damage and think no more of it. Unfortunately, this normal experience gives larcenous ideas to that ever-present fraction of the population that wants something for nothing. When the opportunity of a dental injury presents itself these individuals are ready to put their schemes to work. Very often insurance investigators find that people who make phony food claims have a long record of automobile, accident and property loss claims too, usually fake.

Often the food claims are easy to unmask. The damage may be obviously of long standing or physically impossible, as in the case of a teacher who said she split an upper molar biting on a piece of coke in some bread—but who had no lower molars on that side to bite against.

The way to fight this racket is *never settle a claim on the spot,* not even the "nuisance" claims of people who offer to "forget the whole thing" for $25 in cash. If the claimant is honest, an investigation will only confirm his complaint. But if a crooked claim goes unchallenged the racket will continue to spread, indirectly costing all of us money.

a matter of money

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Fabulous fruit from tiny trees

by Norman and Madelyn Carlisle

A BALTIMORE SUBURBANITE shopping for a couple of apple trees for his back yard was startled when the nurseryman offered to fit a dozen trees into his small plot guaranteed to bear fruit in two or three seasons.

This prediction was no exaggerated sales talk. In less than two years, the suburbanite was harvesting fruit from his back-yard orchard.

What made this possible was the dwarf fruit tree—a botanical marvel that bears full-sized fruit on trees half the height and a fraction of the spread of regular growths of the same varieties. These dwarfs are so small that as many as a dozen of them can be put into the space required by a single ordinary tree.

Though not a new discovery—the process of creating dwarf trees has been known for centuries—American nurseries have only recently succeeded in turning them out on a mass production basis. It is estimated that already more than 3,000,000 are growing in back-yard and commercial orchards, and new ones are being raised at the rate of about 750,000 a year.

"And that's only a start," says Paul Stark Jr., vice president of Stark Bro's Nurseries, America's largest nursery. "We think there are at least 10,000,000 suburbanites in the U.S. who will sooner or later be planting dwarf-tree orchards."

This view is seconded by Dr. Karl Sax, former director of Harvard's Arnold Arboretum, who set up a dwarf orchard there. "There's no excuse any more for planting full-sized trees in home yards," he says.

The secret of trees that grow old

but never grow up lies in a combination of two separate trees, in which the fruit-bearing portion of one is grafted to the root of another. To create a dwarf Anjou pear tree, for example, the nurseryman takes the root of a tree which is naturally short —in this case the quince. To the quince root he grafts a fruit-bearing portion of an Anjou pear tree. The resulting tree will grow Anjou pears, but it will reach only the height of a quince tree.

Of course, a given fruit won't necessarily grow properly when grafted to just any root. It has taken a lot of experimentation to find the right combinations. The pint-sized marvels that result from such unions have qualities all their own. Sometimes a dwarf tree will astonish its owner by producing fruit the first year; there's definitely something wrong with one that isn't laden with fruit in four years. They are always a good five years or more ahead of standard trees.

Miniature trees generally bear larger and better-looking fruit than big trees. Last year a delighted back-yard orchardist in Wisconsin picked a "dwarf" Wealthy apple which measured 12½ inches around! On standard trees there is often considerable variation in fruit size. On a dwarf, the fruit is more likely to live up to the glowing promise of the nursery catalogues. It's as if the energy which goes to make large branches and more fruit in a big tree is used to create better and bigger fruit in the dwarf varieties.

A dwarf tree does not bear nearly as much fruit as a large tree, but a modest planting of varieties bearing at different times can turn out fruit on the installment plan in quantities about right for family consumption. Conservative estimates are a bushel a tree for pears, plums and cherries, a bushel and a half per tree for peaches. Apples offer big variations in yield, some as low as one bushel, others boasting up to 25 40-pound boxes in a single season.

What's the smallest space suitable for a back-yard orchard? Ten feet between trees is normal but not a fixed rule. In an experiment at Oregon State College, scientists crowded dwarf apple trees into rows only four feet apart. In their fifth year they were averaging about two 40-pound boxes per tree.

Dwarf trees can be used as an attractive hedge which yields a crop of fruit as a bonus. They can even be planted right up against a sunny house or garage wall by using the ancient European art of espaliering, which calls for training a tree to grow in two dimensions instead of three. It's done by careful pruning and tying of branches. The same technique can turn dwarf fruit trees into ornamental fences because they can be induced to grow in almost any shape or pattern. Some nurseries sell special espaliered dwarfs that are already partly trained.

I. B. Lucas, a Canadian fruit authority, has successfully raised dwarf peaches in a part of Ontario where temperatures drop to 40 degrees below zero. In Iowa, when a series of winter blizzards destroyed 90 percent of the ordinary apple trees, dwarf apples survived handily. Elsewhere, a disastrous drought that ruined many orchards left dwarf trees virtually untouched.

Though these sturdy dwarfs will not take care of themselves completely, what care they do need is so easy that commercial orchards are turning to midget fruit trees.

Spraying becomes a simple operation involving an inexpensive hand sprayer used by a person standing on the ground. Pruning a five-to-ten-foot tree, with fewer branches, doesn't take a fraction of the effort needed to keep a heavily branched 25-foot tree in shape. And fertilizing is a matter of only minutes a year per tree. Dr. Sax says that a few handfuls of regular garden fertilizer spread around the base of a dwarf tree will nourish a five-year-old tree for a year.

Midget trees cost about $3.50 to $5 apiece, and a buyer had better make sure he can rely on the nursery where he gets them or his purchase can turn out to be like the "dwarf" trees some unhappy New Jersey homeowners bought from a nursery going out of business. The alleged dwarfs are now ten years old, 20 feet high and haven't borne any fruit.

Reputable firms will tell you just what rootstocks they use and how they put their trees together. The complicated process of creating a dwarf tree is reason for suspicion of too low a price.

Consider the method of compounding dwarf apple trees worked out by the Stark Nurseries, which have pioneered mass production of diminutive fruit trees:

For rootstock a small apple tree grown only in France is used. Its seeds are sent to America, where they are planted in the Yakima Valley of Washington. When the young trees are a year old, they're dug up and shipped to the Stark Nurseries in Louisiana, Missouri, where branches of other varieties are grafted onto them. Then they are shipped to a third nursery, in Porum, Oklahoma, where they'll develop best. There they grow for two more years before being sent back to the home nursery in Missouri for shipment to customers.

In some varieties, an extra step is taken. To the rootstock the experts add an "interstem," a graft of a kind of tree which will produce a stronger trunk. The variety of fruit the tree is intended to bear is grafted to the interstem.

Most people will be content to buy dwarf trees which have already had the size processed out of them. But if you're a do-it-yourselfer, and have an oversized green thumb, there are fascinating ways you can try making little ones out of big ones yourself. You can, of course, do it just the way the nurseries do, buying from them rootstocks of the proper type (your nurseryman will tell you what to buy) and doing your own grafting. Or you can take a very young fruit tree (a regular one, not a dwarf) and simply tie a knot in its trunk while it is only a whip-like stem. In two years the knot will be just a bulge on the tree's trunk. This stunts the tree by slowing down the sap flow to the roots.

Another way is called "bark inversion"—best for dwarfing apple or pear trees. Slice off a band of bark, a few inches wide around the trunk, turn it bottom side up, then tie it back on. That slows the sap flow and may cut the size of a tree in half. But neither of these methods produces dwarfs as predictably sized as those developed by grafting.

You might experiment with another method: wrapping the roots in earth in a sheet of polyethylene plastic limits their spread. They won't bear as much fruit as dwarfs produced by other methods, but trees treated in this way will turn out to be the smallest of all, perfect for planting in tubs for decorative use on porches and patios.

Experts can provide you with the answers to almost any problem you'll encounter, except one:

How on earth are you going to keep the neighborhood kids away from all that luscious fruit, hanging at a level made to order for easy snitching?

DOG-GEREL

A MAN WALKED into a pet shop, pointed to a large dog in a cage and said: "How much do you want for that big dog?"

"Fifty dollars," replied the clerk.

"And how much for that small fellow over there?" asked the customer.

"One hundred dollars," was the reply.

"And for that tiny one?"

"Two hundred dollars."

The customer looked puzzled. "How much," he asked, "will it cost me if I don't buy a dog at all?"

—F. G. KERNAN *(Quote)*

AN ADMIRING CONSTITUENT of a South Carolina Congressman gave him one of those vest-pocket-sized chihuahuas to take home to his children. The Congressman was leading the dog by a cotton string when a mountaineer stopped him.

"Is that a reg'lar dog?" the man asked.

"Yes, it's a chi—. Well, I can't pronounce the name of it," said the Congressman, "but it's some kind of Mexican dog."

"Just a pup, I reckon?"

"No, it's full-grown."

"Well," remarked the mountaineer, "that's the least dog I ever seen at one time."

—EDGAR BLOCK

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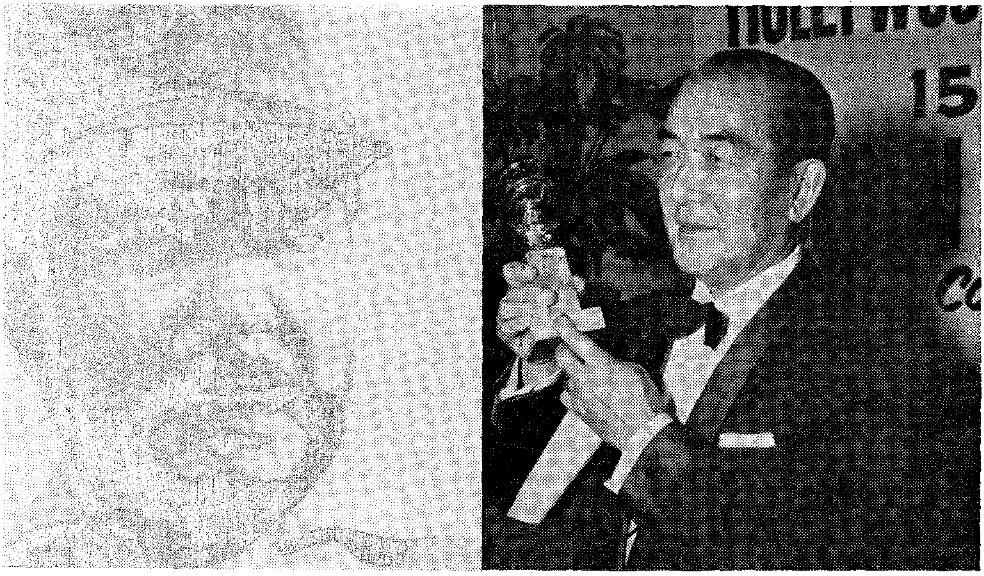
With fanatical faith,
Japanese actor Sessue Hayakawa
believes that destiny
chose him to make villainy an heroic art



Honorable "bad guy"

BY RICHARD HUBLER

FEW VILLAINS IN STAGE or motion picture history have been more roundly detested by audiences than Sessue Hayakawa. Yet the world-famous Japanese actor cherishes his villainy—believing with religious fervor that destiny has chosen him to create "a new kind of dirty dog." ■ "Fate has made me what I am," he says. "I had nothing to do with it." The silent screen's first great Oriental menace, Hayakawa still plays villains with oily malevolence, but also brings a sympathetic dimension to such change-of-pace roles as a bandy-legged *Samurai* warrior on the western TV show, *Wagon Train*, or a mute island castaway in the Broadway play, *Kataki.* ■ When asked to sum up his life, Hayakawa quotes a line from a famous Japanese poem: "See, the naked beggar goes, wearing heaven and earth for clothes!" But he is no naked beggar. He was a Hollywood star at 27 and the millionaire boss of his own movie company three years later. Even now—a balding, bespectacled cherub who will be 72 in June—he is busily prolonging a career that frequently has flickered, but never died. ■ Hayakawa estimates that he has appeared in 130 movies—an average of nearly three a year—and has played a wide range of improbable classical roles on the stage: among them, *Hamlet, Macbeth* and *Othello.* ■ "Like the old knights of Japan," he says, "I have two swords—the stage and the movies—and a little dagger called television. I use them to slash my way around the world." And Hayakawa can work almost anywhere, since he has taught himself to speak English, Chinese, Spanish, French, German, East Indian and Malay. ■ Since his heyday as a handsome Oriental "heavy," Hayakawa has put on weight and lost most of his sleek black hair. But still he radiates the indefinable assurance of a man who has made and spent the equivalent of six fortunes. Money has never meant much to him. (In 1919, to gratify a whim, he built a $250,000, four-story Scottish castle in the heart of Hollywood; and in 1926 he took a weekly loss of $6,000 to appear in a play—simply because he liked the script.) ■ This flamboyant streak, he claims, is part of his fate in life. "No matter what I willed," he says, "it turned out as it had to be." Hayakawa is a disciple of Zen, one of the leading sects of the Buddhist religion. He describes Zen as a "natural mysticism" where everything that will be, will be. Thus he serenely believes that nothing can happen to him that is not predestined. "I use every minute to the full," he explains, "and I do not worry about the past. I have sympathy for everything in the world."

Zen Buddhism has enabled Hayakawa to understand the villainous characters whom he almost always portrays. "I have never done a part where the 'bad guy' is stupid, crude or vicious," he says. "I try to give him reasons, to make him understandable. The men I play are intelligent and, in their way, honorable —but on the wrong side of life."

HAYAKAWA believes that fate singled him out to give villains special stature, basing this conclusion on three separate omens. Once, in Japan, a mysterious old man predicted that his life would be "changed by water." Then, in Chicago, another seer told him that he had seen his name in the sky, the letter H "like crossed bamboo sticks." The last prophecy, made in Hollywood, foretold fame and fortune. Hayakawa bought Cadillacs for each prognosticator, but, he says sadly, "when I searched for them they had vanished."

These predictions did not turn out exactly as he had expected. Born on June 10, 1889, Hayakawa had a boyhood ambition to be an admiral in the Japanese Navy and enrolled in the Naval Academy. But one summer, while skin diving at a depth of nearly 80 feet, he ruptured both eardrums. The resulting infection nearly killed him but, Hayakawa points out, "the prophecy was fulfilled. Water had changed my life."

Subsequently, he went to the U.S. to study political science at the University of Chicago. While there he organized an amateur theater troupe and put on a play in which he starred as a Japanese man-of-the-world. Thomas Ince, an early movie tycoon, saw Hayakawa perform and promptly shipped him off to California under a six-month contract.

One of Hayakawa's first decisions was to change his first name from Kintaro to the more mysterious Sessue. "Kintaro is the name of a boy who rides a bear in a popular Japanese fairy tale," says Hayakawa, "and I have been doing it all my life."

In his first movie, *Typhoon*, made in 1916, Hayakawa portrayed a Japanese diplomat. His six-week salary of $6,000 equaled that of Dustin Farnum, then one of the biggest names in pictures. From then on, the dapper young Japanese was in constant demand. In four years, he made 24 pictures for Paramount at a salary that eventually exceeded $5,000 a week

In 1919 Hayakawa established his own movie company and made eight pictures a year for four years—paying himself $200,000 for each one. He also met and married a beautiful young Japanese actress, Tsuru Aoki. Together, they quickly became an extravagant legend in Hollywood. When Hayakawa wasn't darting around town either in his special Pierce-Arrow or in one of his two Cadillacs, he would throw ornate tea parties for 600 friends, or hire three orchestras to serenade 250 at supper dances. "We measured our success by the number of the parties we gave," he says wryly, "and the success of the parties was estimated by the number of guests left dead drunk on the floor. A dozen 'dead' was satisfactory, but not outstanding."

When the rage for Japanese villains began to wane, Hayakawa snapped up an offer to do a picture in Paris. Then he hopped across the Channel to England to star in a play. Lee Shubert, the New York impresario, "rediscovered" Hayakawa in London and brought him to the U.S. to star in a Broadway show called *The Love City*. Hayakawa backed the play with his own cash, eventually losing about $150,000, and in 1930 returned to Hollywood to refurbish his bank account.

"By this time," he confides, "I was sure of my fate. I might change or improve my existence in small ways, but no will of mine would change what would happen." Armored with this conviction, he went back to Japan, starring in a play with an all-Chinese cast. The Japanese playgoers and the Chinese actors hated each other cordially, yet the show ran for six years. "I never got so sick of one role in all my life," Hayakawa admits.

In 1932, during the prewar tension between China and Japan, he went on a lecture tour of the Orient, his speeches stressing the need for peace in the Far East. This made him unpopular with Japan's hotheaded militarists, and during the subsequent reign of terror in Japan, many of his friends and family were murdered by pro-war fanatics.

In 1936, Hayakawa came to Hollywood to create the memorable role of the evil Chinese, Fu Manchu, and a year later he packed one suitcase and set out to make a movie in France. He did not return to Japan for 12 years.

What delayed his return was World War II. "If I had remained in Japan, I would have been assassinated," says Hayakawa. "As it was, I was merely interned in Paris as an alien." Red tape kept him "prisoner" until 1949.

During that time, he appeared in 17 French movies, some of which were banned because they were not pro-Nazi. He volunteered to work in the resistance movement, aiding and hiding French parachutists, and also began to paint. (One of his water colors sold for $600.)

In 1948, Humphrey Bogart, an old friend, offered Hayakawa a leading role in a movie called *Tokyo Joe*. His request to re-enter the U.S. prompted an intensive ten-day investigation by the Navy, Army, F.B.I. and State Department. "But there was nothing against me. There could have been nothing," he says.

From Hollywood, he continued on to Japan to rejoin his wife, his son Yukio and his two daughters, Yoshiko and Fujiko. They had all been commandeered for labor duty by the Government but had managed to avoid active military service.

Hayakawa's return to the top was slow; his name no longer awed Japanese producers. Then in 1956, he received the movie script of *The Bridge on the River Kwai.* Hayakawa rejected the role of the ruthless Japanese prison commandant, but his wife urged him to reconsider.

"But what's it all about?" Hayakawa demanded peevishly.

"Who knows?" she smiled sweetly.

This enigmatic reply, in the best Zen Buddhist tradition, changed Hayakawa's mind. He accepted the role and carefully fashioned it into the finest of his career, one for which he received an Academy Award nomination. Now, his asking price for five weeks of movie work is about $100,000. He appears with his wife in his next movie, *The Big Wave,* filmed in Japan.

To relax, Hayakawa often frequents night clubs and burlesque houses. "The rhythm and grace of the strip tease is the last of a dying ritual in America," he says blandly. "Your attitude toward sex is not yet mature, but it is looking up!"

Hayakawa is occasionally resentful that his public has not allowed him to do more comedy. "I am tired of being tragic," he says. But when he essayed slapstick with Jerry Lewis in the movie *Geisha Boy,* the critics were shocked. One came to him privately and said: "You must suffer, Sessue. That is your destiny."

The criticism struck home, since Hayakawa is obsessed by his fate. "The danger for me," he says thoughtfully, "is that if I cease to believe in my destiny I will become many people instead of one. When that happens, I die."

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Struggling to conquer palsy, she won her place in life

BY CLARICE JACKSON

I believe in miracles

Not the lightning-from-heaven kind, but the kind that comes from patience, faith and works. Like my learning to walk and to talk, and getting through public school and the university with better than average credits. For most people these are normal events. But not for me, nor for my family. It is hard to explain what it is like to have cerebral palsy. But then, so is it hard to explain what it is like to be the first-born, or left-handed or brunette. I was born with cerebral palsy. It is the only life I know. I can never understand how my parents felt when they were confronted with the problem of me. I have an inkling of their hurt and worry from talking to dozens of parents who come to me with the problem of their own palsied child still new and throbbing. Cerebral palsy is not a disease. It is a disorder caused by damage to the brain cells. It may result from birth injury, illness, accident or a number of other causes. The majority of cerebral palsied people are "born that way," many others fall victim to it after a very healthy start in life.

My own palsied condition was caused by birth injury. I was bruised and scarred from forceps delivery. The doctor thought I was dead. But Grandmother was determined that I would live. She and the midwife worked with me until there was no doubt that I breathed. I was very weak. I didn't cry. I grunted and whined like a little animal. I couldn't nurse. Grandmother fed me a drop at a time from a spoon.

After a few days, I seemed stronger. "She had a hard time getting here," Grandmother said. "But she'll come out of it in a few days."

It seemed for awhile that she was right. I did "come out of it." No one dreamed that I was a cripple.

I seemed to grow and develop normally. I sat alone at six months. I responded with squeals and jabberings when they talked to me. But Mother suspected that all was not well. My movements were tense and erratic. I did not grasp toys well. I did not kick freely when I played. But then I was never sick. When we returned to Oklahoma, I was a fat, rosy baby and they liked showing me off. Everybody agreed that I was a pretty baby—spoiled, though. And lazy. Didn't try to get around like most babies did.

I developed an ear infection that caused me to run a high fever for several days. When the fever left, I remained weak and apathetic. Mother was worried.

Later, Mother learned that I was cerebral-palsied. "Little's Disease," the doctor said. "There's no cure for it. She may never be any better."

Mother refused to accept it. "She'll be all right," she insisted to Father. "It all takes time."

But it took too much time. Mother worked with me by the hour to teach my hands to grasp toys. She propped me with pillows until I could sit alone again. She bicycled my legs to strengthen them. It was my apathy that worried her. I saw and understood everything that happened. But I made no effort to play alone.

IT WAS CLEAR that something was the matter with me. I was two years old and I acted like an infant. The first real explanation and hope came from young Dr. Mc——. "The brain is similar to a switchboard," he said. "The birth injury has scarred the sending line. She needs a new way over it. She is in good health. You might find a therapist who can teach her motor patterns with therapy."

They found Dr. S—— who agreed to try. "I can't cure her," he said bluntly. "But exercise will keep her muscles growing and pliant. If she makes any progress it will be her own doing."

Dr. S—— did help me. In a few weeks, I began to try a few shaky steps. I tried to play with my toys. My parents were elated. Dr. S—— was impressed but not optimistic. "As long as she wants to achieve, perhaps she can," he said. "But don't force her. She has an independent spirit. Let her use it."

I walked in the security of my walker, but I was beginning to want to walk without it. My younger cousin, Beryl Dean, was walking. I loved to play with her. Finally, on July 4, 1928, just before my third birthday, I began to walk.

That was the beginning of my triumph over cerebral palsy. My parents encouraged me. They never said, "You can't do it because you are crippled." But, "Well, try it. Maybe you can." It took years of patient training to teach me to feed myself, to dress myself, to play with toys or turn the pages of a book.

Schooling was the next concern. My parents knew that I had the mental capacity for formal education. When I was barely five, Mother began to teach me to read, write, spell and "do sums." By the time I was old enough to go to school, I was through with first-grade lessons.

But my physical condition was not that of a normal six year old. I couldn't walk more than a dozen steps without falling. I drooled. My hands dropped pencils and books. It would be a hardship for a teacher to have such a child in her class. Still I needed school. The contact with other children would mean as much as the work.

Mother bought my books and clothes. But she explained that I might not get to go to school because I was crippled. I understood and accepted it. But I thought that I probably would go. Everybody six years old went to school.

A few days before school opened, the teacher came to see us.

"I think Clarice can go to school," Miss Duckworth said. "I'll like having her in class."

Mother asked, "Will it upset the other children?"

"I can't see that it will," Miss Duckworth said. "They play with her at home. They are used to her. I think it will work out."

So I went to school.

The first day was an ordeal. Enrollment day I had been glad to have Mother there. All the other mothers were with their children. But the first school day, only my mother was there. It shamed me. I wished she would go. At last she did. I felt very grown-up at my tiny, brown desk.

When we had our first reading lesson and I was the only one who could read, the other children were impressed. It didn't matter that I was crippled. I could spell and "do sums" and I had just started school!

Lots of things happened that morning. We sang and played with clay and the twins in class cried for no reason that I could see. I was puzzled about it. Mother asked, "What did you do at school?"

"Oh, we read and sang and played with clay," I said. "And the twins cried a lot."

"What was the matter?"

"Oh, they were just 'scouraged," I said. Mother and Father smiled.

I made a successful transition into school. It bridged another chasm for me, too. That summer, my sister, Ruth, was born. I was delighted with the new baby, and I literally leaned over her crib in adoration. But I resented sharing Mother's attention with anyone—even the baby. Going to school eased the tension and helped me gain confidence.

I got along well with most children. But one little girl—Mary—was my special friend. From the fourth grade we were "best friends." But for Mary, I might not have adjusted to adolescence. There were physical and psychological changes that I half-understood and half-feared. Somehow I couldn't bear to discuss them with Mother. But I felt that Mary understood. We knew each other so well that we could almost read each other's thoughts.

The first day of high school was the worst day of my life. I wanted to be poised and polished. Instead I was frightened and awkward. Changing classes and teachers every hour was physically and emotionally exhausting. Mary and I had most of our classes together. We got along very well until late afternoon. Mary helped me up the stairs to my last class and returned to the first floor.

My slow walking made me late and when I reached the science room, the class was gone on a field trip. I panicked. Horrible thoughts crowded my mind. The janitor came in and found me. He frightened me. I burst into tears.

"Say, now, there's no need to cry," he said. "What's your name?"

I told him. I quit crying. I liked this man.

"I'm Pop Irons," he said. "I work here. Come on. I'll take you to the office. We'll get it all straight."

From then on Pop was my friend. He had made high school bearable, but it still wasn't easy. I was afraid people didn't like me because I was crippled. I smiled often out of habit. But I would go home in tears. I couldn't go back to school, I wailed.

"Stop that crying right now," Father said. "You are going to school because you must have an education. How else will you get along in life?"

I couldn't answer him. I cried harder. Mother said firmly, "Your father is right. Stay for the first quarter, then if you can't make it, you may quit."

That time limit was a goal. I felt that I didn't have to try so hard. I relaxed and enjoyed myself. I forgot I hated school. But the storm had not passed. My natural curiosity about people conflicted with my desire to shrink away. My clumsy movements made me self-conscious. I dreaded going out in public.

At home, I was on safer ground. I had the advantageous role of "big sister." I helped the children with their school work. I helped supervise their activities. I was responsible for knowing where they were and what they were doing. Someone was always at our house. Mother was a gracious hostess. She was able to make people feel at ease and she saw that we learned it, too.

GRADUALLY, I gained confidence. I made good grades. I wrote lyric poetry that was published in the school paper. I wrote a weekly news column for our home-town paper. That opened a way for me to meet many people.

By the time I finished high school, I was ready to go to college with Mary. My family was happy that I wanted to go but, for the first time, Mother discouraged my efforts. I still needed help to dress and feed myself. She was afraid that I could not do it alone. But I went anyway.

Before I was on the campus a day, I knew a dozen people. Everyone was friendly and helpful. Classwork was not difficult. The professors were ready to help me when I needed it. I was as happy as I had ever been in my life. When I returned home from school at Thanksgiving I walked better. My speech was clearer. I used my hands with more dexterity. And I was developing into an individual.

Going away to school, I was forced to solve my own difficulties. My parents were not on hand to cushion the blows or guide me through crises.

One of those crises was my penmanship. I could manage to take notes and to fill in the blanks on examinations, but themes and research papers were another matter. I needed a secretary.

There was a visually handicapped girl in the freshman class. Reading was a problem for her. We pooled our resources and began to study together. We would talk about what we would do when we were out of college. "I want to be a writer," I said. "Since I have learned to read, I have wanted to write."

"How can you be a writer when you can't type?" she asked bluntly.

"I wish I could," I said. "If I could type with one finger it would help."

"Why don't you try?" she urged.

"I can't even hit the keys," I said. "I had a typewriter once, but I couldn't use it."

"Maybe you can type now."

"I might. But I don't have a typewriter to try," I replied.

"Well, I have," she said. "Try it."

"I'm afraid I'll break your machine," I said.

"No you won't," she answered.

I managed to bang out a half page of copy with my left forefinger. I was so tired that I shook. I began to practice a little every day. My aim was poor. My typing was terrible. It was slow—even painful. I couldn't type more than a paragraph without resting. Improvement was so slow that sometimes I thought I'd never learn. But I kept working. After years of grueling practice, I could type readable copy.

I had received my bachelor's degree by that time. I knew that I wanted to write. And I wanted to be a teacher of palsied children. The University of Oklahoma had awarded me a scholarship to study special education needs. I thought that I would be placed in a job to teach palsied children after I completed my training. But when the time came, there was no job for me.

I was despondent. I felt that I was a failure. I was sure that I was a burden. That summer, Mother suffered a heart attack that kept her bedfast for weeks. The younger children were working at part-time jobs and going to school. I was faced with running the household. My family wondered if I could do it.

I learned to cook. I managed to keep the family fed, clothed and working. I acquired new skills. I improved emotionally. My mental attitude changed. I was doing a job that was necessary to other people. By the time Mother was up again, I was looking for a job. I couldn't teach school or clerk. But I could baby-sit.

Children liked me. I liked them. I liked telling them stories, playing games and singing songs. I was a popular baby sitter, but I wanted a more permanent job.

One day, a woman called me to ask if I would care for her children five days a week. I was delighted, but I had to be fair. "You know that I am crippled?" I asked her.

"Yes," she said. "You were recommended to me. If you'll come to see me, we'll work something out."

"I'll be there," I said. I stayed three years, until the younger child was in school. They were happy, productive years. I grew spiritually, knowing that I was really making a contribution.

I heard about a professional writing class at the college. It met once a week, so I joined it. The decision was a turning point. I spent every spare minute writing and studying. My typing, which was still slow, improved. The teacher was encouraging. "You can learn to write," he said. "Stick with it. You'll make it if you don't give up. Write every day, whether you want to or not."

So I wrote and I rewrote.

At last, I sent a short article to a religious publication. Back came a check! I sent a few more articles to the magazine. More small checks. I got braver. I sent out two short stories. They came back—promptly.

My teacher was sympathetic. "You have done better than anyone in the class so far," he said. "No one else has a check except the girl who won the essay contest. Write what you know."

I took his advice and wrote an article on living with physical handicaps for a medical publication. They bought it.

Somehow, I knew that I had found my reason for being. I could look back on all that had happened and see how it had shaped me for my place in life. I know that I can never explain it. But those who pass that way will understand. Those who see us pass will wonder. But all will recognize the miracle.

HOUSE HUNTING MADE EASY

WHAT THE AD SAYS	TRANSLATION
Sacrifice!!!	White elephant
Two stories	One in the ad, another when you see the house
Magnificent view of the water	Just open the cellar door and look down
TV room	Storage alcove
Breezeway	The entire house in winter
Patio	The sidewalk between house and garage
Picturesque rural setting	Accessible only by helicopter

—PATRICIA K. BROOKS

Mosco

One day two ye
Ann Stone, 14,
her London ho
"Mommy," she
going to Russia
A gifted young
dancer, she ha
received a scho
Moscow's famo
Bolshoi Ballet S
parents hesitat
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for four years. B
said, "I may nev
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sailed for the U
Far from home,
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girl found new
friends—and a
fulfill her dream
becoming a gre

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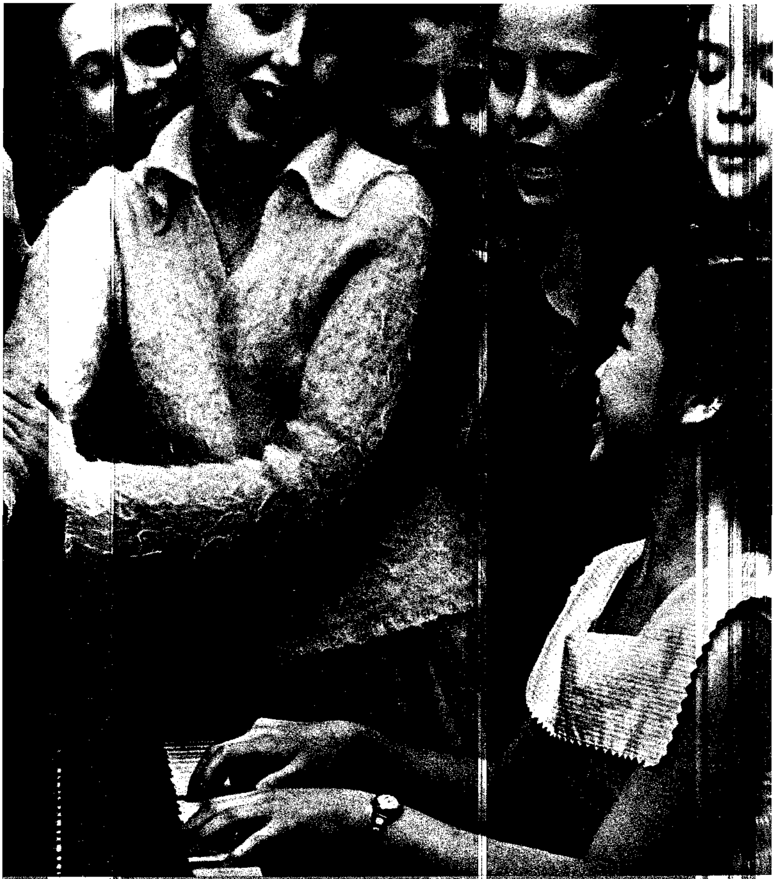
Text by Richard K



Seasick and speaking no Russian, Ann arrived in Leningrad a
the *Baltika,* the Soviet ship that in 1960 brought Khrushchev
to the U.S., and promptly shocked her hosts by wearing slack
her first press conference. "Unladylike," sniffed a
Soviet reporter. In Moscow, Ann and 50 other Bolshoi student
live at the Internat dormitory, where she is the oldest
student—and the only one from a non-Communist nation. (Th
Bolshoi's lone American, Stacia Stevens, 17, who graduated

last year, did not live at the Internat.) Ann, a five-foot, one-inch, 104-pound redhead, has a room to herself and wears her own clothes instead of the school uniform. In the evening, she and her classmates gather around the piano and sing their national songs, and on Monday—her one day off—Ann has tea at the British Embassy or strolls down to Red Square for ice cream. "But I still haven't visited the Kremlin," she moans, "and last year it broke my heart when I missed *My Fair Lady*."

1870 В И ЛЕНИН 1960

Under bulletin board covered with pictures of Lenin, Ann studies Russian with Central Asian friend Sonia Akbarova. "We almost never talk politics. That's not what we're here for."

[illegible] spends hours on fundamentals. “I must catch up,” she explains. “The Russian girls start dancing at a much earlier age.”

"Winter is fun in Moscow," says Ann, "although at the beginning I caught a cold every week. Sometimes a few of us rent a troika and go galloping through the snow."

A self-reliant girl, Ann keeps within a tight budget. Her father, a London superintendent, sends pocket money whenever he can. "I use it for air-mail stamps and fruit," she explains. "I do my own laundry and mending." Ann wakes to a bugle call at 7:30 A.M. After inspection—"they even examine *my* fingernails"—and breakfast—"I still miss Mommy's cooking"—she takes dancing lessons for about four hours. And now that she speaks passable Russian, she carries a full academic program.

Only once has she wanted to quit. "On my first Christmas away from home, I was in bed sick, my throat wrapped in medicated bandages. I felt so sorry for myself I cried all night."

A few days later, however, Galina Ulanova paid her a visit. "Imagine," gushes Ann, "the world's greatest ballerina sat on *my* bed! I barely had time to get my ironing out of sight!"

"It's been like a fairy tale come true," sighs Ann. At 16, she shyly insists she is still too young to go out on dates. "But at parties, I show my friends English dances (right), and they teach me Russian steps." She keeps a family photo tacked over her bed, and writes home three times a week—signing her name in Russian. Reminded that another London girl, Alice Marks, became a famous ballerina only after Russianizing her name to Alicia Markova, Ann bristles. "I'm going to stay Ann Stone—always!" she promises. Adds Bolshoi ballet director Assuaf Messerer: "Someday other girls will wish *they* were Ann Stone. She will be a great ballerina!" ♛

BY EUGENE MILLER

PENSION PLANS

Gold mine for the Golden Years

30,000,000 U.S. workers have a multimillion dollar stake in booming pension benefits

WHEN JEAN H——, a 29-year veteran employee at Sears, Roebuck and Co., retired recently, she got handshakes, dinners—and a fantastic retirement check from the Sears Savings and Profit Sharing Pension Fund for about $84,000.

Since Jean had deposited less than $5,000 into the pension fund, the check was a bonanza. The rest of the $84,000 came from company contributions and fund investments over the period of her employment.

Fat retirement benefits in the form of a big check and/or Sears stock are the rule for veteran Sears employees. Last year, retired Sears personnel with 25 to 30 years of service who had deposited an average of $5,000 into the fund, picked up an average of $80,000. Employees with 20 to 25 years' service who deposited an average of $4,000 got checks averaging $50,000. These are reasons why 148,000 Sears employees—more than 98 percent of all those eligible—have joined the plan.

Members of the fund deposit five percent of their salaries (maximum: $500 a year) into the plan. Veteran employees often get four times as much of the company's contribution, based on profits, as newcomers.

The fund is invested mainly in Sears common stock. Largely because of the huge appreciation in Sears stocks, the principal has grown spectacularly. The fund owns $1.4 billion of securities—including more than 26 percent of all outstanding Sears stock, making it the biggest stockholder in the company.

Sears is not alone in providing retirement bonanzas. Take the case of Joe W——, an employee in the production department of Shell Oil Co., who recently retired at age 65 after 41 years of service. Joe's earnings during his last five years of employment averaged $700 a month. Over his whole career he had earned an average of $320 a month. On retirement he began drawing a $272-a-month pension, toward which he hadn't contributed a penny. From Shell's Provident Fund, Joe received

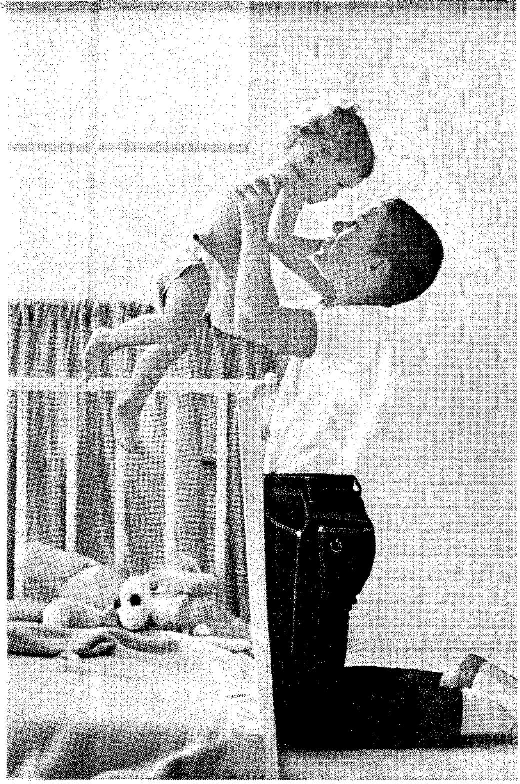
$41,748 in cash. An employee may put up to ten percent of his pay into the Provident Fund, with Shell matching it dollar for dollar. Joe's contributions to the Fund had totaled only $14,223; the rest came from company contributions, interest and dividends.

The Sears and Shell plans are striking examples of the new retirement bonanzas. According to the latest figures available 20,100,000 workers in private industry, 6,600,000 in Federal, state and local and 2,500,000 men and women in the Armed Forces are covered by retirement plans. In 1930, only one in 15 employees in private industry was covered; today, the ratio is close to one in four. By 1970, it's expected to be one in three.

Already in autos, steel, chemicals, oil, utilities, pension plans once reserved for top officials have been broadened to include the newest factory hand. Pension plans have yet to take hold in the tobacco, textile, furniture and service industries, where wage increases have taken priority over pensions.

The Keogh Bill now before Congress would generally permit the 9,500,000 self-employed workers to put $2,500 or ten percent of their earnings (whichever is less) tax-free into retirement funds. Washington political pros figure it should pass in a year or two.

A major reason why industry has broadened and improved pension benefits is union pressure. After World War II, Big Labor—mainly the United Steel Workers and United Auto Workers—made pen-



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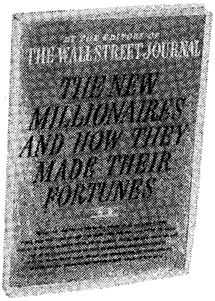

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sions their No. 1 contract goal. By 1950, they had pushed through pension plans in most mass production industries; soon these plans began showing up in others. During World War II's freeze on wages, many companies found they could use pensions to attract and keep workers.

Fifty years ago, few workers lived long enough to collect a pension. Now an increasing number of Americans are living beyond 65. Thus, financial independence after 65 is a necessity. That's one reason companies are under pressure to sweeten pension plans. The typical plan gives an employee 40 to 60 percent of his average pay, and this is constantly being raised. Over 60 percent of companies providing pensions today foot the entire cost.

For years, 65 was the normal retirement age, but many companies have lowered the requirement and also allow earlier retirement on part pensions. At W. T. Grant Co., for example, normal full retirement is 60, early retirement at 50. At United Air Lines normal retirement is 60, early retirement 50, and, with special permission, pilots may retire at 45.

Government retirement programs are often very generous. A New York City policeman can retire after 20 years service with about 50 percent of his average pay for the last five years. A Civil Service worker, after 30 years service, can retire at 60 on a pension of over 50 percent of his salary. A master sergeant in the Army can retire on $285 a month after 30 years service. A 40-year-old Navy commander with 20 years service can get a $372-a-month pension. He and his wife can travel free overseas annually on a Navy transport on a space-available-basis.

The "nest-egg" idea of Shell's Provident Fund is the hottest development in retirement, thinks Fred P. McKenzie, vice president of New York's Hanover Bank. Most oil companies have "thrift funds" and they're now spreading to steel, auto, natural gas and chemical industries.

Most companies contribute 50 cents for each dollar from the employee. The money is usually invested in stocks, and all dividends and profits reinvested. The special advantage of "thrift funds" is that no tax is paid on the fund's earnings until they are distributed to the employee at retirement. This tax-free feature means that thrift funds often grow five to ten percent a year.

In times of rising prices, persons on fixed pensions are among the hardest hit. One way companies have tackled this is by making cost-of-living adjustments to workers already retired, but this is expensive. Another approach, used by Long Island Lighting Co., as well as some of the major airlines, has been to provide variable annuity pensions which ordinarily fluctuate with the cost of living. If the cost of living goes up after an employee retires, his pension may increase; if living costs shrink, so may his monthly pension. Long Island Lighting officials say employees' reaction to the plan has been "good."

Vesting is another pension plum. Vesting gives an employee a right to part of the money his employer has

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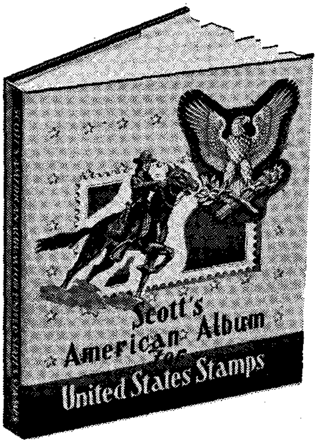

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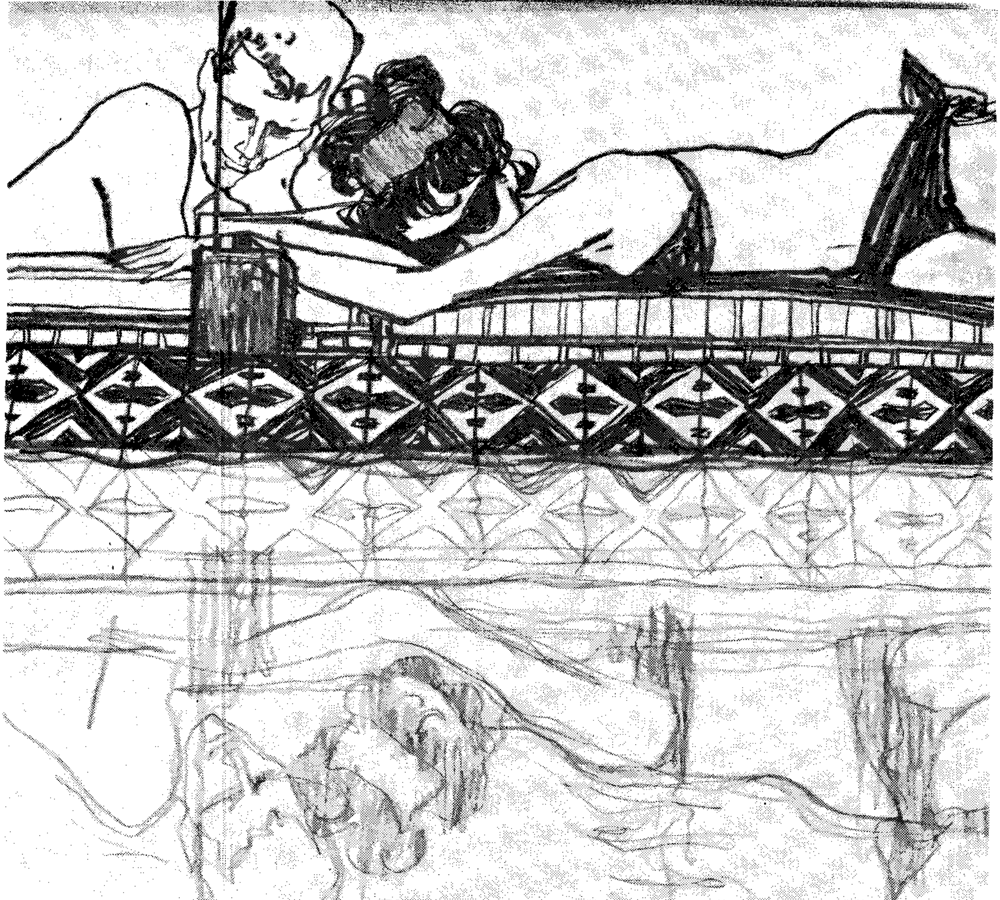
put into the company pension fund. Thus, if an employee who is vested leaves his company before normal retirement age, he can take his vested interest in cash or as a partial pension at age 65.

The idea behind vesting is that pension contributions by employers are, in a sense, deferred compensation and should ultimately be paid to workers whether they stay with the company or not. Lack of vesting, said Beardsley Ruml, late chairman of the board of R. H. Macy, "tends to lock employees to their jobs." At the same time, companies are reluctant to hire older workers because the costs of bringing them into the company's pension plan are great.

Vesting is spreading fast. In 1952, a survey of pension plans showed only a few with vesting provisions. In 1956, 27 percent of the plans had vesting. And vesting is now a standard feature in most new plans, according to Dr. Roger Murray, pension expert at Columbia's Graduate School of Business. Most companies limit vesting to older employees who have sizable service. American Sugar Refining Co., for example, vests employees with 15 years' service at age 50; Columbia Broadcasting System vests an employee from the day he comes to work.

The logical next step, according to pension experts, is to permit employees to build up pension credits the same as Social Security credits. Some of the recent Teamster Union contracts are just such "portable pensions." For example, a teamster with ten years of pension credits with a New York trucking firm



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might move to New Jersey, take a job with a warehousing company and get a pension benefit equal to the sum of those due him from his two employers. This idea of a portable pension has already become a political issue. It was one of the ideas pushed hard by New York Governor Nelson Rockefeller during his 1958 campaign.

There are other new boons in store for retiring employees. A few companies have written into their pension plans provisions for employees' widows. Other plans call for continuation of employees' medical and hospitalization insurance after retirement. And an increasing number of companies are developing pre-retirement programs so that employees find new interests and pleasure in retirement. One company has started giving some of its executives an extra month's vacation each year starting at 55, so that when they reach 65 they are adjusted to 12 months of not working.

For most companies such plans are still a long way off. But the tremendous growth of pension plans in recent years has opened up new vistas for America's working men and women. For millions of workers, these plans guarantee that at the end of the rainbow there will really be that pot of gold.

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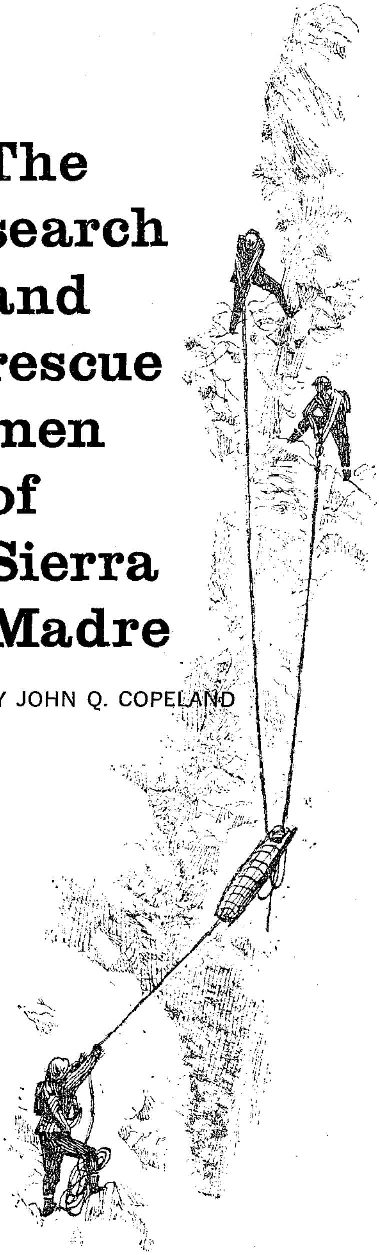
The search and rescue men of Sierra Madre

BY JOHN Q. COPELAND



THIRTEEN-YEAR-OLD Donald Burns and a group of hiking pals had almost reached the summit of two-mile-high Mt. San Gorgonio in Southern California. It was February 12, 1958—a bitter, freezing afternoon. The narrow trail was treacherously icy. Suddenly Donald cried out and, an instant later, slipped off the path before the horrified gaze of his companions. Down, down he plunged, crashing through bushes and branches that checked his fall but did not stop him, until he hit a ledge, 1,000 feet below.

Panic-stricken, the boys crowded around their adult leader. Far below, Donald's arms flapped weakly. He was alive! But how could they reach him? They shouted to him at the top of their lungs, but their voices were drowned out by the incessant roar of Big Falls, highest cataract in Southern California.

The leader told the boys to stand watch while he worked his way frantically back along the slippery trail to the nearest telephone, two miles away. There, he called Donald's parents. They in turn phoned the Sheriff, who alerted all professional rescue crews in the area. All raced to the accident scene.

For more than 20 hours, Mr. and Mrs. Burns watched with mounting despair as these men made seven desperate attempts from ground and air to reach their son. El Toro Marine Base Helicopter crews, veteran San Bernardino County Sheriff's rescue units, Norton Air Force Base mountain-climbing specialists and scores of the most daring Alpinists in the country, tried desperately—

without success—to reach the boy.

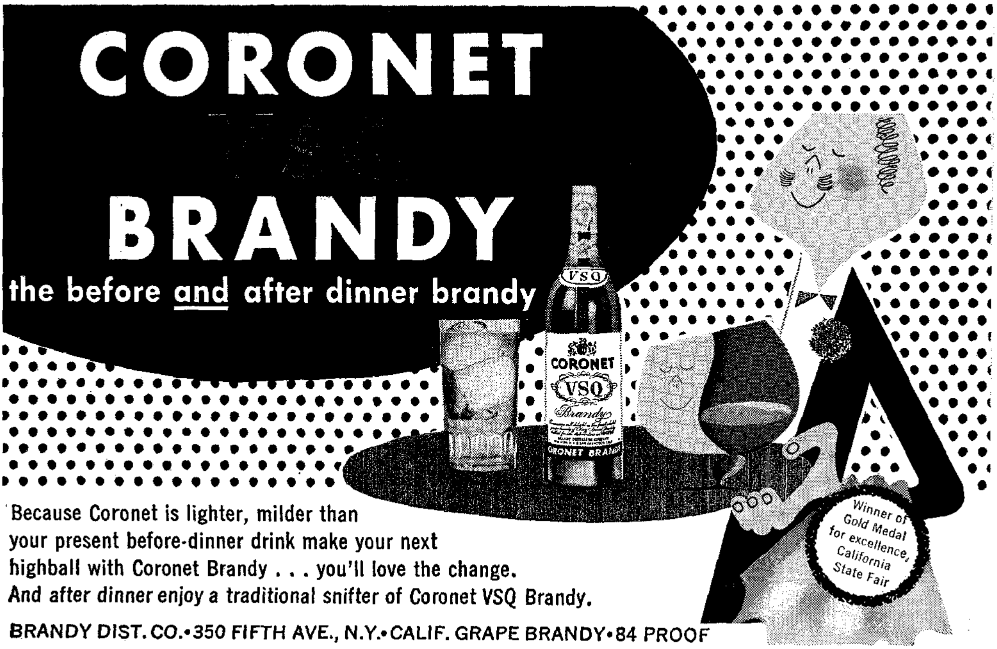
The next morning San Bernardino Sheriff Frank Bland telephoned the Los Angeles County Sheriff. He urgently asked for the volunteer reserve outfit known as the Sierra Madre Search and Rescue Team.

Six Search and Rescue men from the small suburban town of Sierra Madre, northeast of Pasadena, immediately rushed in Sheriff's cars, sirens screaming, more than 100 miles to San Gorgonio base camp. Their leader, Fred La Lone, a tall, 50-year-old Post Office clerk, studied the rugged terrain and reviewed the situation. At 2 P.M., he and Jon Mathews, 25, a Caltech physics instructor, went over the cliff's edge far above Donald Burns. Their half-inch nylon lines were secured by two assigned belay men—Miner Harkness, an insurance broker, and Ray Lorenzini, a brick mason.

Temperature was 8° F. Biting winds blew freezing spray from the falls; decomposed granite, snow slush and rock slides made the footing treacherous.

Two hours later Mathews reached Donald Burns' ledge. He was soon joined by Fred La Lone. They shortwaved the news—the boy had frozen to death. After performing simple, last rites, the two men in their orange nylon jackets climbed up on their frozen ropes.

La Lone and Mathews rested, then made a second descent to recover the body. Possibly they could have rescued Donald Burns alive, if their team had been called sooner. The record would seem to support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such a claim. Since its formation in 1951, the team of 20 non-paid mountain rescue volunteers has saved 315 people, mostly children, from death or dangerous exposure.

Search and Rescue is on call 24 hours a day. Team dispatchers serve on rotating shifts. Most rescues require from four to six men to handle wire-basket litters and ropes. Volunteers include factory workers, business and professional men, teachers, clerks, craftsmen and a community hospital administrator. Their employers pay their salaries when emergencies take them from their work.

These volunteers, mostly family men, devote long week ends to training sessions. They go out on simulated rescue missions, study rope-climbing techniques, map and compass reading, Indian tracking methods and advanced first aid.

Their beat is the San Gabriel Mountain range, northerly backdrop to the Los Angeles metropolitan basin. These mountains annually lure thousands of hikers, campers and motorists on holidays. A surprising number of these people get lost or stranded or fall from the range's hazardous cliffs.

Fred La Lone founded the Search and Rescue Team in August 1951, after a three-day search for a teenage hiker in the mountains above the Rose Bowl and Santa Anita Race Track. He located the boy wedged between rocks—nearly dead from dehydration and shock.

That near-tragedy convinced La Lone of the necessity for an organization. He signed up 20 home-town friends who, like himself, had

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hunted and fished the Southern California mountains since school days. First recruit was Bill Wark, ex-professional wrestler, now warehouse foreman.

La Lone also enlisted his three younger brothers: Earl, a ceramics plant technician; Robert, a service station owner; and Ed, a soap company employee.

In the beginning, the team, armed with flashlights, a rope and a wire rescue basket, searched for lost children and adults haphazardly. Then Wark, who early became chief tracker, and Fred La Lone devised a tagging procedure to eliminate double coverage of any given area.

"You tie a little piece of red cardboard to a tree or bush," says Wark. "This means no hope remains in that area. You can only hope you haven't missed anything or anyone."

This plan was put to the test on the night of January 14, 1953, when John Tholl, 14, got lost on a short cut near mile-high Mt. Wilson. Four Search and Rescue men systematically combed several square miles of high country. They found the boy where he had fallen, tangled in tree roots. His back and leg were broken and he was suffering from severe head injuries.

They hauled him on a stretcher for five torturous miles. Doctors said that they saved the Tholl boy's life by the thin margin of one hour. Made aware by this close shave of the desperate responsibilities they were undertaking, team members voted to add standard and advanced first-aid training to their requirements.

Search and Rescue was officially taken into the Los Angeles County Sheriff's Department in 1956 as a reserve mountain rescue unit, serving without pay. This put at their disposal the Sheriff's helicopter and mountain jeeps carrying generator-powered spotlights. They could also call on the services of other volunteer crews such as the Altadena Sheriff's substation Mountaineers.

The painstaking build-up of experience, resources and training paid off spectacularly in the winter of 1958. A 14-year-old Boy Scout, Jerry Sharpen, fell from a trail at the 7,000-foot level of San Gabriel Canyon, 20 miles north of Azusa, California. He lay lost overnight.

Earl La Lone, Wark and Mathews worked together as a tracking unit of a county posse. Elbow to elbow, they methodically scoured dense brush and deep ravines for eight hours. They finally spotted some crushed twigs and displaced rock, which led them to Jerry Sharpen.

Former Capt. Sewell Griggers, of the L.A. County Sheriff's Department, directed by radio, lowered his helicopter into the precipitous canyon where the boy lay. Dr. James Nash, of the Altadena Mountaineers Reserves, climbed down a rope ladder from the hovering ship to administer plasma. He diagnosed the victim as too critically injured for land transport.

As the boy's life ebbed, Search and Rescue called for brush hooks and shovels. They chopped out a four-by-eight-foot helispot on the virtually sheer slope within three hours. Pilot Griggers made five dangerous passes before setting down. There were two feet of rotor clearance on the cliff side and the blades hovered over empty space on the canyon side. Jerry Sharpen was lifted carefully aboard and flown to a hospital, where he ultimately recovered. Griggers described the job as the toughest and riskiest in his 20 years of flying.

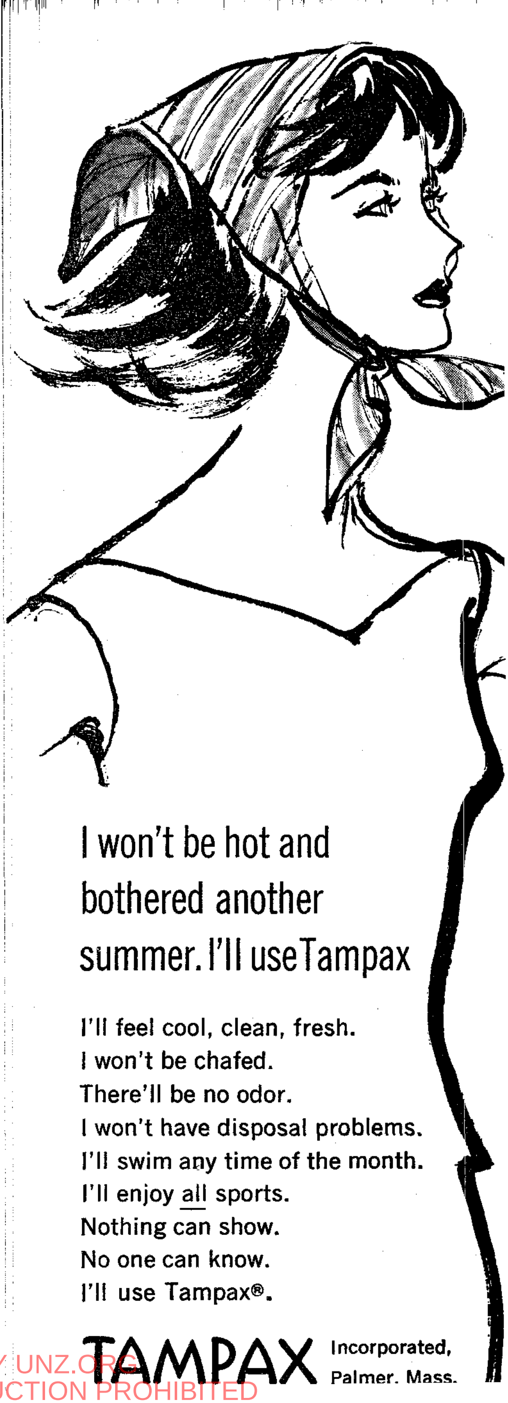
Shortly afterward, five Search and Rescue men were selected from all other Los Angeles County Sheriff's reserves to form the nation's first civilian Helitak (Helicopter Initial Attack) Squad. They are trained to drop by rope from helicopters hovering ten feet above inaccessible mountain territory.

Harkness also raises tracking bloodhounds. The dogs are "commissioned" to fly in custom-designed cages aboard the helicopter. Recently, Harkness and his lead hound, Tuffy, were flown to the Lake Arrowhead resort region northwest of Palm Springs to track down a small, lost girl. They succeeded.

The team is long accustomed to personal danger. Fred La Lone once was struck by falling rocks while rescuing a stranded tot. He was laid up for a month. New Year's Eve, two years ago, his feet were badly frozen when on a rescue.

Previous rescue teams had retreated under a heavy blizzard. La Lone's men climbed over 6,000 feet—within a ten-mile area—to recover the body of a young hiker killed in a fall.

En route, Harkness contracted pneumonia and had to be left behind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At 2 A.M. on November 22, 1959, Earl and Ed La Lone were routed out of bed to join in extricating a badly battered driver from his crashed auto off Santa Anita Canyon highway. They administered first aid, strapped the victim in the wire stretcher and raised him to the highway by rope to a waiting ambulance.

Meanwhile, Fred La Lone and Wark, out on rope-climbing maneuvers on the Mojave Desert, got back just in time to join the fatigued Earl and Ed in an afternoon expedition to pluck four "non-injury" customers off a short-cut trail position above Sierra Madre.

Exhausted, they got home after dark. They were alerted almost immediately to stand by for another search operation. This time they had to assist a 16-year-old hiker, long overdue, out of the hills. La Lone and company got to bed well past midnight of November 23 after nearly 24 hours of rescue duty.

Sometimes they use psychology to save lives. One night a would-be suicide threatened to leap from the brink of a Southland waterfalls. The fellow meekly changed his mind after one of the rescuers showed his deputy sheriff's badge (all Search and Rescue men are unpaid deputies) and threatened arrest. It is also standard procedure to "talk" fear-paralyzed cliff-hangers down off comparatively easy slopes via portable public-address loud-speakers, dubbed bull-horns.

Recently a group of Englishmen, fresh from climbing the Alps, found themselves stuck on a mountainside within embarrassing sight of city traffic bound for the Rose Bowl game. They frantically grabbed the ropes lowered by Search and Rescue. Later, the conquerors of the Matterhorn described the San Gabriel Mountains as "the most dangerous in the world," because of the treacherous decomposed granite facing.

Fred La Lone, who can find his way through a wilderness at night, not long ago was cajoled by his brothers to fly to New York to appear on a network TV show, to help promote the mountain safety campaign. Fred made it to Broadway. Then he proceeded to get lost in a subway crowd. He wound up in the wilds of New Jersey and, of course, had to be rescued.

MULTIPLE CHOICE

"THERE ARE ABOUT three things a fellow can do when he makes a mistake," said a teacher to a class of boys. "He can resolve that he will never make another, which is fine but impractical. He may let that mistake make a coward of him, which is foolish; or he can make up his mind that he'll let it be his teacher and so profit by the experience that if the situation comes his way again, he'll know just how to meet it." —JAMES RUSK

12 Lifesaving Rules for Hikers & Campers

SIERRA MADRE SEARCH AND RESCUE

1. Do not enter the mountains without one or more companions and do not separate.
2. There should be at least one adult for every five children.
3. Tell someone at home the trail you plan to use, your destination and time of return.
4. Use only regular trails and avoid all short cuts.
5. Obey all posted signs.
6. Carry first aid kit, drinking water and a flashlight with new batteries.
7. Watch out for snakes, poor footing and falling rocks.
8. Do not climb rocks or trees or run on trails.
9. Do not enter caves or mine shafts.
10. Do not roll or throw rocks.
11. Allow yourself plenty of time to get out of the mountains before it gets dark.
12. If lost, or injured, get to high point or clearing if possible and remain until help arrives. Under no circumstances should you move about after dark. Use flashlight sparingly. Do not light a fire.

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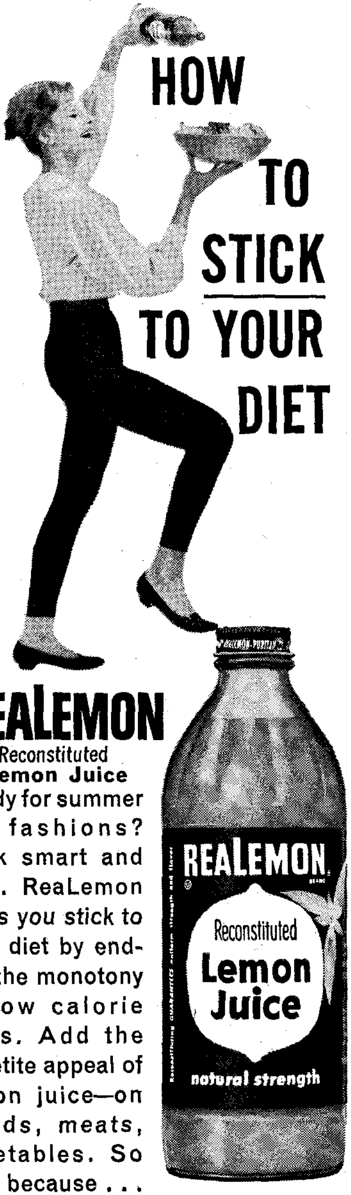

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A YOUNG MAN being examined for a position was asked: "What is the distance of the earth from the sun?"

His answer: "I am unable to state accurately, but I don't believe the sun is near enough to interfere with a proper performance of my duties if I get this job."

He got the job. —ROBERT W. FARRELL

ONE PROBLEM POSED in an exam given to Royal Australian Air Force National Service men: "What is the first thing you would do if you were piloting an aircraft and the Prime Minister fell out of the back seat?"

The answers varied. "I'd swoop down to catch him," said one.

"Commit suicide," said another.

"Disappear," said the third.

The approved solution? "Adjust wing tabs to compensate for reduced weight in the rear." —DANIELLE CLARK

A MAN IN ALABAMA received a second notice from the Internal Revenue Service. It carried dire threats as to what would be done if payment were not immediately forthcoming. Hastening to the collector's office he paid up and said: "I would have paid before but I didn't get your first notice."

"We've run out of them," replied the clerk. "Besides, we find second notices more effective."

—FRANCES CONNALLY

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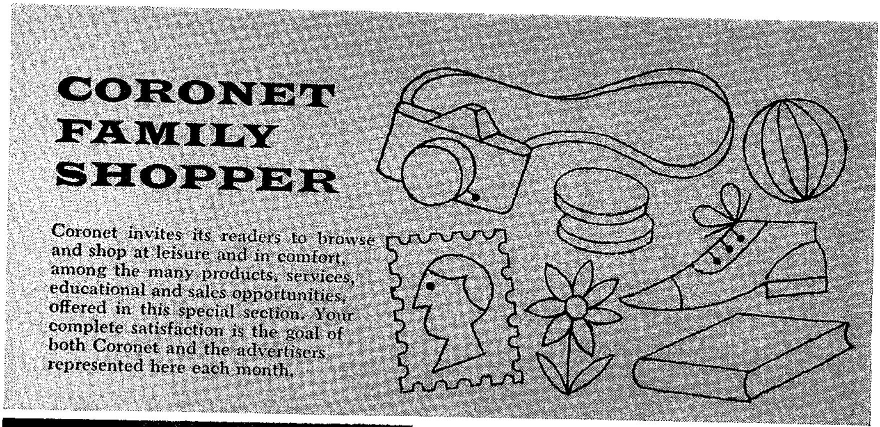

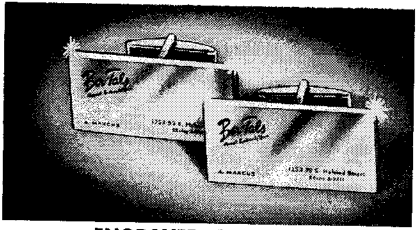

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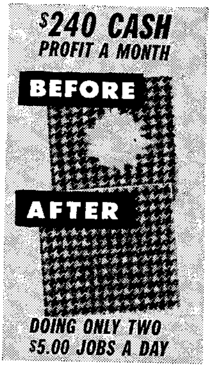

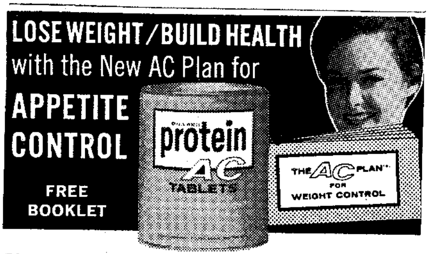

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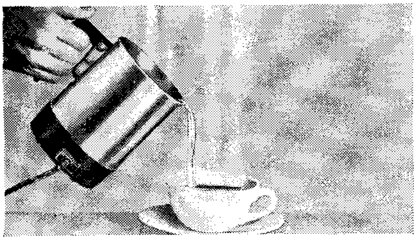

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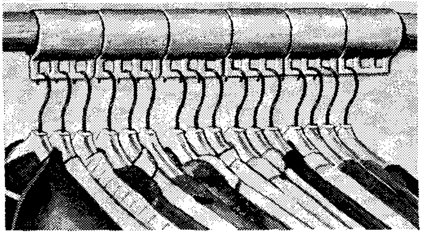

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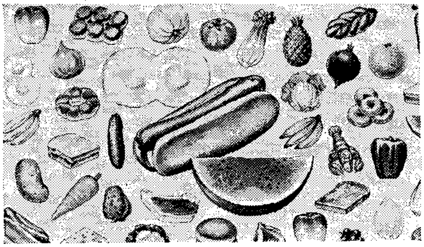

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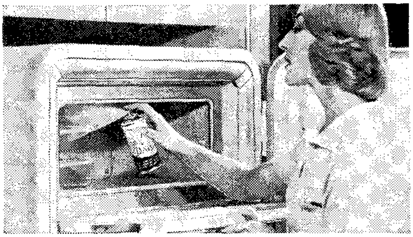

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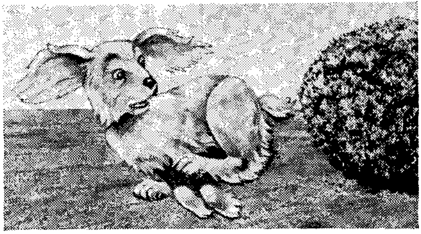

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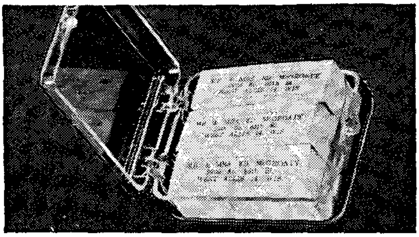

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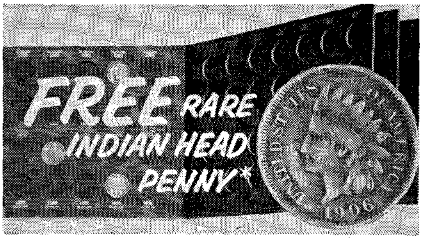

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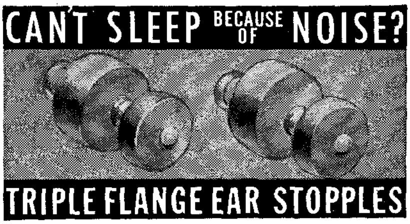
Collecting coins is a fascinating & rewarding hobby for young & old. It's fun, it's profitable. Your change *may contain a rare coin worth several hundred* dollars. *To know what to look for & how to start a collection, send only 35¢ for collector's kit incl. a *4-page deluxe Indian Head Penny Album* (reg. 35¢) Plus a Free Indian Head Penny (worth 15-25¢). We pay postage. 126 page Collector's Handbook. . . $1 extra. Satis. Guar. Meghrig, 525 S. Western Ave., Dept. C-5, Los Angeles 5, Calif.



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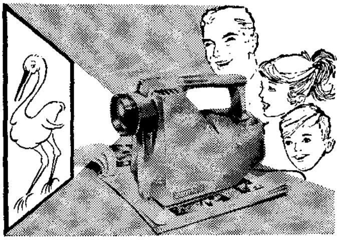
At last in answer to popular demand: A triple-flanged sound deadener, perfectly solid, no holes. Three *"spaced" flanges just about end noises from snoring,* birds, traffic, dogs, kids, radios, noisy neighbors, airplanes, etc. Collapsible inner flange insures perfect fit. Triple holding power keeps them from falling out. Soft rubber, comfortable, must stop noise three times or money back. Thousands of satisfied customers. Only $1.25 postpaid. Triple Flangers, 2611 Tilden Ave., Dept. 43, Los Angeles 64, Calif.



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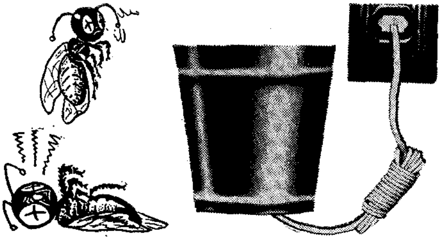

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Just plug in—forget about bugs! New scientific Bug Killer is guaranteed to kill flies, fleas, moths, ants, roaches, mosquitoes, spiders, silver-fish, gnats, etc. Insect does not have to come in contact with unit. Safety approved for use near children, food or pets. Kills fleas on dogs & cats! Used by hotels, hospitals, restaurants, farms. Clean, odorless, 10 yr. guar. One unit sufficient for average home. Special offer, $4.95—$9.00 ppd. Dealers inquiries invited. Me-Hi Enterprises, Box 34608-K, Los Angeles 34, Calif.

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Can You answer that question? With "The Story of Life" by Ellis Whiting your answer will instill in your child a deep respect for parenthood and reverence for God's beautiful plan of life. No groping for words—Exact Words provided. Read your child's name into the blank spaces. Gives child right start. You get there first and avoid wrong impressions. In the book you'll see high praise by educators—Priests, Ministers, Rabbis, but You are sole judge of its value under our Money-Back-Guarantee. Order today—wrap a dollar bill & dime in paper on which Print name & address. Mail in nearest mail box. Story of Life Publn. Co., 912 W. Lorain St., Dept. CR-5, Appleton, Wisc.

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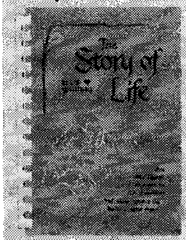

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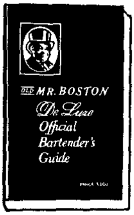

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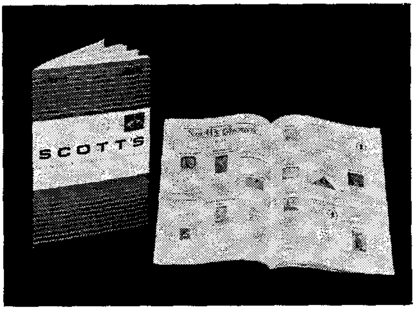

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There's more to stamp collecting than pasting stamps into album. There's the fun of learning the stories behind the stamps; the pleasures of meeting famous people who, like you, are also collectors. Scott's Monthly Stamp Journal will help add some of these ingredients to your own collecting activities. The Journal is chock full of articles, new-issue information, price-change news, book news and reviews, stamp sidelights, etc. There's a Chronicle of New Issues each month, too, to help keep your Scott Catalogues current and up to date. The Journal is available by subscription only from SCOTT'S MONTHLY STAMP JOURNAL—Boulder, Colorado—Dept. R. Please send payment with order: $4; $4.50 Canada; $5 Foreign.

(Continued on next page)

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SIZE-FAMOUS 1 to 13, AAAAAA TO EEEEE

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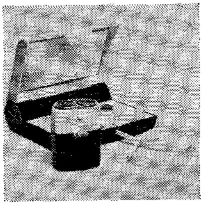

For outdoorsmen or servicemen—the all new Norelco Sportsman gives quick, clean, rotary-blade shaves on 2 flashlight batteries. Plus easy flip-top cleaning. Slim case houses batteries, mirror, quick-recoil cord. At your Norelco dealer. Complete with case (less batteries) $19.95. North American Philips Company, Inc., 100 E. 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y.

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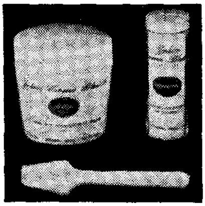

You needn't be. Dark areas seem to vanish with Jolen Creme Bleach. Medically approved, this pure white cosmetic gently softens and lightens unwanted hair to blend with your own skin tones. A wonderful bleach for arms and legs too! Sold with a money back guarantee. Jolen is available *via mail* only. Send $2 to Jolen, Inc., Box 204, Y-5, Arlington, Mass.

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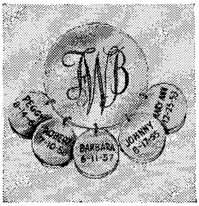

The perfect gift for Mother & Grandmother to display their pride & joys! Engraved with her initials *in ornate script* (underline initial to be centered), exquisite 1¼" pin is custom made to hold 1-12 discs. Each disc engraved with a child's first name, birthdate. Pin $2.50, Discs $1.00 ea., includes engr., tax ppd. Zenith, 5395 P.O. Bldg., Brighton, Mass.

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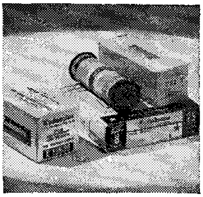

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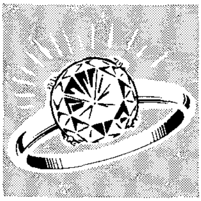

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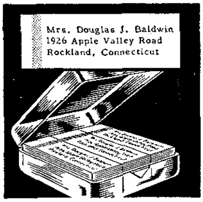

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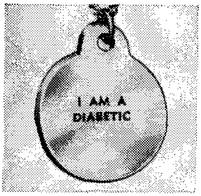

A "must" for everyone with a medical message. Helps to safeguard against receiving wrong medication in case of accident. Stainless Steel Disc; available as Bracelet, or with Neck Chain or Key Chain. Medical message engraved on one side: $2.00. For name, address, phone number on reverse side, add $1.00. Antin's, 114 Baronne St., New Orleans 12, La.

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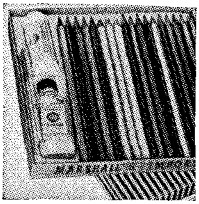

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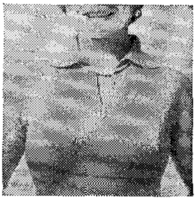

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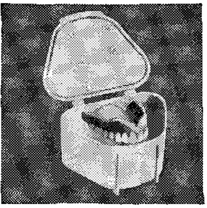

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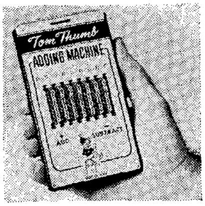

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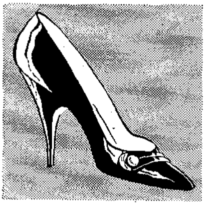

Perfect for spring and summer wardrobes is our new selection of ladies wide shoes. All heel heights and colors. Shown, new "Mitzi" in black patent or beige kid, with 3" heels, pointed toes. In widths C-D-E, all sizes 5 to 12, $8.95 ppd., money-back guar. Other styles to EEE. Order now or get free catalog. Syd Kushner, Dept. C-5, 733 South St., Phila. 47, Pa.

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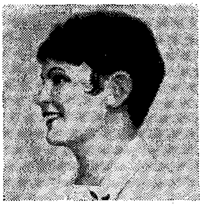

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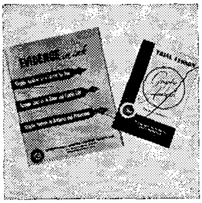

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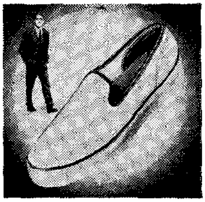

is this rubber soled beauty in sizes 10 to 16, in choice of narrow, medium or wide. King-Size has dozens of shoe styles in sizes 10 to 16, widths AAA to EEE. Also dress and sport shirts and apparel—all for *big or tall men only.* For complete Catalogue, Free, write King-Size, Inc., 2091 Forest St., Brockton 64, Mass.

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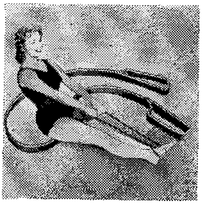

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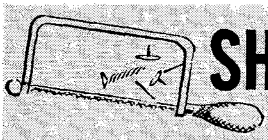
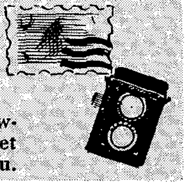


SHOPPING GUIDE

Classified



The special Shopping Guide below offers you a showcase of many unique products and services. Coronet hopes you will find items of interest and value to you.

FOR THE WOMEN

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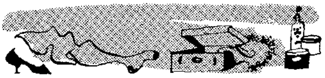

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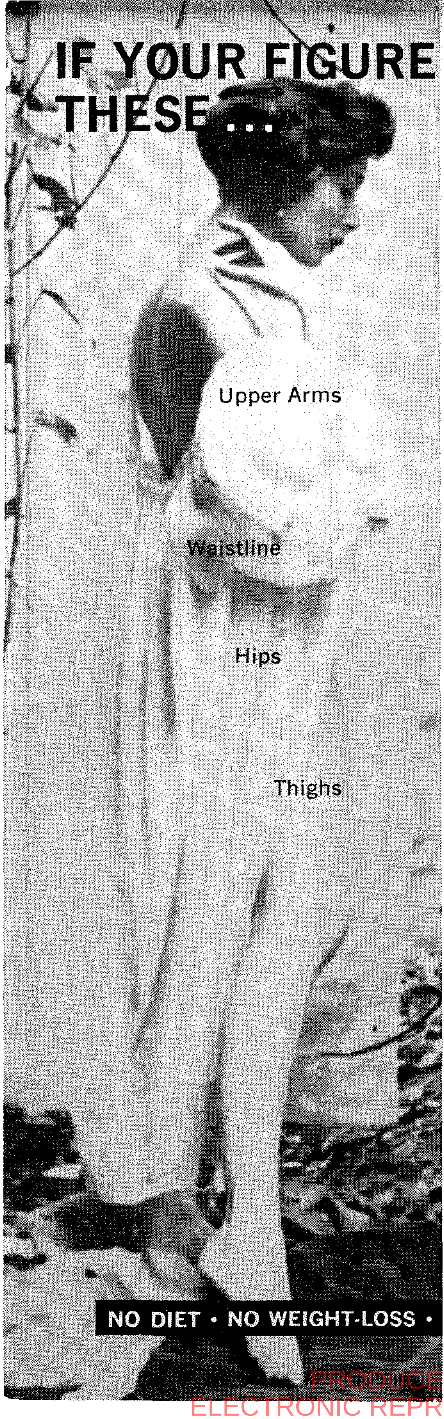

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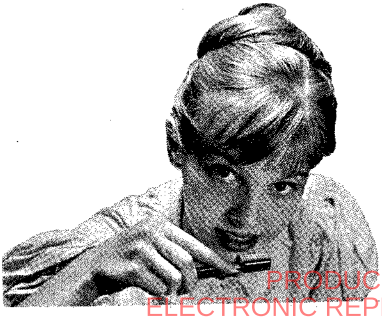

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Lie down and relax for half an hour a day...or watch a favorite television program...catnap...but at the same time give your muscles the exercise they need to keep your figure looking its loveliest! No effort on your part...it's actually pleasant...and you can reduce size of your hips, waistline, thighs...whichever area you select!

RHYTHM . . .

Relax-A-cizor's rhythmic "effortless exercise" does it! This is the modern way to reduce size of the figure area you select, because it exercises and firms your muscles while you enjoy comfortable rest. Regular use of Relax-A-cizor will cause *measurable size loss* where used to the extent that your muscles lack tone due to lack of exercise. And the less the muscle tone, the greater the benefit you enjoy! Do not confuse Relax-A-cizor with dieting and weight-loss or any other exercise devices—instead think of Relax-A-cizor in terms of selective "effortless exercise"!

Relax-A-cizor firms selected body-contouring muscles with 40 rhythmic exercises every minute, or over 1200 during each restful half hour. It enables you to exercise 3 to 6 sets of muscles at one time...all while you're relaxing in easy comfort.

REPETITION . . .

Of course size loss depends on how much firmness your muscles lack. Remember, muscles act as a top-to-toe girdle, keeping our bodies erect and "in shape." Natural aging and inactivity can cause these muscles to become lax and result in unbecoming "bulges."

Repetition of your Relax-A-cizor figure-beauty treatment is, obviously, necessary to attain the full degree of muscle-firming your body allows, making possible the flattering charm of a more youthful silhouette!